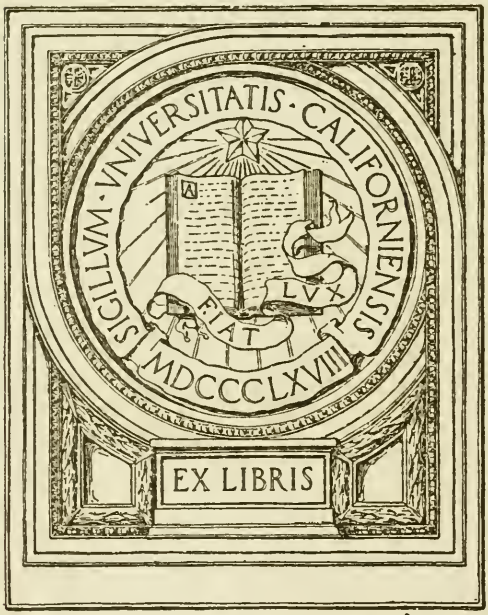
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



MEXICO?

SI, SEÑOR.

BY

THOS. L. ROGERS.

"Space there is for all to travel,
Therefore is the world so wide."
Wilhelm Meister

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MEXICO? SI, SEÑOR.

CAUTION.

TO avoid disappointment, don't expect too much! This book is not intended to be a History of Mexico. It does not contain even all that the writer knows about that country; and what he does not know would fill several large volumes. Its purpose is to call attention to some of the places and things in Mexico that are both worth seeing and worth going to see.

The towns mentioned lying north of the city of Mexico are on the Mexican Central Railway, the main line of which runs through the centre of the country 1,224 miles, from Juarez, the border city on the Rio Grande, opposite El Paso, Texas, to the capital. One branch or division of the road, 415 miles in length, connects the capital with Tampico, the only good harbor on the Gulf of Mexico. Another division reaches out 161 miles westward from the main line to Guadalajara, the second largest city in the country, and will, one of these days, be extended to the Pacific. Two other branches serve the two great mining cities, Guanajuato and Pachuca. This great central thoroughfare is the principal railway of the Republic, and the *only* line of standard gauge connecting the city of Mexico with the United States. The Mexican Central Railway Company operates, at the present

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time, 1,846 miles of road, passing through eleven states and the Federal District, and serving cities, towns, and states which contain over 6,000,000 people, more than half the population of the whole country. In road-bed, bridges, and equipment this line offers the best; its whole management is first-class in every respect. Whoever makes the trip to and from Mexico over this line only will see a large part of the country, and learn a vast amount about its people and their institutions.

The cities and towns mentioned here lying beyond the capital, south or east or west, are reached by the National, the Mexican, the Interoceanic, or the Valley railways, or by the street car lines from the city.

From among the many excursions made and places visited we have selected for comment only those which are most interesting and inviting to the average tourist; and it has been our aim to say about those only just enough to convince any one who is fond of travel, who has a desire to see this beautiful country and the picturesque people who live in it, that the few scenes referred to are, of themselves alone, worth a much longer journey and a much greater expenditure of time, money, and trouble than they cost.

The writer claims to be only a "looker-on" in Mexico; but as he looked on in twenty of the twenty-nine political divisions, and in more than half of the towns of the country having a population of over five thousand each, and as he looked last on the capital, Nov. 8, 1892, he may safely claim that he has seen something of Mexico as it is to-day.

A second caution like unto the first, and yet unlike it, may not be out of place. It is this: —

To avoid disappointment, don't expect too little. The impression has gone abroad that the traveller in Mexico cannot get enough to eat. Doubtless many of the natives of the country do not have four, or even three "square meals" a day, but the reason is not a lack of plenty in the country. The

average tourist keeps to the line or spends his time in the large towns, and no one with money enough to pay for meals need worry at all about lack of satisfactory provision for his wants. Along the Central road the eating places compare favorably with those along the railroads west of the Missouri River, and the management is rapidly improving them. So much for comfort along the line; and as for the cities and towns, it may be said that they have been slandered by those who expected too much, and so were, of course, disappointed. The wonder is, taking all things into account, that the traveller can fare so well, for so little money, in Mexico.

And, further, don't worry about the language. You don't speak Spanish? Well, no matter, the Mexicans will speak it for you. You speak your English, and they'll get your meaning if there's any money in it. You'll have lots of fun watching them interpret your remarks. Keep cool; be patient; use signs instead of words, and you'll be surprised to see how well you'll get along. But let me say this is not a case where "a little learning is a dangerous thing"; a little knowledge of the Spanish language is a very valuable thing in Mexico for the traveller from the States, but even that is not indispensable.

MEMORANDUM.

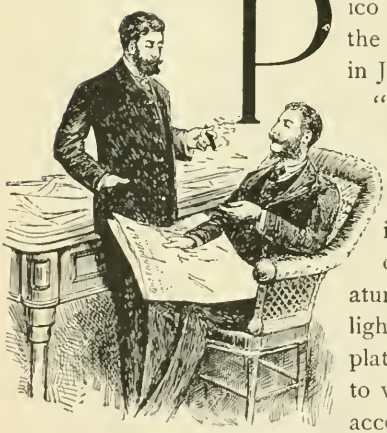
Things to take: Time, patience, money.

Things to leave: Hurry, worry, work.

If so be that you shall heed the above cautions, and provide for your journey "as per memorandum," you cannot fail to have a good time in Mexico. Si, Señor!

I.

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.



PROBABLY, if people knew that Mexico is the finest summer resort on the continent, they would go there in July as they now do in January."

"Summer resort! Mexico! I never heard of such an idea!"

"I presume you never did, my friend, but it is a fact that in July, August, and September, our hottest months, the temperature of the city of Mexico is delightful, and so is that of the whole plateau. Summer is the best time to visit the country, leaving out of account the places on the coast."

"You surprise me, Major, but how does it happen? That country is very far south."

"Elevation. That word tells the story. When you get above the ocean level six, seven, eight thousand feet, 'south' doesn't seem to count for much. You know that many of the 'eternal snow' peaks are in the vicinity of the equator. Altitude beats latitude, every time."

"Well, you have given me a new idea, and in good time, for I am under contract to give my boys a trip abroad this summer, I think I'll suggest to them three months in Mexico."

"You can't do better, my friend, and I will re-enforce your suggestion, for I am going there myself; and if you will put them in my charge, I shall be delighted to have their company. I love those boys."

"That settles it, then. They love you too, and they often have wished that they could go on some trip with you. Do you really mean it, Major?"

"Never was more serious in my life."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so. It seems almost too good to be true that they can have such a chance, and at once. When do you go?"

"In a few days; say a week from to-day."

"Good; that will give us time to get them ready. What about clothes? They want a summer outfit I suppose, light all round?"

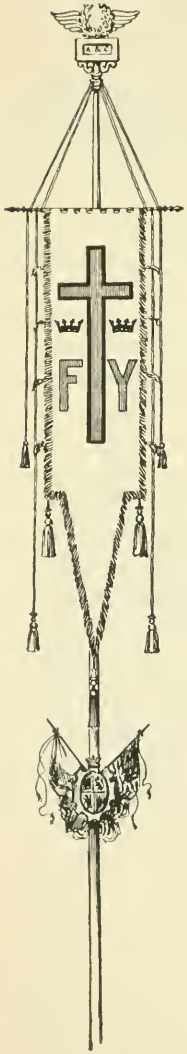
"Oh no, not light; and no straw hats! I arrived in the capital once with a straw hat, but as I didn't see any one wearing that kind of a tile, I shed mine the next day and wore a Derby ever after. No, summer clothes in Mexico are just such clothes as we wear in Boston in the spring and autumn. There is seldom an evening when a light overcoat is not needed, and never a night when a blanket is not comfortable, and even necessary in Mexico."

"The boys can be ready in two days, if you are in any hurry."

"No hurry. In the land of *mañana*, to which we are going, my friend, there is a law against haste, and I would not violate that law even here in this land of rush."

"Why, Major, I believe you have become a real Mexican; that isn't American doctrine. You know our creed is 'hustle or get left.'"

"Yes, I know it, but lots of hustlers get left too. I believe in the happy medium, the golden mean, that wise worldly old



Horace praised so much; and I think the people of this lovely land of Mexico know a thing or two. They have given an affirmative answer to the question of Longfellow: —

> 'Do you not know that what is best
> In all this restless world is rest
> From turmoil and from worry?' "

"That is good poetry, and I don't know but it is also good philosophy, Major; but it won't work here."

"It ought to work, at least in the summer, and I am going where it will work."

"I wish I could go with you. But next to going myself will be the thought that the boys are having such a fine time, and the pleasure of hearing them and you 'tell us all about it' when you return. I must rush off now and tell them of their good fortune for this Columbian year."

"My good fortune too, if you please. I shall enjoy their company as much as they can enjoy the excursion."

This conversation, at the Algonquin, between Major Teller and his friend, Mr. Newton, resulted in the formation of a party for a summer tour through Mexico. The party consisted of the Major and the two boys, Howard and Gardner. The Major told the boys that he was not willing to be the only titled one of the party, and that for the purposes of this trip or campaign, if you like, Howard should be a captain, and Gardner a little corporal.

After recovery from the duties and pleasures of the "glorious Fourth," the party started from Boston, July 8, 1892.

There is no better preparation for a trip in a foreign land than a long journey in one's own country. Happily such a journey is a necessity for the great majority of Americans who wish to visit Mexico. To those who make, for the first time, the excursion from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande every hour is a revelation of the beauty and of the greatness of the best country in the world. To those who make the trip for the hundredth time, it will still be a revelation of the surprising growth and prosperity of the people who live under the Stars and Stripes.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way," said the good and wise Bishop Berkeley. How true a prophet he was, only he who follows that course can know. What "the West" means words cannot tell. Can language convey to a blind man what "color" means, or to a deaf man the meaning of music? No more can the pen of the most "ready writer" adequately describe our country. Give to each valley a volume, to each State a shelf, and to our land a whole library in way of description, and yet the half would not be told. One must see it or not know it, and see it often, too, for its rapid growth makes it practically a new and another West every ten years.

America astonishes the world. To the world the United States *is* America, and it is the duty as well as the pleasure of every citizen of our great Republic to see and to study, first of all, his own country. The school on wheels is the only first-class teacher. Consider for a moment what a lesson in geography, in history, in political economy a trip of three thousand miles across our country can be made to convey. There is nothing else in the world equal to it for pleasure or profit in way of education. Well did Cowper understand this when he said: —

> "How much a dunce that hath been sent to roam
> Excels a dunce that hath been kept at home."

The journey from Boston was full of never-ceasing interest to the boys, and everywhere the evidences of progress were both instructive and entertaining, and the Major's time was very fully occupied in answering their numerous questions. As Mexico is their objective point, however, we will omit the details of this part of the journey and consider the party to have at length arrived at El Paso.

* * * * * * * * *

"'One more river to cross,'" said the Corporal exultantly, "and we will be in the land of pretty soon, by and by, *mañana*, and *poco-tiempo*."

"Yes, the land of sunshine and adobe and burros," added the Captain.

"Right, both of you," said the Major; "it is that, and much more. It will be the greater wonder to you for this journey through our own country. You will each constantly ask yourselves the question, *Why* is this so? Why is Mexico, which is so much older than our country, what she is, and not more like our own? Why have a thousand years done so little for her, and why have three hundred, we might almost say *one* hundred, years made the United States the greatest nation on the globe? A question worthy of careful study."

"It is vacation, Major, but this kind of study is just to my liking," said the Captain. "I don't quite see what Emerson meant when he said, 'Travel is a fool's paradise.' Perhaps I am one of the fools, but, certainly, this trip has been a perfect paradise for me thus far."

"And to me, too," added the Corporal. "I've learned more about the United States than I ever knew before, to say nothing of the fun we have had while learning."

The conversation was interrupted by an exclamation from the Corporal, "There's El Paso, I see the smoke of a factory!"

"It must be the silver factory then," said the Major, "that is the smelting works. Yes, here we are, safe and sound, and no more tired than when we left home."

"I feel as fresh as a daisy," said the Corporal.

"And I am all right, too," added the Captain.

"How about something to eat?" asked the Major.

"Not hungry," said both boys. "We fared sumptuously every day. How comforting it was," said the Captain, "to have the restaurant man come round and say, 'Don't hurry, you have ten minutes yet.'"

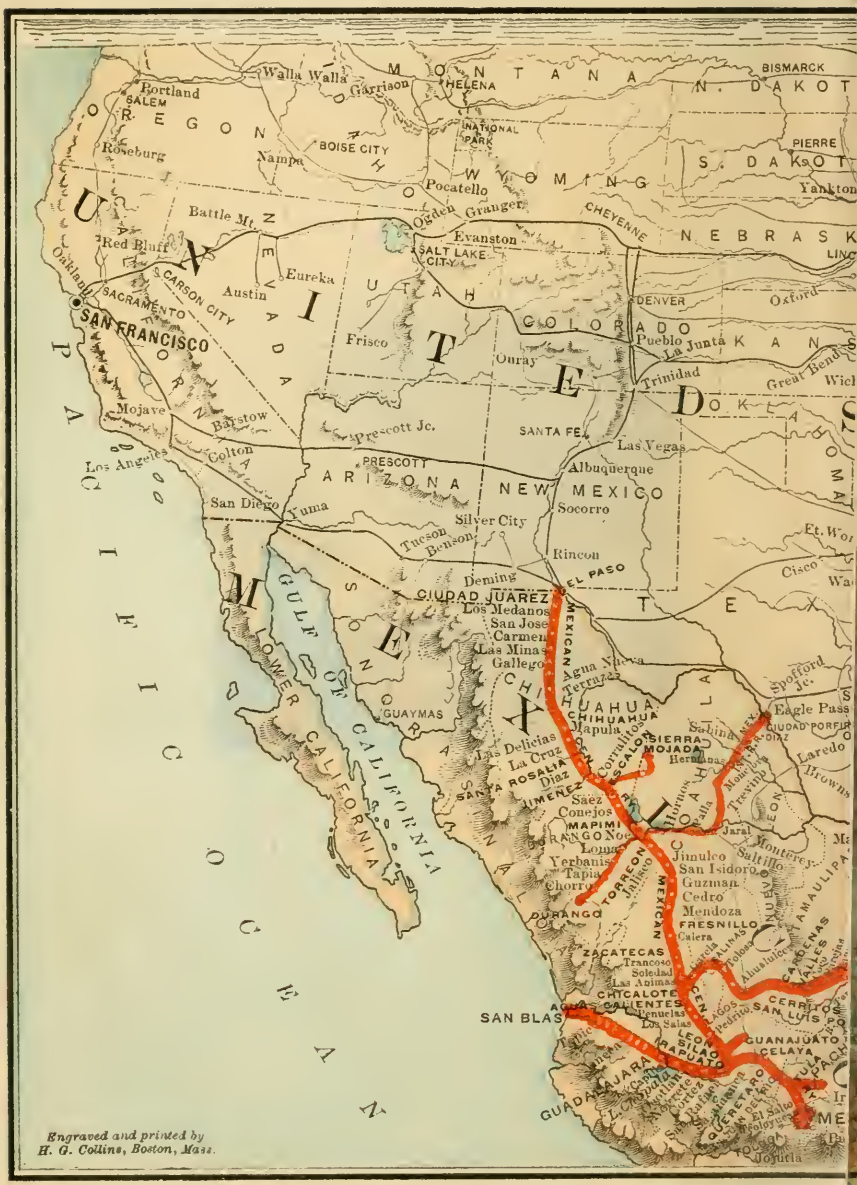
"And how nice," said the Corporal, "to have one of the girls say, 'Have a little more chicken?' or 'Will you have hot cakes?'"

"Yes, that is nice," said the Captain; "I wish we may find it as nice along the Mexican Central."

"You'll find it so," answered the Major, "or as nearly so as circumstances will allow. You'll have no occasion to complain, I am quite sure. You'll find plenty to eat and always half an hour for meals."

"And here is El Paso," exclaimed the Captain, "and here and now rageth the dog star."

"Let him rage," replied the Major, as the party stepped into the station. "This is the middle of July, and it is his time to rage. He won't have us but one day at most, and I am willing to bet that it is not as hot in El Paso to-day as it is in Boston. We'll leave our baggage here, for from this station we shall start to-morrow for the capital of the Montezumas."



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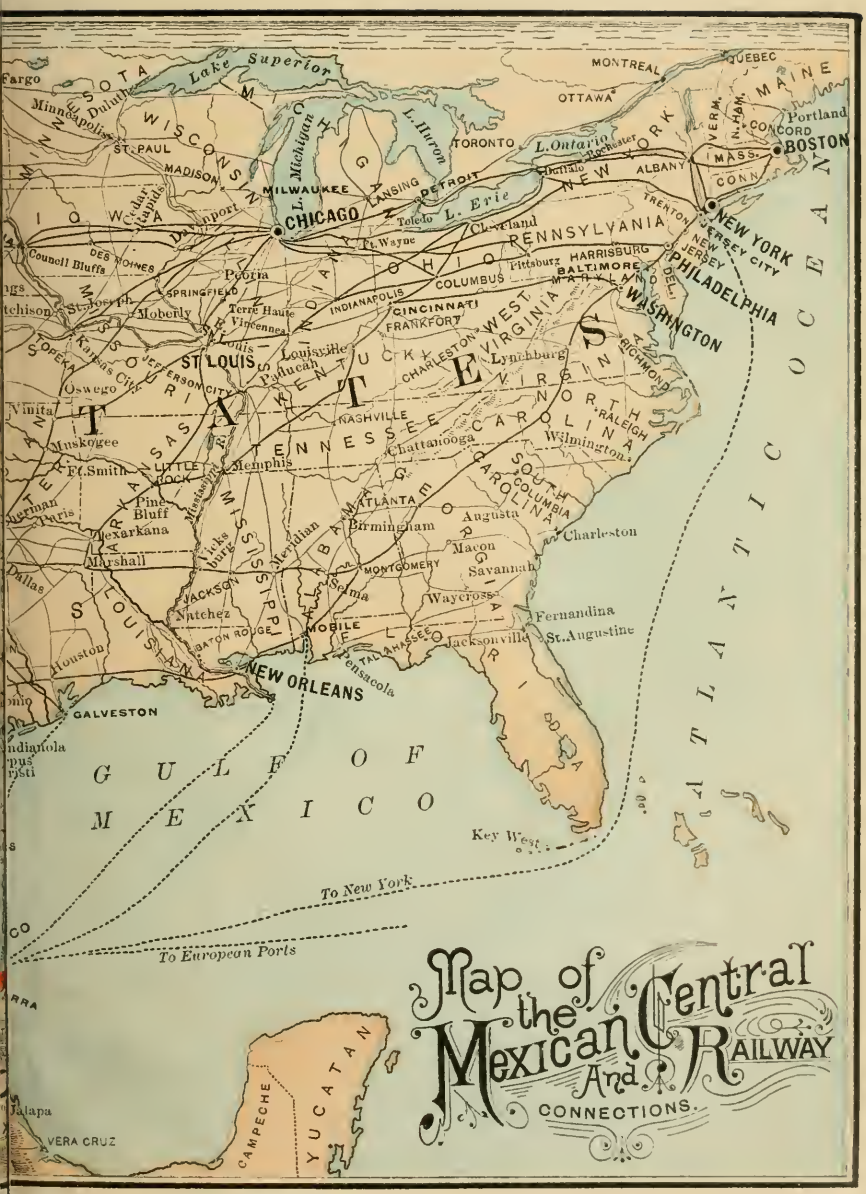
Lake Superior
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OTTAWA
MAINE
Portland
CONCORD
BOSTON
TORONTO
L. Ontario
Rochester
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ALBANY
NEW YORK
L. Michigan
L. Huron
L. Erie
DETROIT
MILWAUKEE
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RALEIGH
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Charleston
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Atlanta
Macon
Savannah
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Selma
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Pensacola
NEW ORLEANS
GALVESTON
Houston
Dallas
Marshall
Texarkana
Pine Bluff
Meridian
Vicksburg
Natchez
JACKSON
BATON ROUGE
Key West
GULF OF MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
To New York
To European Ports
Map of the Mexican Central Railway And Connections.
YUCATAN
CAMPECHE
VERA CRUZ
Jalapa

II.

"Thou art not for the fashion of these times."
As You Like It.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."
The Passing of Arthur.

STANDING on the bridge over the Rio Grande, the Major, pointing towards the south, said to his companions, "Yonder is the land of wonders; to-morrow we shall enter it, a land which excites the admiration of every visitor of intelligence. Its past history is so mysterious, its present is so promising, and its possibilities for the future are so vast that the thoughtful mind has the widest range both backward and forward. One sees here a giant touched by a spirit which rouses him from a sleep of centuries and reveals to him at the same time what he did not seem to know before, namely, that he is indeed a giant. No country in the world, perhaps, has greater natural resources, the raw material of wealth, than Mexico, but until recently those resources have not been available. Now the railroads have brought the mountains and the valleys into communication with the world, and Mexico has a marvellous future. We are to look at Mexico as *tourists*. We may be called sentimental travellers, for we are not on any particular business. We are simply sight-seers in search of entertainment, and we shall surely find it, if we

keep our eyes open. You boys will be Howard and Gardner, or, beg pardon, the Captain and Corporal in 'Wonderland.' You will wonder at what you see and at what you don't see. A walk of half a mile from this bridge will reveal to you as strange scenes as you would find in Cairo or Calcutta. It will introduce you into what will seem almost another world, so different from our own are the customs, the costumes, and the characteristics of the people even here on the border line."

"And this is the Rio Grande!" exclaimed the Corporal. "The name sounds bigger than the river looks."

"Well, I must really apologize for the Rio Grande. I don't think he expected company to-day. This is no fair sample. You remember as we came along we saw, in certain places, quite a stream, but just here it is mostly out of sight. In fact, the river seems to be upside down. It will happen so once in a while, and besides, that is the fashion with many of these streams in the far West. They go 'on a tear' part of the year, and then take a rest, a siesta, so to speak. But the Rio Grande never gets lost. You have seen it above, and if you should go below here a hundred miles you would see how it has tunnelled its way through opposing rocks, and defied the everlasting hills to stop it on its way to the sea. Should you see the result of the battle at the cañon you would think it worthy of the name of 'grande,' and of its other title, 'bravo.'"

"And how about El Paso? That means 'the pass,' I suppose," said the Captain. "I don't see anything that looks like a pass here."

"No, you cannot, but the place is properly named, for all that. You must remember that you are here on the backbone of the continent. Our ascent has been so gradual that we hardly knew we were climbing up day and night for the last thousand miles of our journey. But we are 3,712 feet above sea level now, and we are also at the lowest point in the Rocky Mountain range for 2,000 miles. Go in any direction from here and you must climb up

hill. This town seems to be the centre of a great star with shining iron rays, each about 1,200 miles long. Look at your map and you will find El Paso to be about 1,200 miles from the city of Mexico on the south, and very nearly the same distance from Kansas City on the north, New Orleans on the east, and San Francisco on the west. It seems to be a kind of cross-roads town, but it is a lively one. It is a typical frontier and railroad

BRIDGE OVER RIO GRANDE.

town. The rough element which dominated it a few years ago has disappeared or has been suppressed, and now it is, as you see, a clean, well-kept town, of which its people may justly be proud."

"Here comes a car," exclaimed the Captain. "All aboard for Mexico. It's a bobtail car, not a very stylish rig for us to go in to visit our sister Republic."

"Look out for the mule when the bell rings," said the Corporal.

"The mule, the faithful mule," said the Major, "how much this country owes to this abused servant! His praises have never been properly sung, nor have his virtues been fairly recorded. His vices have been heralded over the world by a vicious and venal press, the function of which seems to be to let the evil

which men (and mules) do live after them, and to see to it that 'the good is oft interred with their bones.' Even so genial a soul as the late lamented Josh Billings said, 'If I was goin' to attend the funeral of a mule, I'd stand in front of him.' Now, that is too bad. This country couldn't have been brought to its present high degree of civilization without the much-maligned mule and his little brother the burro. You will know these comely creatures better before you get back to Boston, and I'll venture that you will think of them kindly ever after."

As they entered the car, the Captain remarked, "Why! the driver is smoking, and so is the conductor!"

"Of course," replied the Major, "and so are the passengers."

"Upon my word," whispered the Corporal, "there is a woman smoking too. Isn't that odd?"

"Perhaps so to you, my boy, but you won't notice a little thing like that after a while. All over Mexico, everybody or nearly everybody smokes. I never saw but one Mexican who didn't smoke, if he had anything to smoke, and he was on a steamboat on Lake Chapala. He positively declined a cigar which I offered him!"

"Perhaps he was afraid that it wasn't a good one, Major."

"Well, he didn't try it. He was a curiosity, sure enough. He'll be put in a museum some of these days. Why, the Mexicans smoke everywhere, in the cars, in the theatres, in the stores, in the schoolhouses, everywhere except in the churches. But the cigarette is the article in universal use. I never saw a Mexican smoking a pipe, nor did I ever know of one who acquired the distinctively American habit of chewing tobacco. Give the Mexican his due."

"Tiene usted, señor, algo que pague derecho."

"No, señor, nada."

"Adios, señor!"

"What was all that, Major?"

"That's the customs officer of the Mexican Republic, my boy; we've passed!"

"Short work, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that's the beauty of having nothing; that is, nothing dutiable."

"Polite, wasn't he?"

"Yes, very; there's more politeness to the acre in this country — remember we're in Mexico now — than there is to any dozen acres north or east of the Rio Grande. You'll be more and more impressed with that fact the longer you stay in Mexico, and most deeply impressed when you recross the river on your way home. In all your intercourse with these people, from highest to lowest, you'll find them like the two old worthies of whom it is written, —

> 'In all they did you might discern with ease
> A willing mind and a desire to please.'

That certainly ought to be set down to their credit, and so let it be recorded."

As they stepped out of the car in Juarez, the Captain exclaimed, "Well, I hope that driver has tired himself out with slapping and punching and pounding that poor mule; he has tired me out anyhow."

"Oh, that's nothing! The mule doesn't care, probably, and the driver wouldn't think he was driving if he didn't do that. Do you know you are no longer under the protection of the 'Red, White, and Blue'? You are under the 'Red, White, and Green' now. The sister republics dress nearly alike in the matter of flags. Both wear stripes, and the eagle is the national emblem of each."

"Well, the American flag is good enough for me," said the Corporal.

"Right, good enough for anybody, and long may she wave. But our Mexican neighbors enthuse over their flag and national

emblems more than we do, and let us applaud their patriotism. Their heritage, like ours, has cost blood, and no people on the globe excel the Mexicans in devotion to their country."

"A great city this is," exclaimed the Corporal with a smile which revealed his thought better than his words.

"No, not great; it isn't exactly great, it is hardly a small one, but still it is a *ciudad*. We have some cities in the States, you know, that are not beauties, that have neither the grace of age nor the name of a president. There is Jones City, for instance."

"Well, where is the city, anyhow?"

"My dear boy, in Mexico a city requires only two things, a church and a plaza. In the States still less is required, a saloon and a cross-road station constitute a city. I have seen several 'cities,' in fact, which consisted only of two posts and a signboard with a name on it. That signboard is a prophecy of a city yet to be. Well, there is more than that here, a great deal more. Here are several streets devoted to business, some fine stores, a large new customs building, and a big lottery establishment. What more do you want? But you are in the 'land of by and by,' the land of 'some time,' and of 'take it easy.' Don't be impatient. They'll get there one of these bright days, and surprise you as well as themselves. You see they have already begun; there has been more growth here in the last ten years than in the two hundred years previous to 1880. I'll give you a little modern history now. In 1865 this place was the actual capital of the Republic of Mexico. Wherever Benito Juarez, the President, was, there was the capital, and he was here for nearly a year, keeping out of the hands of the French. At last the foreigners were beaten, and Juarez and his cabinet resumed business in the city of Mexico. He was three times elected President, and died in office in 1872. He was pure Indian, a grand specimen of the old Aztec race. He was a great man, and the Mexican people honor his name as we

OLD CUSTOM HOUSE.

do that of Washington. In 1888 a statue was erected here to his memory, and the name of Paso del Norte was changed to Juarez in his honor. As I have said, the idea of progress has arrived and is at work. See that fine new custom house, — you should have seen the old one ! and you see improvements going on everywhere ; slowly, perhaps, but steadily Juarez is growing more like its neighbor over the river."

NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.

"Really," said the Captain, "there is something pleasing in the 'comfortable look' of the place. These adobe houses, low and flat roofed, cannot be very attractive to the eye, but an inspection of them shows that they are the best for such a climate, and that they can be made very charming within."

"Yes, that is true; all through Mexico, in every house, however poor or however forbidding it may look outside, you will find signs of a love for the beautiful. Poverty alone prevents the people, as a whole, from having the prettiest homes imaginable. Mexicans are fond of music and flowers."

The party went across the little plaza into the famous old church of Guadalupe.

"Here, boys," said the Major, "you see one of the great institutions of Mexico, the plaza. This is only a little one, and not very attractive; but in the larger towns great care is taken to provide a pretty place of recreation for the people. The plaza is the property of everybody; it is about the only thing in a Mexican town that is not walled in. As you see here, the parish church and the government buildings in every town are found on the plaza. This church building, made of adobe, is notable principally for its age. A mission was founded here in 1662, and has been maintained ever since. The house has very few ornaments, and gives evidence of the poverty of the parish. Some fine carving can be seen on the great beams which hold up the heavy roof, but the altar and the pulpit are severely simple. Well, boys, this is enough of the seventeenth century, let us get into the glorious nineteenth, that suits me better."

A short walk brought them to the station of the Mexican Central Railway. It is a handsome structure of a single story, and of cool, gray color, built, after the Mexican style, around an open court or *patio.* Plats of grass, palm trees, plants, and flowers give the patio the appearance of a park, and abundance of water keeps it always fresh and cool. The north end of the building is used by the officials of the division, and the south end is

devoted to waiting-rooms, restaurant, express and baggage rooms. Entrance to all the offices is made from the patio. Happy is he who hath his place of business looking out upon such a refreshing scene.

"Isn't this fine?" exclaimed the Captain. "It is like an oasis in a desert. How delightful a contrast to what we have just seen! This is a better plaza than that in front of the church."

"I should say so," said the Corporal; "I'd like to be division superintendent myself, and have my office here."

STATION.

"I don't know of anything finer than this, for its purpose, in either the United States or Mexico," said the Major. "It seems just perfect, but then, it's only a sample of the style of the company. 'Everything *must* be A 1,' is its motto. As fast as possible, stations, restaurants, shops, and houses belonging to the company are being brought to the high standard of which this is a completed specimen. This is only one of several large buildings of the company here. Over there you see the great freight-houses. See what extensive yards, and what a convention of cars; there must be a thousand here at times."

"Well," said the Captain, "this is the nineteenth century, sure enough. Here is the sign of the power that can transform

Mexico by teaching her her own power and assisting her to develop her great resources."

"I am proud of the enterprise of our own country," said the Major; "but for that, Mexico might have had to wait a century longer before she could shake off her lethargy, but now the United States has shown her what to do and how to do it."

"Good for the United States," exclaimed the Corporal. "Let's go back to that best of countries."

"Yes, we must go at once," said the Major, "for we have to attend to some matters in El Paso. There's the matter of money, for one thing."

"And there's the matter of dinner, for another," said the Captain.

"Dinner and *dinero* both important," added the Corporal, as they boarded the bobtail car for the United States.

"Let's attend to the *dinero* first, the bank may be closed before we finish dinner," said the Captain.

"All right," replied the Major, "and here comes Uncle Sam's collector of customs, but the Treasury Department won't get anything out of us this time."

"Any goods?" asked the collector.

"Nothing, sir," answered the Major.

"Passed again," he added, as the collector left the car; "but that fellow took fifty cents from me pretty quickly the last time I met him. I had a parcel in my hand containing a dozen photographs, which I had bought in that curio store. He scented the game and brought it down.

"'What did they cost?' he asked.

"'Two dollars,' I answered.

"'Fifty cents duty,' he remarked, and the car stopped while he waited for me to settle.

"'I think I'll return them, for the seller did not tell me they were dutiable.'

"'All right, you can do that, but you must pay the duty first.'

"'Have I crossed the line?' I asked.

"'You have crossed the Rubicon,' said the scholarly deputy collector of the United States customs, at El Paso, Texas.

PATIO OF STATION.

"I paid, and as I rode, the question of the ages, 'Why did Cæsar pause at the Rubicon?' seemed to have been solved at last. There must have been a customs collector there, who held him up for tribute. 'Great Cæsar's ghost!' said I (to myself as I supposed). The driver must have understood me, for he turned and said, 'Si, Señor.'"

"If the Rubicon wasn't more of a river than this Rio Grande," said the Corporal, "Cæsar probably paused on account of surprise at seeing no water. A Roman candle could wade this river now, and not wet its fuse, and a Roman soldier wouldn't wet his ankles."

"My boy, I've told you that the river is taking a rest just now, and will do better the next time you come to see it."

Arriving at the bank, exchange of funds was soon made, and it was greatly in favor of American money.

"That's good," said the Captain, "that will make travel in Mexico cheap enough."

"Yes, I believe that there is no country in the world where the traveller can get so much of so good quality for his money as in Mexico. Why, see how many more Mexican dollars we have than we had American dollars to trade!"

"Good, that'll make opals cheap too, won't it?" exclaimed the Corporal. "Si, Señor."

For the convenience of passengers the Mexican Central train is backed over to the Santa Fé station in El Paso an hour before the time of departure for Mexico. Ample time for the examination of baggage and for supper is allowed in Juarez. Examination by the Mexican officials is made so politely that the passenger feels like thanking them for their attentions. He is equally happy to see them paste on his trunk the pretty little label marked, "Reconocido por la Aduana de Ciudad Juarez," and to see the baggageman put it into his car. A visit to the "despacho de boletos" (that is the new name for ticket office) soon fixes one for the journey so far as passage and Pullman affairs are concerned. And then supper, your first meal in Mexico! Visions of *chile con carne* and *tortillas* flit through the mind only to vanish as you enter the restaurant on the south side of that pretty patio, already referred to. Behold no Mexican man, woman, or *muchacho*, but a manager and waiters from the Flowery Kingdom, and a bill of fare that equals the one you saw in the Union depot at Kansas City.

"That was a good supper," said the Captain, as the party came out, "good enough for anybody."

"Now let us go out and look over the train. I don't think you ever have seen one just like it."

"How does it differ from our trains?" asked the Corporal.

"They have first, second, and third class cars in Mexico. The Pullman makes another, we might say super first class, just as it is in England. The government, when it arranged with the builders of the roads, made provision for the poor of the country. Travel in second and third class cars is very cheap."

"Well, it ought to be," said the Corporal. "I should want to be paid for riding in this third-class car. Seats only lengthwise,

AT HOME WEDNESDAYS.

one on each side, and two, back to back, down the middle of the car, mere benches!"

"True," replied the Major, "but even they must be easier to ride on than the poor burro, especially if one must travel some hundreds of miles. You ought to have a ride in a Mexican *diligencia*, say for twelve or twenty-four hours. You'd think this a palace in comparison with that."

"The second class looks comfortable enough," said the Captain; "and the first-class coach *is* first class, and a little more too, having chairs for the comfort of passengers."

"*Vamonos!* did you hear that, Corporal?"

"What does that mean?"

"That means practically 'all aboard.'"

"And so we are really off!" exclaimed the Captain.

> 'My native land, adieu, adieu,
> I cannot always stay with you, stay with you.'"

"It will be dark pretty soon," said the Corporal, as the train started, "and we can't see the country between here and Chihuahua at all. That is too bad."

"Not so bad as it might be, but it would be a fine thing if we could go, as some trains in our country go, 'through by daylight.' However, I'll tell you about the stations, and the interesting features of those parts of the line which we pass over in the night; you'd better study your folder and map, so that you will not have to remark, 'Mr. Speaker, where was I at?'"

Returning from a visit to a neighbor, the Major inquired, "What does the folder tell you, ye pilgrims from the Rio Grande?"

"It tells us that it is 225 miles to Chihuahua, and that we get breakfast there."

"That folder is a Truthful James, but it doesn't tell all the truth. It says nothing of what is between Juarez and Chihuahua, except that 'it is a fine stock-raising country,'" replied the Captain.

"Well, a folder would have to be a book, and a large one too, if it were required to tell much about the country between stations on this long line of nearly two thousand miles. It can only speak of sections; and this section is chiefly a stock-raising region. But I can add a little to that morsel of information, I think.

"In general, between here and Chihuahua the country is much like that through which we passed the last day of our journey to

El Paso; it is about 'the same thing continued' for four hundred miles from the border. No land is richer than this ill-looking plain, but it needs water to bring out its capacity. Where water is, there you will find growing fields of corn, flax, beans, wheat, and barley. Grass is abundant, and large herds of cattle and horses are raised for the market.

"Now, more in detail. The first station out is Samalayuca, which calls for no comment. At San José, and at the next station, Ojo Caliente, there is little to attract attention. We begin to climb a hill, on the side of which is the station Montezuma, and on its summit is Gallego, the highest point between Juarez and Chihuahua. A curious-looking mountain, named Montezuma's Chair, is in sight for hours, but we recede from it as we go down the hill on the other side to Laguna. There is an extensive view from Gallego, where we are seventeen hundred feet above the Rio Grande valley and fifty-four hundred feet above the sea. The country shows more signs of fertility than appear farther north. Not far away is a hacienda in a beautiful grove under the hills. The sight of living green is evidence of water, and the railroad supplies its reservoirs from a spring in the hill. Here we begin to see some of the great herds for which the state of Chihuahua is noted. Could the great plain about here be in some way irrigated, this sterile-looking region would blossom like a garden. The soil is deep and very fertile, and,

THREE LITTLE BROTHERS.

like most of the land of Mexico, would easily produce two and even three crops a year. We now descend to a great plain, which it is a delight to look upon. The name of the station, Laguna, indicates that there is a lake somewhere near; and sure enough there is the Lake of Evergreen Oaks (Laguna de Encinillas), a body of water which is sometimes, but not always, fifteen miles long and three miles wide. This is a paradise for birds and for cattle. Of course, such a bonanza as a lake in a country like this would be appreciated and appropriated.

"Looking across the lake, you see great white walls shining out from among the trees. They remind one of a fortification, but they are the walls of one of the most famous haciendas of Mexico. That is the place of business, as 'hacienda' means, the headquarters of the great estate belonging to Don Enrique Müller, of Chihuahua, and Don Luis Terrasas, ex-governor of the state. They are said to have more than seventy-five thousand head of cattle on their properties, and the whole country, for more than eighty miles along the track, belongs to them."

"Dons they are, to be sure," said the Captain, "but if one of them is a German, he would be a baron, at home, I suppose."

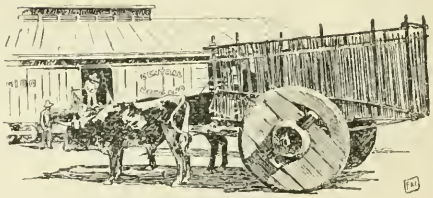
"No doubt, but he is a Don here. By the way, did you know that the last Spanish viceroy of Mexico was an Irishman?"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Well, perhaps it is, but his name, as it appears in the list of viceroys, is Juan O'Donoju. If that isn't John O'Donohue, then I don't know Spanish, Irish, or English."

"Good for old Don O'Donohue," exclaimed the Corporal "If there were any chance for an office now in Mexico, more O'Donohues might come here, but the United States seems to be good enough for them."

Well, on we go, across this great cattle country; gradually descending till we come to Sauz (willow), where more water is seen and more trees too; thence on past Sacramento, and in an hour we are at Chihuahua. This is the story of the country which we pass over during our first night in Mexico.



CHIHUAHUA.

III.

"I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat."

King Henry IV.

THERE it is," exclaimed the Captain in the morning, "the great church of Chihuahua, of which I have seen so many pictures, and it is a picture itself."

Yes, it is a beauty; and what a setting the picture has! In the background the purple hills; to right and left, the dark, gray, flat-roofed houses spread out on a brown plain; in the foreground, the green foliage of the plaza; these, with the great dome and the two high, graceful towers rising against the sky, combine to make a picture which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Novelty may add to its charm, but its real beauty is what makes so lasting an impression; for after you have seen all the great landscape views of this land of beauties, you remember this as one of the finest of them all.

As the city is built upon an elevated plain, it can be seen a long time before the station is reached; and as the train does

not come within a mile of the town, the passenger has a long look at this charming picture, which grows in beauty as the distance lessens.

The train stops at the north side of the little river Chubiscar for breakfast and for change of engines. Here there is a large colony of operatives of the company. It is really a village of great importance, both to the company and to its passengers. The chief interest of the traveller is centred in the restaurant, a large and inviting building with broad veranda, where a duplicate of the meal at Juarez is offered. It is a good breakfast on the way south, and a good supper on the way north, that the traveller finds ready here on arrival.

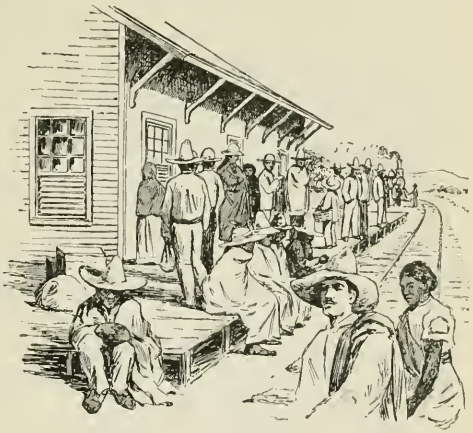
At this point are great machine shops and a round-house of the company, with locomotives, cars, and material for repair of equipment, which indicate that this is one of the busiest points on the line in the operating department. The hospital for employés is a first-class establishment. Near here also is a flourishing iron works, a Mexican enterprise, which is doing a great business. Native as well as imported iron is manufactured, and the works supply the Mexican Central road with a large amount of material.

The passenger station is on the south side of the river; from there connection is made with the city by street car or carriage ride of a mile along the river. At the station the boys saw for the first time a considerable group of genuine unqualified Mexicans.

"Good gracious! who are all these people?" asked the Corporal, as he stepped out of the car; "are they all going to take the train?"

"Well, hardly, my boy, perhaps a dozen of them are going. The rest have come to see them off and to see us arrive. These are 'the reception committee.' A railroad in Mexico couldn't be run without them, so they seem to think. They constitute the typical crowd that you will see at every stopping place

between here and the capital. Study them a little. Notice that all the men are dressed in white coarse cotton, wear the broadbrim sugar-loaf sombrero of straw, and wrap themselves, even in summer, in a shawl (called a *zarape*). Notice that the women are dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and are partly wrapped up in a dark colored cotton scarf or shawl (called a *reboso*). From the border to the coast, the costume of the natives is the same. Notice also that nearly all of them, women as well as men, are barefoot or have only sandals on their feet."



RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

"Not pretty are they?" said the Captain.

"No, but picturesque, eh?"

"To an artist perhaps, but not to me."

"Oh, that is rank heresy, Captain."

Comfortable quarters were found at the hotel, and the day was spent looking about this very enterprising Mexican town.

"This is something like a city," exclaimed the Corporal. "What handsome stone buildings!"

"Yes, no town in the United States of twice the population can show so many fine buildings."

"None have any such church as this," said the Captain, as he pointed to the so-called cathedral which they had admired from a distance in the morning.

"No, no city in our country has a silver mine to put under tribute. This church of San Francisco was built, they say, from a tax on the product of the famous Santa Eulalia mine. Corporal, figure up how much that mine produced if the tax of twenty-five cents a pound on its silver bullion gave the good fathers $800,000 for the building of their church. Silver was worth more then than now, but reckon on a dollar an ounce and sixteen ounces to the pound."

"Some other time, Major. I am not figuring now, but looking at the figures on the church."

"Any time will do, my boy, but don't forget how much these fine figures of the twelve apostles and of the good San Francisco owe to their rich sister, Santa Eulalia. These are as fine specimens of stone carving as you will see in many a day. They are not foreign, but the work of native artists."

"Is this a very old church, Major?"

"A little more than a hundred years old. You can remember its age, perhaps, by recalling the fact that it was completed the same year that the Constitution of the United States was adopted, in 1789."

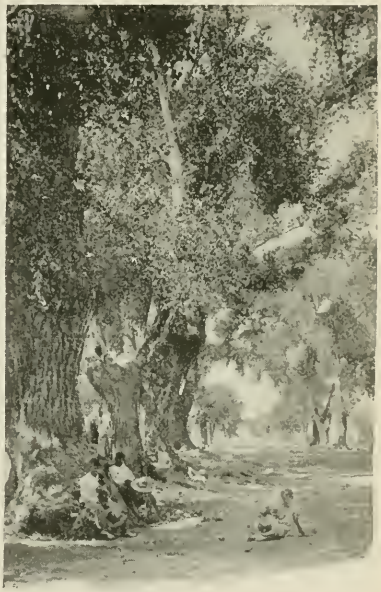
Next, the mint was visited. The building was once the Hospital Real. Historically it is an interesting place, for here Hidalgo and his associates, leaders in the war for independence, were imprisoned, and from here taken to the place of execution, which is now marked by a monument."

"Who was Hidalgo?" asked the Corporal.

"He was a priest, and a good one. He was likewise a soldier, at least in his later career. Here he died, but we will hear the story of his life later on, when we reach the spot where he did the work which made his name immortal."

"What a fine idea this is of having long rows of colonnades; they give such a pretty appearance to the street, and furnish such refreshing shade! And what pretty colors the houses have!"

"Yes, they call the colonnades *portales;* they are a characteristic feature of Mexican cities. And then the stone benches, with their high backs, here and there along the highway and through the parks! Could anything be more considerate on the part of the city fathers or more acceptable to the people?"



The great aqueduct which spans the valley on stone arches excites the admiration of all visitors. It serves its purpose to-day as it has served it for more than two hundred years, and is in perfect condition. A walk through the Alameda, or park of sycamores, brings the visitor to the Santuario or Chapel of Guadalupe, a beautiful church in which is a statue of Loyola; and in the suburbs beyond are seen many of the finest houses and gardens in the vicinity. The Alameda, in the upper part of the city, is kept in better shape than the other, and people of a better class resort to it to enjoy the shade of its splendid trees, or pass through it on their way to the new baths.

"Well, where is the wonderful Chihuahua dog?" inquired the Corporal; "I haven't seen one since I've been here."

"Go ask the winds or the women, my boy. I can't tell you. For my part, I never want to see one again, do you?"

"No, but I'd like to know how they raise them."

"A good many are raised, I think, as the darky raises chickens, by hand; but the dog business is a little dull now, they say:

plenty of orders, but not goods enough. But Chihuahua does a large business in other kinds of goods. It is the great centre of trade with the rich mining districts in the mountains, and as old abandoned mines are reopened or new ones discovered, the volume of trade must increase. This is a very large state, and as we go south to-morrow I will give you some further facts about it. Let's go to the hotel now and write home to our friends."

The reception committee was at the station again in the morning, apparently as eager to see our party leave as they had been anxious to see them arrive.

"Don't they look more picturesque than they did yesterday, Captain?"

"Well, a little. I can acquire a liking for them if I haven't it now. I like them in a way already, they seem so intent and so content. How like children!"

"That's it exactly; the whole Mexican people of the lower class are simply children. They are a constant study to visitors, and they'll be a constant surprise to you.

"This morning," said the Major, as they "fixed" themselves for the journey, "we ride through some of the great estates of Mexico, called haciendas. You saw some small farms on the way here, and I told you of a few extensive establishments last night; to-day you will see some for yourselves. Yonder is the smelting works of the famous Santa Eulalia mine, and not far away is a great hacienda, comprising more than 60,000 acres of fine land, belonging to the gentleman of whom I spoke; Mr. Henry Miller, we would call him in English. On that estate is an adobe palace 200 feet long and 125 feet wide. The gates and pillars are of cut stone finely carved by natives. It has beautiful towers at the angles and a patio within that is as large as the plaza of some towns, and much more attractive. A yearly crop of 75,000 bushels of wheat and of 25,000 bushels of corn is pretty good business for a single farm, isn't it? A little

PARISH CHURCH, CHIHUAHUA.

farther on are two more haciendas, one of 60,000 acres and another of 120,000 acres, so they say."

MEXICAN LAUNDRY.

"Major, please tell us exactly what a hacienda is and how carried on," said the Corporal, evidently interested in the figures just mentioned.

"It is a little world by itself, and not a very little one either. More definitely, the term 'hacienda' is used to signify a great estate made up of numerous parts, as, for instance, ranches, mills, mines, forests, and plantations. The headquarters of the estate is spoken of as *the* hacienda; you will see some of the fort-like buildings as we go along. Here is the residence of the owner or of the *administrador*, and, near by, the homes of many of the laborers. Here are the great storehouses for grain, and *corrals* for horses and cattle. Here also are the church and the school, and the hospital for the families who live and labor on the estate. The store which supplies the families is here also, and often factories form a part of the hacienda. The whole establishment is a relic of the feudal system, under which the weak and the poor engaged to serve the strong and rich, and these, in turn, agreed to exercise a paternal and protective authority over their servants. The system belongs to the fifteenth century, but is out of place now. It is not consistent with progress or liberty."

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"Does it prevail in Mexico?"

"Yes, I may say it does prevail, for the greater part of the land in this country that is fit for, or can be made fit for, cultivation or for use in any way, is owned in great tracts by a few families or individuals."

"I can see, easily enough," said the Captain, "what the effect of that must be."

"Think of one estate of a million and a half acres! another of two hundred and fifty thousand, and so on. The ground for hope of stability in the United States is the fact that, while there are some large estates, there are more than four million small farms owned and worked by the families that live on them. Mexico must make it at least possible for one million of its people to own 'forty acres and a cow.'"

"And a mule."

"Yes, and a mule, or, anyhow, a burro."

"The hacienda business is, practically, slavery, and there is no progress in it. Here we are at Horcasitas, a station named for the gentleman who owns an estate through which this road runs for more than twenty-five miles. Yonder is another hacienda of about forty thousand acres, a little one, owned by a banking firm."

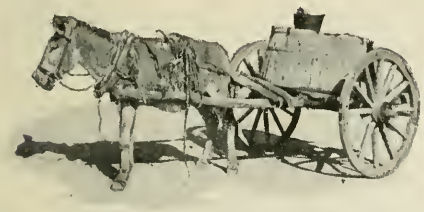
"What river is this, Major?"

"This is the San Pedro, and it flows into the Conchos, a little east of us; we cross a handsome bridge here. The next station is also named for a great hacienda of 150,000 acres, Las Delicias. About 10,000 acres are under the plow on this estate."

"It doesn't look like very good land, Major. The cactus seems to be the chief product."

"That is the native weed. Of course, the land will grow cactus if you don't give it something else to do. Give any of this soil water and seed and a little labor, and the result will astonish you."

Here we are in sight of the Conchos River. We run up that stream now for thirty miles. Notice along here, the great canals which have been made to convey the water to and through the fields. All this region is fertile and usually very productive. It has been very dry for two years now through Northern Mexico, and everything has suffered, but you see that even now the valley isn't without crops. The region raises barley, corn, and wheat, and also cotton to some extent.



And here is Santa Rosalia. Many an unfortunate has blessed her name and her famous springs. This is a place worth stopping at. Its little plaza is a bit of paradise. And you see this town has the luxury of two rivers; here the Florido joins the Conchos, which we crossed a few minutes since, and we shall cross the Florido just below the dinner station, Jimenez.

RANCHERO.

The village of Santa Rosalia is not so pretty as its name, or so fragrant as its springs. These smell like sulphur; but they are four miles away, and don't smell to Santa Rosalia.

There are six of these springs which boil up from under a yellowish sulphur-colored hill, and the waters are very hot. The waters are led through ditches into adobe bath-

houses, where the victim or the visitor for pleasure can parboil himself for health or for fun. Accommodations are not yet suitable for invalids, but if half that is told of the curative power of these waters is true, it can't be long before Santa Rosalia will be visited by thousands of sufferers from rheumatism and the gout. Let the enterprising hotel man take notice.

And now our course is, for about fifty miles, up the Rio Florido. The valley of this stream is extremely fertile; it reminds one, in the extent of its cultivation, of the valley of the Lerma in Jalisco.

"Do see that team," exclaimed the Corporal. "What is the man doing?"

"Plowing. Primitive, isn't it? See the yoke, only a beam tied to the animals' horns. And the plow! simply a V-shaped piece of wood shod with iron. Sometimes the oxen are driven 'by fours.'"

"Why don't they get American plows and do their work right?" asked the Captain.

"*Quien sabe!* Our plows have been tried here, but the Mexicans at once perpetrated an 'improvement' on them. They cut off one of the handles! *Costumbre del pais,*—it is the way of the country. But modern implements are fast taking the place of the old."

Well, here we are at Jimenez. Here we meet the up train and we get dinner. When we come back, we'll see a splendid new dining-room, but just now "dinner is ready in the dining-car" on a side-track. Plenty of everything and good service. Jimenez is a point of great importance. It is a city of 9,000 population, in a rich agricultural district. Fifty miles west is the great silver country of which Parral is the centre. A daily stage-line connects this station with Parral, and parties from the country west, even from the Pacific coast, come to Jimenez to take the train.

"Jimminy! what a name. How did the company ever come across such a name as they gave this station?" asked the Corporal.

"That is a good name. Call it Hemanez, if you please. It sounds better than it looks. It is the name of one of Hidalgo's associates, who was executed at Chihuahua. Walk down the track a little way, and you can see a great natural curiosity, an aerolite. This is only a piece of the mysterious

SIESTA.

visitor from another sphere, but it weighs about twenty tons! The other part of it, and the much greater part, is somewhere in the region west of us."

"What is it, anyhow?" asked the Corporal, as he proceeded to examine it.

"Is it stone, or iron, or copper, or what?" asked the Captain.

"On the outside it looks like copper, having the color of that metal; within it appears to be pure iron. On cutting with a cold chisel the metal looks like steel. The whole piece has the appearance of the segment of a sphere. Strike the edge, and it sounds like a bell. It is a wonderful thing; where it came from who can tell?"

"This looks as if it had been fused or melted," said the Captain.

"It certainly does, but alas! we do *not* know

> 'What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
> In what a forge or what a heat.'

If it could only tell its story!

"The next station of importance is Escalon. A new and very extensive mining district has been opened in the Sierra Mojada in the state of Coahuila, some seventy-five miles north-east of this point. There are veritable 'mountains of ore' there; some of it is worked at home, and thousands of tons are annually shipped to other points, some to San Luis Potosi and some to the States. Escalon is one of the youngest, but at the same time one of the heaviest stations on the line. The Mexican Northern road connects here with the Central."

"What state are we in?" asked the Captain.

"Still in Chihuahua! We are 420 miles from Juarez, and still in Chihuahua."

"Great state, isn't it! How large is it?"

"About 90,000 square miles, an area larger than that of all New England, about as large as all that part of our country east of the Hudson; it is the largest of the states of Mexico; we leave it in a few minutes and cross into Durango. Nothing of special interest is observable till we reach Lerdo. A curious thing, however, is the sulphur mountain east of us at Conejos. You can see the stripes of color which the mineral has given the mountain.

"Another curious thing, which you will understand by reference to your profile map, is this whole region. It is a *bolson*, that is, a pocket, a valley, or a basin, without a proper natural outlet. The valley of Mexico is another, and there are several places of the kind in the country. This is the Bolson de

Mapimi. You will notice that we shall have descended eight hundred feet between Jimenez and Lerdo. This great depressed region is east of us, and is known in general as the Laguna country."

"Laguna means lake, does it?"

"Yes, a shallow lake or pond, or swamp only, as this is sometimes. In rainy seasons such a region is flooded, but in dry seasons water remains only in the lowest places, so these lagunas vary in size. Many streams, some of them quite large, like the Nazas, which we shall cross, flow into this *bolson* and stop there, unless there are underground passages for their discharge."

"Is it a fertile section of country?"

"Very fertile. It is the great cotton country of Mexico. Forty thousand bales of cotton are shipped over the Central

every year from Lerdo. It is said that the Mexican cotton plants continue to bear profitable crops from four to six years without replanting and without fertilizers. Practically, here, cotton is a perennial, and not an annual plant; but while the product is larger, it is not of so fine a quality as that grown in the States. As might be expected, there are cotton mills and oil mills here."

"I suppose the business will increase?"

"Yes, it will, without doubt. The government is actively at work adjusting the matter of water rights, and other questions of engineering, about which the people of the states of Durango and Coahuila have had differences, and on account of which the full development of their section has been greatly retarded. Mexico must look to this Laguna country for its supply of native cotton; there will, some day, be a very much larger acreage under cultivation. Lerdo is a flourishing city, with a population of about 10,000, and presents an attractive appearance. Looking to the future, Lerdo has the brightest prospects for growth. The elevation of the city is almost exactly that of El Paso, and Lerdo, on account of its superb climate, is the resort of many who find the high plateau too cold for them."

A ride of five kilometres brings us to another very important station, Torreon.

This is a meal station. Here the passenger will find a plentiful supply of good quality. The inevitable Chinese manager looks after the establishment, and is extremely attentive to his guests.

At Torreon the Mexican International road crosses the Central. It has just been extended (November, 1892) to the city of Durango, and now another great state and greater region on the west is put in quick communication with the world. From the mines on the International, great quantities of coal are brought to the Central for distribution in the interior of Mexico. Whoever goes to the capital via the Eagle Pass route goes over the Central from Torreon, more than seven hundred miles. Torreon is not a thing of beauty, but it is a place of business. A large flour mill, the shops of the International road, and the natural requirements of such a junction-point combine to make it an active, thriving town.

An hour from Torreon brings us to Picardias, a station of considerable importance, from which connection is made by stage three times a week with the city of Durango.

"Think of a ride of 150 miles in a Mexican diligence, Captain, how would you like that?"

"I can think of much worse things than that, Major. I rather think I should like one trip anyhow."

"Well let us wait till some other time. I suppose we can find a better section to explore than this, say, down in Oaxaca."

Now that the railroad reaches Durango, probably the occupation of Picardias is gone, so far as stage line is concerned.

And now we come to Jimulco. This is a more important station than it appears to be. Here is the headquarters of the operating department for one of the divisions of the line. A commodious station house, large round-house, machine shops and other buildings necessary to the service give Jimulco an air of great activity. Of course, there must be quite a railroad colony at such a point.

Night shuts out the view now, and we begin our ascent from the basin in which we have been running for the last 150 miles. The ascent is gradual, however, for we rise only about 2,800 feet in the next 200 miles. The country on all sides appears to be a vast plain fringed with hills, but as we rise the view widens, and we appreciate the fact that we are climbing, climbing, every minute to a higher level. There are signs of fertility all about us. A great part of the section is under cultivation. One of the peculiar features of this inclined plane is the red color of the soil, reminding one of the brick-colored clay of New Jersey. Can it be that this region is as rich as that garden of the two great cities in the States, that "dumb-bell suburb" as Dr. Holmes calls it, of New York and Philadelphia? Well, hardly as rich as that, but evidently it is good farming land (when it has water). But the color! that is the wonder of the great Yellowstone Park no more than of this region. Mr. Church is on record as saying that "Mexico is superior to Italy in landscape effects." The plain which we are here leaving behind, as seen from the summit to which we rise, charms beyond expression when

lighted by the afternoon sun. The most skilful attempt of the artist to transfer its color to canvas utterly fails.

On we go, up and up all night, until we reach a line which, though imaginary, is one that every schoolboy and schoolgirl has heard about. Passing the Durango state line at Camacho, we have been in the state of Zacatecas since one o'clock. At "five o'clock in the morning" we are at the pretty station with the pretty name, Cañitas. At half past five we reach Gutierrez, and at half past six are due at Fresnillo. Between these last-named stations lies that mysterious line which we have read about, but never have seen, the Tropic of Cancer.

When the Major reminded the boys of this fact, they said they must get up to see that line anyway.

"We don't cross a tropic every day, and we should be showing disrespect to geography if we didn't turn out to meet it," said the Captain.

"Yes, that's so," added the Corporal, "but I don't care for the disrespect. I'd like to have a kick at that twenty-three and a half degree thing that used to bother me so. Let's get up, by all means."

"So be it," said the Major, "we'll make sure of a call. I'll ask 'the gentleman from Missouri' to wake us up."

"Porter!"

"Yes, sah!"

"Please call us three about twenty minutes before we get to the Tropic of Cancer, we want to be up when we get to the torrid zone."

"Torrid zone! No such station, sah."

"What, are you sure?"

"Never heard of it, sah."

The boys had to laugh at the look on Pete's face. Evidently he thought he knew the names of stations, but in order to justify his statement he drew out a time table, and read: —

"Jimulco, Camacho, Pacheco, Fresnillo; no Cancer there, sir! Here's Cañitas; maybe that's what you mean, sah."

"Oh, no, this train goes past Cancer, or I have been misinformed," said the Major, very positively; "and if I have been, I'll make a row."

"Maybe it's on the other road, sah, and you ought to have changed cars at Torreon, the supper station," said the porter, a little disturbed. "Say it again, sah, please; I don't get on to the Spanish very well."

"Tropico de Cancer," soberly said the Major.

"Sorry, sah, but you're on de wrong train, suah. No such station on dis yer road; no Topico, no torrid zone."

"Well, porter, you are not to blame if we are. I am going to Zacatecas anyhow, and can go back, if necessary, from there; maybe it is on the International; but please wake us at half past five."

"Yes, sah, suah."

"Good joke, wasn't it?" said the Corporal, when Pete had gone.

"Pretty good," said the Captain; "'no such station, sah'; you're too bad to play so on the gentleman of the bedchamber. He'll lose all confidence in himself, if he can't trust himself to remember the stations along the line."

"Oh, well, he'll remember this one next time. Listen."

Pete's voice was heard in the smoking-room. A dialogue was going on between the conductor and porter.

Porter: "Got a time table? Less see it." (Silence.) "Jess like mine."

Conductor: "What is it?"

"Why, that Major with the two boys wants to be called at Topico de Cancer. I tole him no such station."

"Was he awake?"

"Certain."

"Did he say Topico?"

"That's what he said. He said this train go past that, or he's been tole wrong."

"Well, you didn't understand him; he knows what he's about, he's been over this road before."

"Maybe he has, but he nebber seen no Cancer all the same; he's pium crazy or I'm out; but he gets off at Zacatecas. I'll wake him up at five o'clock, and let him hunt for it."

All was soon quiet in the car, and nothing further disturbed our party till five o'clock, when Pete remarked to the Major, —

"Time to get up if you want to get up at five o'clock."

"Pete, you know I said half past five, but no matter. Found that station yet?"

"No, boss, some mistake somehow. We are gone past Cañitas; that's the nearest I can make out to your Cancer."

"All right, Pete, that's near enough. The place I mean is between Gutierrez and Fresnillo."

"Flag station, maybe, Major; express trains don't stop there I reckon," said Pete, still puzzled, and off he went.

The party was soon ready to see all there was to see, and so was Pete, on the sly. Gutierrez was passed. No sign of movement could Pete detect, except a languid looking out of the window, but soon the Major said, "Come on, boys, let's go out on the platform."

Pete had business that way too. He must know about this thing. Some other crank, some day, might strike him about the same place.

The Captain spoke up, "That tropic and the other one, how they bothered me at school."

"There's *two* of 'em," said Pete to himself.

"That's so," joined in the Corporal; "that twenty-three and a half degree business was what I never could understand."

"Must be curves," thought Pete, "twenty-three and a half degree, no such curbs on this yer road. This is a straight road mostly; eighteen degrees enough for any road."

"'Twas a puzzler to me, too," said the Major.

"And it is to *me*, too, suah's you born," said Pete to himself.

"How I remember it — imaginary line twenty-three and a half degrees from the equator, and is the northern boundary of the torrid zone."

"What's that he's sayin'," thought Pete, "International line twenty-three and a half degrees from Zacatecas, and north of Torreon. Oh, he's off suah, away off, and he ought to got off at Torreon." And Pete retired, satisfied that the party was hunting for some station on the International, certainly not on the Central.

"Well, boys, it must be just about here, anywhere about here."

"There is Mendoza, 740 miles from El Paso, and you have been a few minutes already in the torrid zone," said the Major.

"This is anything but torrid," shivered the Captain; "I want my overcoat." And the Corporal added, —

"And I want mine too. I can imagine the line, but I can't imagine any heat, I am cold."

"Well, elevation has something to do with this shock to the faith of your early days. Let's go in now; we've got up an appetite for a good breakfast, which we are sure to get at Calera, not far away."

"Why, look here, Major, it's an hour and more to breakfast, we haven't come to Fresnillo yet."

"No, but we've passed Tropico, and we'll spend part of the hour talking about that and other imaginary things; here you are in the torrid zone, in July, 1892, shivering and calling

for your overcoats: there's nothing imaginary about that, is there? Not a bit of it, it is a cold fact. The air will be colder before it is warmer. When we get up to Zacatecas, a thousand feet higher than we are now, you'll easily imagine that you are in the edge of the frigid or at least of a very intemperate zone, especially if the zephyrs are up and stirring, as they usually are there.

"Fresnillo! here we are at an old mining town, and a place of 20,000 inhabitants, they say. Nothing new about this place, but the railroad and its commodious buildings. Fresnillo is sixty years older than Plymouth Rock. It dates from 1554. Can you think so far back, Captain? There was a famous mine discovered near here in that year, and the town sprung up. There is a stage line from here to Durango. Chance for another excursion of a hundred and eighty miles!"

"No, I thank you," said the Captain. "Calera is as far as I care to go, at least before breakfast."

"We'll have a good appetite, anyhow," said the Corporal. "The porter says that we shall get a fine breakfast there; that's the best thing I've heard to-day."

"You certainly will," replied the Major. "I never have heard of a poor meal at Calera since the present administration came in. I am quite ready myself to pay my morning vows to the generous Lady of Calera, bless her Yankee heart!"

"An hour passed on, the Turk awoke." This Turk was the little Corporal who was quick to catch the porter's "Calera, half an hour for breakfast."

The party's great expectations were more than realized. A good breakfast was looked for, as there was no occasion to doubt the uniform testimony of all who mentioned the hostess, but the breakfast was better than had been expected. It was a surprise, because no one had thought to find American cooking and a first-class bill of fare at a little railroad station on the hills in the heart of Mexico, seven hundred and sixty-seven miles from

the border. The meal was surprise number one, and the building in which they found such satisfaction was surprise number two. Nothing so fine had been seen since they left the beautiful station at Juarez. New were the house and the furniture, clean and bright was everything about the establishment, from kitchen to parlor.

"That is something to write home about," said the Captain, as he came out of the dining-room. "The folks will hardly believe what I shall tell them."

"Let me see what you write," said the Corporal, "and I'll say something else. I know you won't write all that might be said. This is splendid."

"Yes, people in the States have been kept from coming to Mexico by the cry of 'nothing to eat.' But things are changing for the better. I don't think they ever were so bad as represented, but certainly they are good enough now. This is an ideal restaurant, and represents the standard to which the president of the road is working to bring the whole meal service along the line, and it won't be long before he'll have duplicates of Calera."

From the platform is to be seen a group of pottery kilns. Among the industries of Mexico the third in importance is the manufacture of vessels from clay. Almost every village has a potter. We shall see the various styles and qualities of work as we visit different sections. Here in the state of Zacatecas the ware is red, hard baked, and glazed inside.

As they started again the Major said, —

"Eighteen miles to Zacatecas! and a climb all the way. 'Mountains to left of us, mountains to right of us,' and a mountain in front of us, exactly in front of us; we can't slide along it, we must climb right over it."

"Well, I feel as if I could walk to Zacatecas if necessary, or help push the train up," said the little Corporal.

"We can all ride; our horse is a good one, and he won't get

stalled. But he has got good work to do. For nine or ten miles the grade is not severe, but then comes 'a tug of war' for nine miles. This morning's ride shows us the first really bold scenery and high grade mountain engineering we come to in Mexico."

The party went to the rear platform. From there they could see the vast red plain, over and up which they had been climbing all night, spread out and illuminated by the morning sun. The view was a revelation of grandeur and beauty.

"This is a royal ride," said the Captain.

"Grand," said the Corporal. "This is worth coming to see. This beats the breakfast."

"These curves beat any on the Pennsylvania," said the Captain, "and they are rather 'mule shoes' than horseshoes."

"Yes, and sometimes double at that," said the Corporal.

"What grade is this, Major?"

"About one and a half per cent, I think."

"Well, what is that a mile?"

"Figure it out, my boy; the rise is, say, a foot and a half in a hundred feet of track."

"That is just about eighty feet a mile."

"That is about it; in ten miles we rise about eight hundred feet; a steep climb, eh?"

"Sure enough. What are those white monuments on the sides of the mountains?"

"They are mine boundaries."

"And these walled establishments?"

"They are the reduction or hoisting works of various mines. We are now in one of the great silver-producing regions of the world."

As the party were gathering up their traps, preparatory to leaving the train at Zacatecas, Pete came up and said, —

"Sorry yo was tole wrong, boss, but you can get back to Torreon to-morrow morning."

VIEW OF ZACATECAS.

"Thanks, Pete, we don't go back, we are all right and so are you. Did you ever go to school, Pete?"

"Mighty little, boss."

"Ever study the map? Geography?"

"Neber did, boss, for a fac', only the railroad map."

"Well, I'll send you a book that will tell you about the place that we were looking for. Good by."

IV.

"Has this fellow no feeling of his business?
Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness."
Hamlet.

ZACATECAS is a sample mining town. The surrounding hills are supposed to be full of silver. It is said that mining was begun here in 1516, and further, it is estimated that a product of fully eight hundred million dollars has been taken out already. It is a curious place; there is but one other in Mexico like it, the city of Guanajuato, which we shall visit later on. In 1886 there were about fifteen thousand miners at work in and about these hills.

"Where *is* the city?" asked the Captain, as the party stood at the station. "I see only a few straggling huts in the valley and along the hillside. I thought this was a large place."

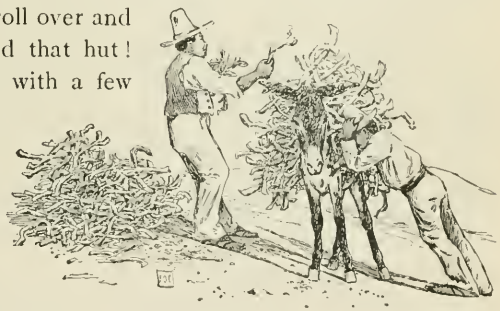
"So it is; walk down the track with me a few rods, you'll see something that will surprise you."

As they walked, they met a score of men packing bags upon the backs of burros. Four small sacks or two large ones loaded the little animals with all they could carry. They also met a group of soldiers escorting and guarding a motley crowd of men bearing water in casks suspended on poles. The men were prisoners bringing the daily water supply from a tank above the track. On the hillside was a novel sight. A group of men was

seated around a little fire, and two or three women were providing for the group what, by courtesy, we'll call a breakfast. The little burros were nosing about while they were waiting for their loads. What they could find to eat did not appear to the party. Farther on was a wood-pile, and such wood! crooked as a ram's horn.

"What is that man doing?" asked the Captain, "that one under the three poles?"

"Oh, he is weighing wood! You see he doesn't want to load the donkey too heavily, and besides, he sells wood by weight. See the donkey below the pile there, partly loaded, and see that boy on the lower side bracing up the animal; but for the boy, the donkey would roll over and down the hill. And that hut! a dug-out, thatched with a few branches and parts of old bags. How is that for a summer residence?"



"Look here, Major, I am cold. How the wind blows!"

"We are now more than eight thousand feet high, and our overcoats are needed for comfort. Even with them on, we must move about lively to keep warm. But what do you think of those poor creatures who have on only a little cotton?"

They walked on a few rods farther, the Major calling their attention to sundry sights along the upper side of the track, when suddenly he said, "Now turn and look at the city."

There lay the houses of Zacatecas, as grain lies in the hopper of a mill. Hills on every side, the low, flat-roofed, square buildings rise in terraces up the steep declivities, having the appearance of blocks fastened to an inclined plane. And how crowded! There seems to be no room for growth, unless it

be up the mountains, or down the one valley towards the plain of Guadalupe.

"That is a beautiful sight, and no mistake," exclaimed the Captain. And the Corporal chimed in,—

"How like the pictures I have seen of Oriental towns!"

"Yes, everybody remarks the likeness to the cities of Palestine. This flat-roof style of house is of Moorish origin, and came here from Spain, where the Moors held dominion for eight hundred years."

"What a curious shaped mountain! that high one above the town," said the Captain. "It looks like a buffalo with his back up."

"That is the name of it, the 'Bufa,' the Spanish for buffalo. How would you like to climb up that trail on your knees? That is what a good many people have done, going to do penance and get absolution in that chapel away up there, called Los Remedios."

"I'll be good," replied the boy. "Please, I don't want to."

"Well, now let's go back to the station, get our hand baggage, and look up a hotel."

"Shall we take a carriage?"

"We might, if we could find one, but I never saw a half-dozen carriages, public or private, in this city. That is one curious thing about the town, the absence of vehicles, excepting carts and ore wagons. The burro is the barouche for this place. We'll take that street car, it runs from the station through the town, to the foot of the Bufa."

"This seems quite American," said the Corporal, as he boarded the car.

"'Tis American, made in New York, you observe."

"But this isn't American," said the Captain, as the car went flying down the hill as fast as mules can run. The little animals had to gallop or get run over. The car did the driving, and the driver smoked. About half-way of the trip a conductor got

on, took the fare and handed each passenger a ticket, from which the corner was torn, that it might not be used again. No one collects the tickets. The Captain read on his, which he preserved as evidence of a visit to the city, "Compañia Zacatecana de Tranvias, 6 Centavos."

"Now about a hotel, let's look at the cards which were put into our hands on arrival this morning," said the Major. "Here they are. Ah, Hotel Central, 'el mas elegante y mejor amueblado de la ciudad. Camas de Resorte,' etc. The most elegant and the best furnished in the city, and spring beds! That sounds well, but listen to *this:* 'Hotel Zacatecano, el mas grande, hermoso y sano de la ciudad.' The largest, most beautiful, and healthiest in the city. 'Magnifica situacion'— fine situation. 'Puede alojar,' etc. Its ample and elegant rooms will accommodate any number that may be desired. That is the hotel for us," said the Major; and he added, "You will find these very same words on the Zacatecano letter paper. Lucky for us that the house can accommodate 'un numero considerable de pasajeros.' Boys, you'll have the pleasure of sleeping in a convent to night. That's something new for you, eh?"

"A convent, you don't mean a nunnery?"

"Oh, no, and not even a convent now. The building was once the Augustinian convent. Part of it is the hotel, and part of the old establishment is a Protestant church."

The car came, passing through a narrow, crooked street, into a large square, where one of the most curious sights in all Mexico is presented. The boys could not find words with which to express their surprise, and so were silent. But their feelings could be read in their faces. The Major said,—

"Boys, what do you think of that?"

They both exclaimed, "Well that beats all I ever saw. Let's get off and watch them."

"No, we'll come back as soon as we have got rid of our traps at the hotel. That is *the* sight of Zacatecas. Isaac and Rebecca at the fountain are not a circumstance to these poor creatures scooping up water."

"Well I should say not. Do look at those jars."

The party found the Zacatecano to be *muy grande*, if not *mas grande*, everything about it was large. Each of the two stories is at least twenty feet high. As is customary in all fine Mexican houses, the patio is a little park or flower garden. The lower story is devoted to business matters, the upper story to dormitories and dining-room.

The first excursion from the hotel took them up the main street to the pretty little plaza, and to the Cathedral.

"Can we get into the Cathedral? It is a beautiful building."

"Oh, yes, and you'll find many people there. All day long the old and young, men and women and children, are going in, kneeling and coming out. Hats off as soon as you approach the outer door; almost every man on the street takes off his hat as he passes the door of any church."

"Beautiful!" said the Captain in a whisper. "The white and gold make a pleasing combination. The statues are particularly good. I want to see that solid silver font, which is said to be worth a hundred thousand dollars."

"You'll have to wait a good while before you see that. It's gone where the silver statues of the apostles went that Napoleon once found in a church."

"Where is that?" asked the Captain.

"Napoleon said, 'What are these men standing here for? Melt them up, and make them do as their Master did, "go about doing good."' You'll learn about the confiscation of church property by and by, and then you'll know what became of the silver font. Come on, Captain."

Crossing the street, they turned to look at the imposing front of the building. The material is brownstone, and the carvings are very fine.

There are few more attractive towers in Mexico than the three of this church, one square, one tall and graceful, and one a mosque-like dome.

"Things here are old in the matter of churches," said the Major. "This building was begun in 1612. It grew slowly, and was not completed till 1752."

"Yes, I know," said the Captain, "these great buildings are the real century plants. Cologne Cathedral, I have read, required more than six hundred years for completion."

"Well, we'll see the best and leave the rest, boys. That old church up the hill is fine too, the church of San José; but if we

go into half the churches in the towns we visit, we shall have no time left for the other things."

"Let's go to that fountain now," said the Corporal; "that beats anything I ever saw."

"Very well, notice the odd things along the streets as we go. The streets present a view of every-day life as the majority of the people of Mexico have it. You will see that it is a life of burden largely; and if they were not the most patient people in the world, I should think life itself would be a great burden."

"I noticed," said the Captain, "that everybody seems to be carrying something; babies, bags, boxes, bricks, fruit, hay, water, everything is carried on the head or back. Although in the city, I should say this is the *back* country; every building has been packed up on somebody's *shoulders*."

"That reminds me of what a Boston lady wrote from here about some good lessons that the Americans might take from the Mexicans. She says, 'There is their way of holding the dear, dark little babies, with a long fold of the nurse's *reboso*, or scarf, wound around the little creature from mouth to hips, supporting the back and neck well, and throwing the child's weight on the bearer's shoulder, instead of her arms and hips.' Well, I thought, how do these babies like it, and how would *our* babies like it, and what is the matter with a baby carriage, and did the dear woman think that *nurses* in Mexico carry babies on their shoulders? Well, hardly. Mothers who *must* tote their babies along carry them thus, so as to leave the arms free to carry their wares; in fact, to get the young ones out

FOUNTAIN IN ZACATECAS.

of the way. But it is a fact that it is easier to carry a weight on your back or head than in your arms. These people, the men I mean, can hardly learn that any other way is possible. The contractor who is building the Baptist church, and who built the great market yonder, told me, while you were looking at that train of burros, that he introduced the wheelbarrow here.

The Mexican laborer loaded the vehicle, and then put it on his head and *carried it* into the building! The American showed him how to wheel it, and, as he found it easier to take the load that way, he continued to wheel it; but what do you think! after dumping the load he put the wheelbarrow on his head and carried it back to the brick-pile. The same thing was true of the laborers who worked on the railroad."

"I should think they would know better than that," said the Captain. "What did they think the wheel was for?"

"*Quien sabe!* Captain. They don't seem to think. They go about their work mostly like Longfellow's 'dumb, driven cattle.' They are as patient and as tough as oxen."

"Ah, there it is, there's the fountain," exclaimed the Corporal. "What a sight!"

"Yes, it is a sight. I've stood and watched them for an hour at a time," said the Major, "so eager and active. Come up close to the basin and you'll see why they have to almost stand on their heads to get the water, and why it takes so long to fill one of their jars."

From the centre of a stone basin, about twenty feet in diameter, rises a fountain; water is flowing by half a dozen small streams into the reservoir, around which are constantly fifty or sixty people ready to catch the first drop that comes within reach. The water never attains a depth of half an inch in the reservoir, except in the night. What accumulates then is all carried away before the visitor is up. As the wall of the basin is quite high, short people have a hard time to get any; all have to balance across the wall and scoop up what they can. The implement mostly used is a piece of gourd or a piece of tin slightly bent. Jars of red clay with large mouths are the most common articles for transportation; they are carried on the shoulder. However, in recent times, the large square oil cans of commerce have displaced the jar. Whole families seem to come to the fountain. One member will dip awhile, a second holds the baby and gossips with the neighbors, while a third looks on; then the third dips awhile, the first holds the baby, and the second looks on. It takes hours to fill a can or a jar when business is lively, that is, when the walls are crowded with the dippers.

"Well," said the Captain, after the party had gazed on the scene long enough, "that is certainly worth coming to see. It is an Oriental scene, and I do not wonder that visitors are struck

by the resemblance of things here to those in Morocco, Palestine, and the Orient generally."

"Now let us go down to Guadalupe, and see, as many people think, the prettiest chapel in all Mexico. We have a ride of six miles down grade by gravity, and a return ride, up grade of course, by mule power. We get out of this ravine into a beautiful valley, and far away from 'the madding crowd.'"

Down went the little train, looking and acting for all the world like a runaway train. But it kept the track and soon delivered its

passengers, first and second class, right side up and in good order, in Guadalupe.

Passing through the plaza and then through a little park in front of the church, the party entered the building, where they found a large number of worshippers. The high altar is surrounded by large statues of the chief actors in the crucifixion, and seems to stand on Calvary itself, as there is behind it a great painting showing a multitude such as we may suppose surrounded the three crosses in Judæa.

The chapel is the gem of the establishment. It is not an old building, but it is beautiful beyond description. The inlaid floor

of different colored woods; the gorgeous decorations of the altar, displaying silk and gold and silver and onyx trimmings; the frescos on walls and dome,— all combine to make a most pleasing impression on the eye.

"Who pays for these costly altars?" asked the Captain. "The people seem too poor to do it! You say this cost half a million dollars?"

"Ah, you know 'mony a puckle maks a muckle'; and enough *centavos* will make a *peso*. But this chapel, like many others in the country, is the gift of a lady of wealth. Let us be thankful to her for giving the world something new and pretty, and for refraining from 'improving' (and spoiling) some beautiful old thing. We ought to go to the orphanage here," added the Major, "but we have not time enough. It occupies an old convent, and is one of the most interesting places in Mexico. It seems to me in utility to be ahead of the famous Hospicio of Guadalajara. Here are about three hundred orphan boys being taken care of and taught useful trades. They run a bakery which supplies their own establishment and some other public institutions; they make the cloth for their own clothes, and they do most of the public printing of the city. That is a practical charity."

"Indeed it is," said the Captain; "I'd like to go through their building and see them at work. Don't you think that they are making a better use of the old convent than the old monks did?"

"Well, 'comparisons are odorous,' you know, Captain. Let us say, we're glad the orphans have a home, and that the good old padres builded better than they thought."

"Vamonos! a Zacatecas."

Six mules seem to have enough to do to get the train up to the starting point in Zacatecas, but they get there in time.

Rising early the next morning the party went to the great market, one of the finest institutions of the kind in the Republic. It is an immense iron structure, recently erected, for two pur-

GUADALUPE, NEAR ZACATECAS.

poses, trade and recreation. The ground floor is devoted to trade, and the upper floor to music and dancing on occasion. Whoever fails to visit the market places of Mexico misses half the fun of the trip. There, as nowhere else, the native is at his best, and at her best, for the women are in the majority. Everything you can think of, from a pepper to a pig, is on sale; chile, charcoal and chickens, tortillas, *tomales* and turkeys, beans and brooms, nuts and *naranças*, fruits and roots, sandals, and sweets, and almost every namable thing you can think of is for sale or trade. In the market place you will always find a lively scene, and one worth going to see.

Back to the Zacatecano for coffee and rolls, and thence to the station, was the programme now. Another look at the fountain scene, a glance into open doors of the hovels called houses, a ride up the long hill, and they are there half an hour before train time. They paid a visit to the old pantheon or cemetery, just across the track near the station.

"There is something old over there, boys, but I think you'll see something new," said the Major, on the way.

"What can there be new there?" asked the Captain.

"It was new to me to see human bones kicked around in a graveyard."

"What! how came the bones there?"

"Well, that is the new thing I was telling you of. At home we buy lots in cemeteries, and expect that when we lie down in them we shall not be disturbed. Here, space for burial is bought by many people for a period only, say of five years. When the time expires, the occupant of that space must make room for another tenant. If friends come to receive the remains of the late lamented, well and good; but if not, said

remains are subject to eviction, and hence these bones of the human anatomy which are often seen in these enclosures."

"Well, Major, I'll take your word for it. I see the tombs, and I think I don't care to see any more. Let us walk down the track again and get that view of the city."

"Good," said the Corporal, "that's the best thing we can do, and I want to see them load that donkey with wood again."

"But we must look at this fine station, too. It is not large, but there's a lot of business done there. Let us look into the freight-house. We can see the city as we go along in the train."

A visit to the freight-house gave the boys some idea of the great variety and quantity of the merchandise required by a great city like Zacatecas, which manufactures very little and buys almost everything it uses. It also gave them an idea of the products of the surrounding region, which are brought in for shipment. A freight-house isn't very pretty, but like any plain schoolma'm it can tell you a whole lot that you didn't know before. In Mexico "pictures" are plenty at the passenger stations, but *pesos* are coined across the track at the freight-houses.

The descent of the mountain to the plain on the south of Zacatecas is, if possible, more exhilarating than the ascent from Calera. The train runs round the rim of the basin in which the city lies, passes in a few minutes from the station eastward over one of the great mines, under the walls of a reduction works,

and turns the point of the mountain. Along the side of this its course is due west to the head of a great ravine, where it resumes its course south for a moment, and then runs east again along the other side till the point of another mountain is turned, when a straight course is taken to the plain. This ravine is a busy spot. In it are several works for the treatment of ores. You can look directly down into the yards where the "patio process" is in operation. From these two turning points of the mountain fine views of the city and of the valley leading down to Guadalupe are obtained. You see across the valley

the little train on its runaway trip to the suburban city, and you notice also the numerous reduction works and mills along the valley.

After a six-mile run, and a descent of five hundred feet, the station of Guadalupe is reached. In a straight line it is not more than three miles from Zacatecas; but a straight line wouldn't be so picturesque, even if it were possible. The station is about a mile west of the town, and high above it. The view across the valley is charming. The group of graceful churches, with their towers and tiled domes and minarets, dominates the landscape. How different this from the close and crowded city under the mountains which we have just left! As

far as the eye can reach to the south and east, the valley glows with green and gold. Away beyond Guadalupe, in the east, a little lake glistens like a mirror in an emerald frame. It is Lake Pevernaldillo. On its farther shore, among the trees, can be seen the walls and chimneys of a large pottery, which supports the little town of Ojo Caliente, and which supplies the women at the fountains in Zacatecas, and at many other places, with their jars for water, and other wares for household use. For twenty-five miles we continue our ride across this beautiful valley, which is largely under cultivation.

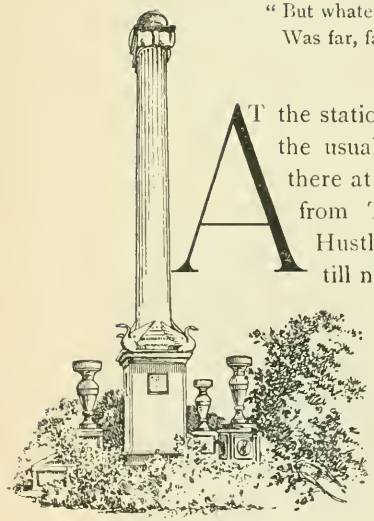
At Soledad we are in the immediate vicinity of salt and soda lakes, which give employment to many men, and considerable

business to the road. In the forty miles from Zacatecas we have dropped some fifteen hundred feet, and now we have almost a straight and level line to Aguas Calientes.

We keep now in a fertile and cultivated country for many miles. On either side of the train we see haciendas, some near and others farther away; beyond, are fields of corn and grain, as well as groves and orchards. Around us are the hills, everywhere the hills, now blue, now brown, now purple. Passing Rincon, Pabellon, and Las Animas, we come to Chicalote, where we cross a little stream which rejoices in the strong name of Rio Brazos Santiago. This Chicalote is not a large or an important

station, as you will observe, but it is the point of departure of the Tampico branch from the main line; trains for that division, however, are made up at Aguas Calientes, nine miles south of Chicalote. Soon on our right we see the *campanil* of the parish church, the domes and towers of other churches, and in a few minutes we arrive at Aguas Calientes, one of the most charming cities in Mexico.

V.



"But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest."
Castle of Indolence.

AT the station there is always great activity. Besides the usual reception committee, three trains are there at once, — the train from Mexico, the train from Tampico, and the one from El Paso. Hustle and bustle, and all over in half an hour, till next day at the same time when the trains from the border, the coast, and the capital meet here again.

"Aguas Calientes is a busy place," exclaimed the Captain.

"Is it always like this?" asked the Corporal. "Why this is like a fair or a market day. Look at those men with their feather-work, their cotton and linen napkins, their mosaic and hair-work, candies, and fruits, and, well, no end of things."

"Yes, this is their chance, and they make the most of it. Let's get out of the crowd."

"Dinner is ready, Major, let's go in."

"All right, we always get a good meal here. A French proprietor looks after things, and we'll find things good enough for anybody."

After a satisfactory dinner, the party took a look about the station before going to the city, which is a mile off to the west.

They saw a large commodious building with convenient offices, restaurant, waiting and baggage rooms. Up the track were the large freight-houses and the shops and buildings for repairing and housing the motive-power. Across a little plaza were several fine houses which the company had just completed for the use of their agents or employees. It was evident, from the amount of property here, that the company regards this as one of the most important points on the line.

Here also is a fine hospital for the employés of the road. The hospital service of the Central is most efficiently equipped. Besides the buildings here and at Chihuahua, there are others at Tampico, at Guadalajara, and at the city of Mexico. These establishments are supported by contributions and by assessments upon the wages of employés. When the men require hospital service they have it free, and have the best treatment that medical science can provide.

As the junction point of the Tampico division it, of necessity, has more business and requires the services of a larger number of men than any station we have seen, excepting the terminal point, Juarez.

A stroll from the southern end of the station brought them to the old *paseo* of the town, through which street cars run from the railroad east a mile to the famous springs, and west a mile to the plaza of the city. This *paseo* or alameda is an avenue, not paved, however, shaded by immense trees, which form by their limbs and foliage a continuous green arch.

On one side of this avenue is the ditch or narrow canal through which flows the water from the springs, and which affords the average citizen, male and female, old and young, the use of a laundry and a bath-house free of price.

"How different this from Zacatecas!" said the Captain. "Like another world!"

"Yes, and a beautiful world too," said the Corporal.

"Very different and very beautiful," added the Major. "Plain instead of mountain, comfort instead of cold; shed your overcoat here. Water, and plenty of it. No standing on your head to scoop it up. Generous old Lady Nature not only gives plenty, but gives it hot for washing and cold for drinking. Here is where the free Mexican citizen disports him-

self under the cottonwood and chaparral; the whole family, too, does the same thing, and neither native nor visitor makes any one afraid."

"Well, let's go and try the waters ourselves; is the bath-house far away?" asked the Corporal.

"No, right here close to the station. The old baths are at the eastern end of this avenue, but a short walk will bring us to the Banos Chicos, the newest and finest baths of the place."

"Come on then," said the Captain, "what are we here for, I should like to know, if not to go in swimming?"

"Can we have a swim, a real swim?" asked the Corporal.

"Certainly, you'll see as fine a pool as the one you like so much, 'down at the big rock,' and a great deal warmer."

BAÑOS GRANDÉS, AGUAS CALIENTES.

"What a pretty building! See the bright green plants, and the brilliant flowers. Why, this is a park; palms, bananas, orange-trees! Where are we at?" asked the Corporal.

"This is the place, here we can get any kind of a bath we may want. We want a swim, of course."

Down the long corridor from one court to another, past the little cells where shower and tub baths are supplied, they came

to the great pool in which half an hour of luxury was enjoyed, and from which they came out feeling as chipper as a sparrow after its morning flutter in a fountain.

"Now for the hotel and a look at the city," said the Major. "The Plaza Hotel is kept by an American and on the American plan, so far as circumstances will allow. The table is good, and you are made to feel at home as soon as you enter the house. All the rooms open upon a beautiful *patio* filled with plants and flowers. If the great membrillo-tree in the corner is in blossom, you will see something very handsome and very rare."

The plaza is well kept, and the taste displayed in winding walks, artistic grouping of flowers, and variety of plants makes it very attractive to visitors as well as to the residents. Around the square are fine buildings; the parish church on one side, the

government palace on another, the hotel and stores on a third, and fine stores on the fourth. The streets are wide and are kept clean. Two lines of street cars provide the people with cheap rides to the suburbs. The visitor has a choice of twelve churches and of three bathing establishments. The garden of San Marcos is like a section of the Alameda in Mexico, and surpasses that beautiful park in the display of flowers.

It was very fortunate for the visitors that they were here on a feast day, for it gave them an opportunity to see more people from the surrounding country, and to see them to better advantage than ordinary circumstances would offer. It was the day of Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion, to whom the largest church is dedicated. The building was decked with flags from ground to tip of the beautiful campanile. Business was suspended, and everybody was out for a holiday.

The Corporal was especially interested in the bells, which were ringing all day. Each bell had a ringer of its own. A peculiarity of Mexico, which any keen observer will notice, is that bells are not rung by ropes, but are tumbled over and over by hand. Above the bells are blocks which afford a leverage, and which about balance the bell. The ringer, pulling at the top, easily turns the bell over, and once revolving he keeps it going. Another thing noticeable here is, bells are not hung in

chimes. Each one goes it alone, and the effect on the ear when a half-dozen or more bells are going as they please, and are not in unison with each other to start with, is not the most agreeable. The ringers seem to be on a race and keep at it till they are exhausted, when new ringers give them a rest; but the bells, the bells! they get and give no rest.

"I want another swim," said the Captain. "Let's go to the other bath-house, the old one."

"We can't spend too much of our time in the water, my boy. We must look around this place, there is much to see that is worth coming to see. The governor's palace is something very beautiful, and the market is very entertaining. We must give more time to land than to water, even in Aguas Calientes.

"By the way, see how nicely the stone in the walls is dressed. No such work can be done in adobe.

"This town is remarkable for the fine display of carved stone in its street architecture.

"Down the new *paseo*, or boulevard, to the river is a beautiful drive, and there is a little park there devoted to picnics. Not every town in Mexico can have such a variety of parks and places of recreation as this. After that we must look into the old Church of San Diego and see those mosaic floors of wood. We ought to go to jail too."

"To jail! I've heard that Mexican jails are terrible places."

"The people here are particularly proud of their jail. It is

really a fine thing for a jail — in Mexico. Oh, there's lots to do, and not much time to do it in; so vamanos!"

"Well, Major, isn't this the land of mañana?"

"Not for us, Captain. It may be that for the natives."

"We'll do what we can this afternoon, and then take time for that other swim, when we leave for the station in the morning."

"Lead on, O Spartacus, to church or jail, I'll follow thee."

"I think this is rushing things," said the Corporal.

After supper the party went to the plaza and listened to the music. This was the boys' first experience of the evening use of a plaza; they were delighted with the provision made for entertainment. Fine music, comfortable seats, bright lights, and pleasant promenades. One thing impressed them as rather odd. The Captain inquired,—

"How is this? I don't see men and women walking or sitting or talking together. The gentlemen go one way around the park, and the ladies the other."

"Yes, that's the way here. The custom of the country, in all parts the same, doesn't allow of the mingling of the maidens and youth in public or in private, as they mingle in our country, nor anything approaching it. If you see a lady and gentleman together here, you may conclude that they are members of the same family, or are soon to become such. As to talk, there is a language of the eye which is widely spoken on these promenades. That they may see and be seen, they promenade in opposite directions."

"That wouldn't suit me," said the Corporal.

"Nor me," added the Captain.

"Well, it has to suit the Mexican, and he has to suit himself to the traditions and social laws of the land. Some time you'll see an interesting sight — a young man 'playing the bear,' and then you'll think he has hard lines sure."

"What in the world is that, playing the bear? Does he play alone and in public? That must be fun!"

BRIDGE AT LAGOS.

"Yes, he has to play it alone and quite in public, and I suppose it is fun, or he wouldn't play it. The game must be seen to be appreciated. I'll show it to you in the city of Mexico. Remind me of it some day when we are rambling there."

After breakfast they took another stroll through the famous garden of San Marcos, made another visit to the market, and thus completed their exploration of Aguas Calientes. The boys were enthusiastic in their exclamations upon the certain but almost undefinable charm of the city and its suburbs.

"It is quite dull, just now," said the Major. "To see it at its best, we want to be here between the 20th of April and the 10th of May. That is the great *fiesta* of the year, and that period also includes the Mexican fourth of July. St. Mark is the patron saint of these people, and for two weeks they celebrate his virtues, although they do not closely imitate them. Turkeys are ripe at that season, and thousands of them are picked by the pious pilgrims to la fiesta de San Marcos."

Leaving the hotel in ample time, they soon arrived at the Banos Grandes, or big baths, at the east end of the Alameda. The car stops on the edge of a large pool, on the farther shore of which are several large adobe bath-houses. These enclose perhaps twenty separate baths, of different sizes and degrees of temperature. Each one has a name, usually that of some saint. The boys wanted a swimming bath, and so chose the one properly named for St. John the Baptist, and found a pool twelve feet square, open to the sun. In this pool they splashed and swam to their hearts' content, and in half an hour the party were ready to return. They then walked around the pond and saw a dozen women washing clothes on flat stones, and hanging them on the bushes in the sun to dry.

"Is that warm water?" asked the Captain.

GARDEN OF SAN MARCOS.

"Certainly, it is the spring water; it comes up inside the buildings, and flows out into this pool; from that it flows to town through the canal which passes under the track close by the station. In the bath named San Ramon the water is

hottest, being about ninety-six degrees. In the canal it is sixty-five degrees or less."

As they walked along the canal they saw scores of men, women, and children getting a free bath. The Major saluted everybody with the *buenos dias*, and the salute was cordially returned in every case. The boys could say nothing in Spanish, the only language worth talking there; but they kept up a lively looking all the way, and made sundry remarks to each other and to the Major.

"Don't these people object to visitors?"

"No, they don't care a centavo who sees them. In fact, they rather like American visitors, for no one of them would pass these little chocolate *muchachos* without dropping a few centavos into their chubby hands."

There was, of course, a remarkable absence of clothes and conventionalities, but everything about the bathing business was conducted modestly and with as much regard to the proprieties

as circumstances would allow. There was, really, nothing more there to shock a delicate sense than one will see at any fashionable bathing beach in the States.

On account of the *fiesta* there were more people than usual enjoying the luxury of the canal. Of course swimming is not practicable because the canal is narrow; but sitting baths are taken by wholesale along the entire length of the bath-tub, from the pool to the railroad station. Not only nor chiefly for bathing is the canal used by the people: it is the great laundry of the city. Every day in the year scores and sometimes hundreds of women come to its banks to do their washing. The bushes afford a ready clothes line, and by the time the *lavandera* has taken her own bath, her washing is dried and bleached.

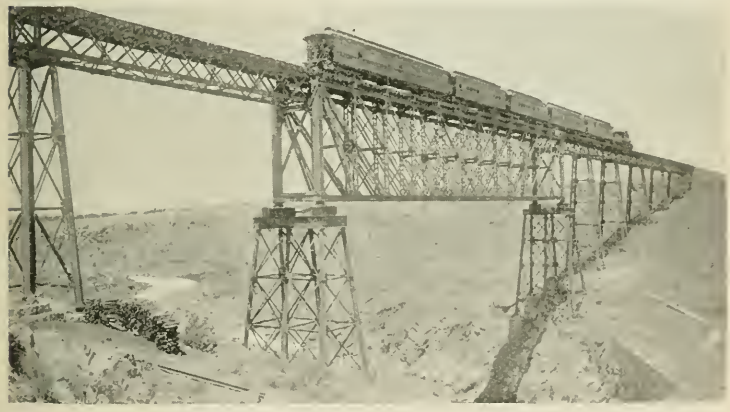
"I wish we could stay here longer," said the Captain, "this is the finest place I've seen."

"So do I," said the Corporal. "There can't be anything nicer. I would like to stay a week."

Resuming the journey southward, we continue through a region very similar to that about Aguas Calientes. We are in the better part of Mexico. Cultivated fields abound, and everywhere are proofs of fertility and industry. Haciendas are more frequently to be seen, and the green fringes on the landscape tell the story of streams. In an hour and a quarter we enter the state of Jalisco, and soon see on the right of the train a considerable town, a mile or two distant. Above the town rise the graceful towers and dome of a church. The town is Encarnacion, the church is the Candelaria.

ENTRANCE TO PASEO, LEON.

We now come to the longest and highest bridge on the whole line. It crosses the *barranca* through which runs the little river Encarnacion. The bridge is seven hundred and thirty-five feet long, and is one hundred and fifty feet above the stream. Looking down into the gorge on the left side of the train, we see how people manage in this country to secure and conduct water to their towns and fields. A fine piece of stone-work makes a reservoir of the river, and the water is led off in ditches. One bridge has been carried away by this innocent-looking stream,



but the present structure seems able to defy the utmost mischief or malice of the flood.

Beyond the town, on the hillside, we see the city of the dead, the Campo Santo, with its white walls and chapel. The railroad station is beyond the bridge, about a mile from the town. A tramway connects the city and the station, passing through San Pedro, a suburb. The dome of the church of San Pedro is very imposing, far surpassing that of the parish church of Encarnacion. Within the next two hours we pass a number of large haciendias and see numerous artificial lakes, or *presas*, which store the water for irrigating the lands.

A quaint station is that of Santa Maria, and not less so that of Santa Barbara, below which we climb a sharp grade to Los Salas, and immediately descend to Lagos, the next station of importance. This is a thriving city of twenty thousand population and the centre of trade for a very rich agricultural district. The station building, a handsome two-story structure of adobe, and the freight-house show that the people of this much-laughed-at place are not slow in the business either of shipments or of consumption.

There are numerous stories about the people of Lagos, which, if true, show them to be somewhat like the great Falstaff, "not only witty, but the cause that wit is in other men."

It is said that there is an inscription on the bridge which reads, "This bridge was built in Lagos," and that some one added to that inscription making it read, "This bridge was built in Lagos to walk under and not over."

That is nearly as bad as a notice by the government in Oaxaca which announces a fine on any one "crossing on the bridge when the stream is not too high to ford."

Again, they say, that the council of twelve was to hold a meeting in the hall where was a bench on which all should sit. Six came, and each put his hat beside him on the bench. When the other six came, there was no room for them. It was decided to stretch the bench. Each man put his hat on his head and the twelve men pulled on the bench, six at each end. Then they all sat down, for the bench was now long enough for them all.

This is a current legend in Mexico: In some work on the plaza, at Lagos, a hole was dug, and left unfilled; several children fell into it. The council held a session, and ordered

it filled. It was filled, by dirt dug near by; and lo! there was another hole! Now that was ordered filled. It was filled but lo! there was still a hole, as dangerous as the first, but of course farther away from the plaza. By a series of fillings the successive holes were annihilated, and the last hole was away out of town! Thus was the dangerous hole moved from the plaza of Lagos.

Again, it was reported that grass was growing on the roof of a public building. The council resolved that the grass must be removed. But how? After serious deliberation it was ordered that an incline be made, and a cow driven up to eat the grass from the roof! Thus will some unkind inventor of fairy tales slander the good people of Lagos.

Lagos has had a hard time within the last few years. The diligences which used to connect with the railroad the great cities of Guadalajara, two hundred and ten miles on the west, and San Luis Potosi, one hundred and fifty miles on the east, have been remanded to the realms of "innocuous desuetude" by the railroad itself, which now has branches to both cities. Thus Lagos lost much of its importance as a passenger station. And again, the city suffered enormously by the diastrous flood of 1888. Many lives were lost then, and a vast amount of property was destroyed; but in spite of slander and of raging streams, Lagos still lives and flourishes.

The scenery about Lagos is beautiful. The view here presented will give the reader a faint conception of the charm of the valley. For the first time the traveller from the north meets the organ-cactus, so called from its resemblance to the pipes of an organ. It makes a pretty fence, needs no paint, in fact is always fresh, and grows ready barbed. It is hog and dog proof, almost bullet proof. Picturesque to a degree is an avenue between hedges of this *organo*, and musical to a degree does the *muchacho* become who attempts to climb the fence.

The Hotel de Diligencias is said to be one of the best in all Mexico. Janvier, who seems to know them all, says, "It is quite worth while to stop at this pretty little town for a day or two, solely for the sake of benefiting by Don Pedro's culinary skill. He is a Gascon, an old soldier, and a cook of noble parts."

Twenty miles south of Lagos we enter the state of Guanajuato; descending lower into the valley, we soon arrive at Leon, a large and flourishing city, noted for its manufactures, delightfully situated in the midst of gardens on the banks of the Rio Turbio.

The people of Leon seem to believe, with the old tanner, that "after you have said and done all, there is nothing like leather."

Here leather is made and here leather is turned into shoes, sandals, and saddles. Leon revels in the *reboso* and scintillates in the *zarape*. The *reboso* is the universal woman's wrap, or the universal wrap of woman in Mexico. The common cotton shawl or scarf, generally blue or brown, that you see on the common class women, is the *reboso*. The better class wears a black garment of the same scarf kind, called a *tapalo;* and the lady of high degree, one made of fine wool or lace, called the *mantilla*, which is the fetching, finishing garment of the señorita of song and story.

The *zarape* is the man's wardrobe, or at least the most important piece of it. This is likewise a scarf or shawl. Nothing

seems to delight the male Mexican like "a bit of color," unless it be two or three bits, and accordingly this indispensable garment, to have value in his eyes, must rival Joseph's coat as to colors. The gayer it is the better it suits the wearer. We would call the *zarape* a blanket perhaps, and so it is by night, but by day it is a cloak. When the average Mexican man gets under his great sombrero and within his *zarape*, there isn't much to be seen of the man.

Leon annually makes thousands and thousands of *zarapes* and *rebosos*, and also great quantities of soap, cutlery, and common crockery. It used to be counted the second city in the Republic, but by the latest returns it is the sixth in population. It has, of course, a plaza mayor and a dozen smaller parks.

The Cathedral of Leon is a handsome building, begun in 1746. It has no aisles, but has two very high towers (finished in 1878). The patroness of Leon is Our Lady of Light, whose image is in the Cathedral. The city government solemnly swore allegiance to her, May 23, 1840, and Pope Pius IX. approved the act Dec. 20, 1851. That does not seem very long ago, does it? It is known, however, that there was a Spanish town here before 1550, so the town is old, even if Our Lady of Light is young as patroness.

Leon has every appearance of thriftiness. The people all seem to be busy, and their houses, many of them of stone, show the results of profitable labor. Much of the manufacturing is done at home. The old-fashioned hand loom is a more frequent article of furniture than the piano, and its operation is constant. The people take their music in the plaza and at the theatre. The main plaza here is like that of all large towns, but more attractive than that of many. The square enclosing it is formed by the city hall on one side, and rows of colonnades or *portales* on the other three sides. There are also eight or ten smaller plazas in Leon. The *paseo* is part of the highway to Silao, but such another you can scarcely find in Mexico. It is a cause-

way paved with a reddish stone, shaded by triple rows of great trees, and bordered by hedges of orange-trees. Fancy a promenade through such an aisle, on the sides of which are displayed at the same moment the green leaf, the white blossom, and the yellow fruit!

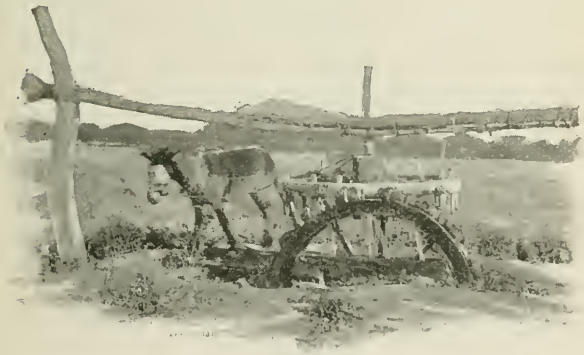
Then the theatre at Leon! that surprises everybody who visits it. It is worth stopping over to see. It is even more beautiful than the famous Teatro Nacional of the capital. A lady thus writes of it: "A fine edifice of stone, with a great open vestibule

PORTALES AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

sixty feet square as entrance, filled with flower beds, a fountain in the centre, and domed with glass, into which opened the wide galleries by four separate flights of broad stone steps. Behind every group of eight seats a latticed door gave egress to the gallery on each of the four stories, so that no possible panic could produce more than a momentary result."

The city is a mile or more away from the station, and no one, without going to it, would imagine that surrounding the great dome and lofty towers of the Cathedral in sight there was a town which boasts of more than five hundred streets, more than two hundred blocks, and more than eight thousand houses. Leon is a lion in a pretty cage, well fed and happy.

The Mexican Central runs a local daily train to and from Leon and Guanajuato and the city of Mexico. The people of these two large cities, and of all stations below Leon, enjoy therefore the luxury of two passenger trains a day, while those above have to be content with one.



VI.

"Tricks he hath in him which gentlemen have."
All's Well That Ends Well.

"Asleep in the lap of legends old."
The Eve of St. Agnes.

SILAO is certainly a place of importance to every traveller on the Central road, as it is a supper station for south-bound and a breakfast station for north-bound trains. This statement indicates that the remaining distance (two hundred and thirty-eight miles) between Silao and the capital is passed over in the night. Whoever goes over this part of the line by night loses some very fine scenery. The boys did not wish to miss anything interesting, and both said at once, "Let us stop over at Silao, and take the rest of the trip by daylight."

"We will do so," replied the Major. "The restaurant in the station is first-class, and for lodging there are two good hotels near the station. No danger now 'after dark in Silao.' It is a place of sunshine by day and of silence by night. Once the headquarters of the dreaded banditti, it is now a division headquarters of the 'army of civilization,' and, of course, this means extensive shops, round-house, and other buildings pertaining to the operating department of the road. There must necessarily be quite a colony of railroad people here, and there is always quite a colony of people in search of rest, recreation, or health. The climate of Silao is equable and delightful.

GARDEN OF THE CROSS, SILAO.

Many who find the capital too high or too anything for comfort, come to Silao, which is two thousand five hundred feet lower, and therefore affords relief and a radical change from life in a poorly drained city, at an elevation of more than seven thousand feet."

From Silao a branch road runs to the great mining city Guanajuato, capital of the state.

The principal business of Silao is the grinding of wheat. Next to maize the greatest crop of Mexico is *trigo*, or wheat, and this state of Guanajuato produces large quantities of it as well as of silver. The grain is sown between November and January and harvested in April and May. Its yield is from fifteen to forty times the seed. Instances of a crop one hundred times the seed are not uncommon. Humboldt says that Mexican wheat is among the best in the world. The crop of 1880, in this country, was valued at $18,000,000, while the corn crop was valued at $113,000,000. You see the proportion; corn is king. The bread of Mexico is not the wheaten loaf, but the thin *tortilla* made from meal and without yeast.

"Oh, the tortilla; tell us about that, Major."

"There isn't much to tell. You have read about the 'two women grinding at the mill' in Palestine two thousand years ago. Just so the women grind in Mexico to-day. They soften corn and lay it on a flat stone called a *metate*, and with another stone, shaped like a rolling-pin, they grind the corn to a paste. This paste is patted into thin cakes, and baked quickly on another flat stone or metal plate."

"And what about 'Mexican potatoes,' Major?"

"Oh, *frijoles:* they are beans. They form the principal food of the common people. They grow with the corn, being planted between the rows, and the value of the crop in 1880 was about $9,000,000; half that of the corn crop, you see. The old bill of fare of the poor of Mexico is the same to-day that it was a thousand years ago, and probably will be a thou-

sand years hence. Frijoles and chile, beans and red pepper, soft and hot, reaching the spot, twice a day sure, every day in the year. If corn is king, beans are close to the throne."

"I should think, Major, that it must be hard work to grind at such a mill as you describe," said the Captain.

"It is hard work, my boy. Talk about the old wash-board, that meant scrub and scrub, but that doesn't mean the work it takes to run such a mill; and yet these women will get down on their knees, or crouch flat on the ground, and keep the mill going from morning till night. But then they don't have many dishes to wash."

"How is that?"

"Why, you'll see when you observe how they eat their tortillas and frijoles. They spread the beans on the corn cake, holding the cake as a plate. They double up another cake for a scoop, and with this they shovel the beans into their mouths; when the beans are gone they eat the plate and the scoop, and there are no dishes to wash!"

"That's a good scheme," exclaimed the Corporal; "I wonder how that would work in Boston?"

"Not style enough about it," said the Captain. "Can we get tortillas and frijoles in Silao?"

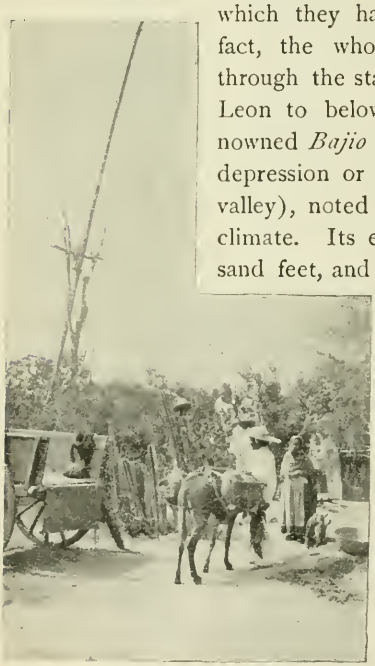
"You can get them anywhere and everywhere in Mexico, if you can get anything at all. I never struck but one place where they could not be had," said the Major; "that was way down in Lower California. We asked for corn, for beans, for eggs, and for 'anything in the world' to eat, and all the reply we could get was, 'No hay, señor' (there are none, sir). And it was a fact.

The poor people had not a single mouthful of food in their hovel, which we named Hotel de No Hay. We had a good supply of provender with us. We gave them one square meal, and left them stuff enough for another when we departed. You've struck 'poverty ranch' sure enough when you can't find there tortillas and frijoles."

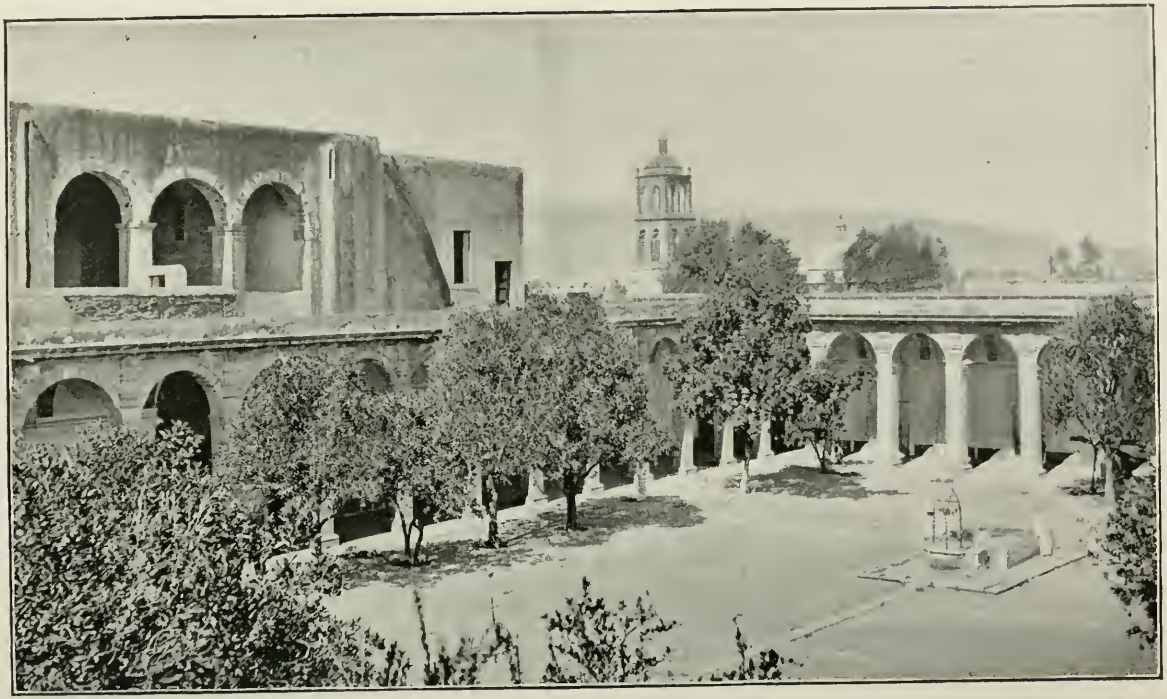
There is nothing very remarkable at Silao, but a collection of fifteen thousand Mexicans is sure to be picturesque and entertaining, and Silao glories in that number. The churches are not extraordinary, but the Santiago displays one of the prettiest spires in Mexico, and the church of Vera Cruz contains a very ancient Santo Cristo. This figure is life size, and is said to date "from

before the Moorish conquest of Spain." If it is a fact, that image (of pith or whatever material it is made of) is the oldest European article in Mexico. The town of Silao dates from 1553, and so itself is no mushroom growth.

On the arrival of the branch train from Guanajuato and the local from Leon, the party bade adieu to Silao and resumed the journey southward, passing through more of the same rich section which they had seen the day before. In fact, the whole run of a hundred miles through the state of Guanajuato from above Leon to below Celaya is made in the renowned *Bajio* region. It is a vast T-shaped depression or wide low plain (not exactly a valley), noted for its fertility and delightful climate. Its elevation is less than six thousand feet, and it has always been a favorite region for residence. It is the most densely settled section of the whole country.



Señor Barcena, author of a "History of the State of Jalisco," and of other important statistical works, says in *Republicana Mexicana:* "The Bajio is an extensive and rich region, where every year are raised enormous crops of cereals. In this section many crops requiring irrigation are also raised, since there is an ample supply of water even in the dry season, coming from the reservoirs on the plantations. Besides this, subterranean water is found at little depth, and this facilitates irrigation. To this are due the many vegetable gardens and orchards of Leon and Salamanca."



CONVENT AT IRAPUATO.

Through such a region, the most productive in the Republic, does the Mexican Central run for more than a hundred miles, and we may say for more than two hundred, since the Guadalajara branch covers one arm of the T.

These general remarks will apply, therefore, to the lands seen on either side of the track between Leon and Querétaro. It only remains to describe the various towns along the line.

Twenty miles below Silao, after passing numerous haciendas, we come to Irapuato, the famous "strawberry station" of the country, from which point the Guadalajara branch starts for the beautiful "Lake Region" of Mexico and for La Perla del Occidente, as its terminal city is called. Irapuato has a population of about fourteen thousand. The town is about a mile away from the station, and the tourist, unless he goes to the plaza, can see nothing of Irapuato, but a few church and convent towers. He won't see much else, if he does go; but the court of the convent is worth going to see, and so is the pretty little plaza or *alameda* itself. Here is the prettiest little nook imaginable, and such a queer conjunction of the antique and the modern. The antique is represented by the church and by the curious (in such a place) machinery for elevating water. Fancy an old-fashioned "crotch and pole" well-sweep in the Public Garden! You have it in the alameda at Irapuato. The modern is represented by the charming little *zocolo*, or music stand, and the artistic flower beds margined and banked with different colored pebbles laid in mosaics.

Most of the people are out in the strawberry-beds probably, but there will be enough there to make it lively for you in distributing centavos. One will find that it is a peculiar place in some respects. One can see hereabout the old Egyptian style of irrigation, the results of which are seen in the baskets of delicious *fresas* (strawberries), which every day in the year are to be had at Irapuato station, and so cheap too! *Dos reales* for a heaping basket of strawberries in March, say, or

in December! And do you believe it, the buyer will beat down the seller, though the offer is basket and all for a quarter! Sometimes, it is said, that there is more basket than berries; but even if there is, the basket ought to be nearly worth that money.

Between the trains the people about the station spend their time in sorting and "deaconing" the fruit. That word "deaconing" as applied, means "putting the best on top," as they say a certain good man did with his apples up in New Hampshire (some more slander, no doubt, on the good man), but these people do as I have said; I have seen them at it. The baskets

IRAPUATO STATION.

offered sometimes show trickery. The consequence of a few such operations is that the buyer expects to be cheated, and so gets his bargain as low as possible. I have seen fine baskets of fine berries bought for a *real*, and even for a dime.

Thirteen miles below the strawberry station we come to what may be called the "straw hat" station, Salamanca; a pretty name for a busy place of about fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Everywhere along the way hither, and all about the city, are cultivated fields and lovely gardens. Salamanca exports kaolin and white clay; also sells large quantities of leather goods; but her chief article of commerce is the straw *sombrero* so universally worn by men, women, and children of the lower class throughout the country.

Not being a junction point, and being so near other more attractive or interesting places, Salamanca is skipped by the great majority of tourists, but there is something worth seeing there. The avenues between cactus hedges are fine, and the gardens beautiful. The Church of San Augustin shows on its altars some of the finest specimens of wood carving in Mexico.

But don't buy your sombrero till you get to the city of Mexico. You'll see a really fine article there, a really "way up" piece of head gear, large every way, wide brimmed, high crowned, with cord and tassel of silver or gold, costing all the way from five to fifty and even to three hundred dollars!

A short ride brings us to Celaya, a city of 25,000 people. This is the great "candy" town of Mexico. Huyler would be nowhere, in Celaya. His sweets are no more dear to the heart nor more sweet to the lips of the average girl than those of Celaya to the sweet-toothed señorita. Indeed, some people, who have sampled the candies of many countries, say that the *dulces* of Celaya are "the best in the world." The Celaya *dulces* are made from sugar and milk. In Puebla we shall find some made from white sweet potatoes, in San Luis Potosi a cactus *dulce*, and in Vera Cruz a squash candy. For my part I must say that of Mexican candies, "a little more than a little is by much too much." To look in on the many *dulcerias* one would think that a majority of the population is in the candy business, and in fact so it is, either as maker or buyer. But Celaya is a busy town, something like Leon; it has bleacheries and factories; here are made large quantities of soap, and of cotton and woollen goods, and of the *reboso*.

If railroad facilities count for anything, this ought to become a very important city, for the National crosses the Central here. Celaya is the commercial centre of a rich agricultural district, particularly of the valley of the Laja. The people of this town are evidently aware of the importance of good roads to and from Celaya. They have built and maintained a long and expensive causeway across the surrounding lowlands, which at certain seasons of the year would be almost impassable without this causeway. If not as impressive as the aqueduct at Querétaro, it is quite as important in its own way.

Celaya was founded in 1570 by a company of Biscayans, consisting of "sixteen married men with their wives and children, and seventeen young bachelors." They chose a pretty site for their town, and the king, Philip IV., made it a city by royal order in 1655, while the town of Guanajuato had to wait until 1741 for the honor. The Celayans will not let this fact be forgotten.

The Church of Our Lady of Carmen, in Celaya, is the masterpiece of the Michael Angelo of Mexico, Eduardo Tresguerras, who was a native and lifelong resident of this city. He was an architect, sculptor, and painter. This church, containing some of his most celebrated frescos, is 220 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 69 feet high. It is not an old church (dating only from 1803), but it is one of the finest, some think the most attractive, of all the church buildings in Mexico. Other churches in Celaya also have specimens of Tresguerras's work. The splendid altars of the San Francisco group of churches and chapels, and also those of the church of the Tercer Orden, are the work of his hand. The tower of San Augustin, which excites the admiration of all visitors, is a monument to his skill, and the beautiful chapel of Dolores he built for his own tomb. Whoever wishes to see the best specimens of native architecture, sculpture, and painting must go to Celaya and study the work of Eduardo Tresguerras.

AVENUE AT SALAMANCA.

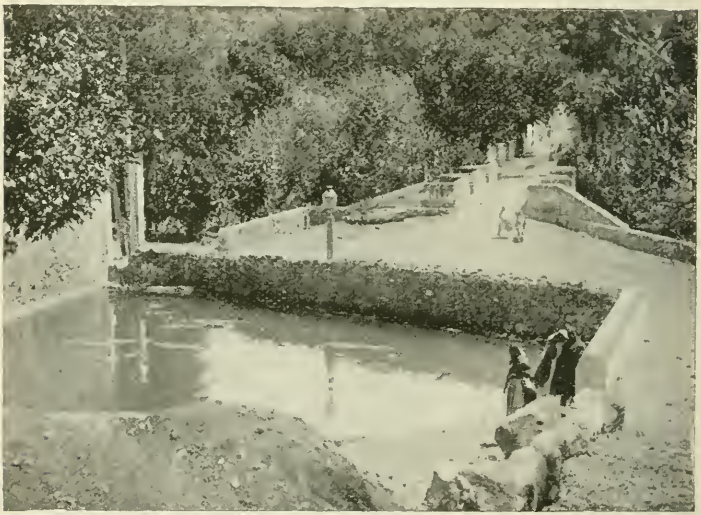
Shortly after leaving Celaya, we pass out of the state of Guanajuato and enter Querétaro, one of the smaller divisions of the Republic, but a state that has made a lot of history. It is about half as large as Massachusetts, and is about as prominently connected with the great events of Mexico as the old Bay State is with those of the United States. In Aztec tradition the people of this region were spoken of as noted for their valor and for their fidelity to their vows. They had a goodly land; they loved it and defended it in the olden time and no less in later times. We shall learn something about their history in our visit to their capital, which bears the same name as the state.

"Querétaro is one of the most interesting cities of Mexico."

"How so?" asked the Captain. "It doesn't seem to be a very energetic town."

"Energetic!" replied the Major, "that word is hardly known in Mexico. This place has much of history connected with it, and also not a little of mystery. This beautiful valley could not fail to attract any one who wished to have a nice place to live in. Here is an atmosphere as near perfection the year round as can be found anywhere. Nature could do no more for any region than she has done for this, except to furnish plenty of water on the spot. That lack, however, could be supplied by the people, and

accordingly Querétaro has been a local habitation, and has had a name beyond the records of man. It is said to have been founded by the Otomites in 1400, and upon their chosen site has grown what you see, and much that has disappeared in the course of five centuries.



"One curious tradition belongs to the early day of this town. It is a kind of David and Goliath affair, or perhaps nearer that of the Horatii and the Curatii; and it has also some of the features of the famous story of Constantine's march. The tradition states that a native cacique, by name Fernando de Tapia, had a vocation to go and convert these people to Christianity. He organized an army and took along with his soldiers several priests to baptize the converts whom he was sure to secure.

"Coming to Querétaro he proposed to the people that they should select champions to meet an equal number to be chosen by himself, and promise to abide by the results of the fight

between these champions. If Fernando's men should gain the victory, the people should submit to baptism and abandon the worship of their Aztec idols; if the people's champions won, Fernando should withdraw his forces and leave Querétaro as he found it; this was the agreement. The fight raged all day. It was literally a hand-to-hand conflict, for the contestants were, by arrangement, to use only their hands and their feet. Doubtless there were 'garments rolled in blood,' for cuffs and kicks can draw blood; the people cheered their champions by shouts,

and prayers, and by every conceivable demonstration that they could make. Suddenly in the sky above appeared, visible to every eye, the form of the blessed Santiago, and near him a red cross. This vision put an end to the battle. The people of Querétaro yielded and begged the services of the priests. They erected a stone cross on the spot where the fight occurred, and in due time the Church of the Santa Cruz arose in its place. The original stone cross may now be seen in this church.

Querétaro has been noted ever since for the number and the richness of its churches. You should be there on a Sunday morning and hear their bells. You would feel as if the lonely Selkirk on his island in the sea had a cause for gratitude rather than grief, where no church-going bell he could hear."

"Why?" asked the Captain, "don't you like to hear church bells?"

"Nothing is sweeter to the ear, my boy, than those bells which call the people to worship, if they only call musically and sweetly. It has always struck me as a strange thing that the people of Mexico, who seem to have so much love of music, could endure the discord of the clanging bells on their churches. You'll know better what I mean after you've heard them. While we are speaking of churches, let me say that the church and convent of Santa Clara here was founded by the son of the afore-named Fernando, named Diego. This cacique had an only daughter for whom he was very anxious to provide; he built this convent and made her its first novice. He also founded the church and hospital of the 'Purisima Concepcion.'"

"Did you say he was an Indian?"

"Yes, a chief, as was his father; but the Indians were given over to idolatry, and so a good monk made them an image to worship. The good man argued, 'If they will worship an image, let them have a good one to worship.' He accordingly constructed a nearly life-size image of the Virgin for their shrine. It can be seen in its costly *camarin* in the church at Pueblito, the popular name of the little hamlet of San Francisco, just west of Querétaro."

"This is a pretty place, and no mistake," said the Captain as they came upon the plaza. "Here are some rare plants, and what a fine fountain!"

"Yes, pretty it is, sure enough. The plants are not so very rare, however. These are the first of the kind you have seen on the plateau, but you will see plenty of them south of this point.

You'll see some more in the beautiful gardens which we shall visit; especially at the Hercules mill there is a fine display."

"Mill! what kind of a mill?" asked the Captain. "We have not seen any, at least not many manufactories in the country so far; a few flour mills and a few cotton factories are all I can recall, except the various ore reduction works."

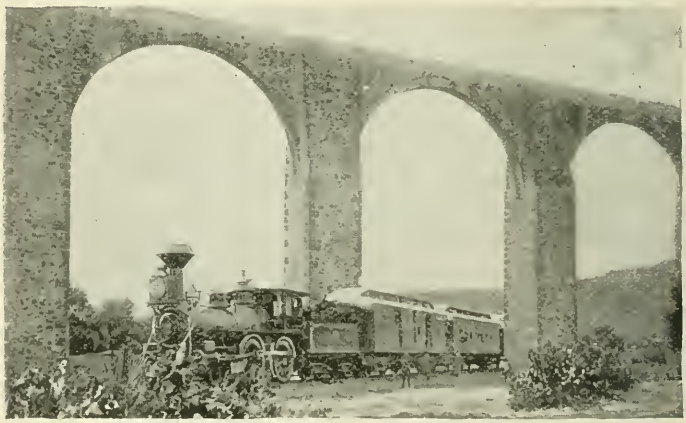
"Quite true, Mexico lacks manufactories. She is supplying 'a long-felt want' as rapidly as she can, but there are some very fine establishments now, and this Hercules mill is one of the finest in any land. It is well worth a visit. Beauty

seems to be a partner, though a silent partner, of business there. Statuary, fountains, parks, flowers, and fruits combine to instruct, refresh, and delight operatives and visitors alike at the Hercules. Palms and banana plants make the gardens look like a section of some tropical park. But the high walls, with loopholes for muskets, seem to indicate that once, if not now, this peaceful scene of beauty was not free from alarm, and prepared for war."

"What are those beautiful arches?" asked the Corporal.

"They are a part of the great stone aqueduct by which the

city is supplied with water from the mountains. The water is brought about five miles across the plain. There are nearly eighty of those arches, and some of them are over ninety feet high. The aqueduct is a great piece of work. It is not so long as that of San Cosme at the capital, which has nine hundred arches, but its height makes it very impressive. The city owes this luxury chiefly to the generosity of the Marques de la Villa del Villar de la Águila (pretty name), whose statue you see in the main plaza. This is one of the prettiest plazas, by the way, in this land of parks and gardens."



"Well, he did a great thing for the people and deserves a statue," said the Captain. "A much better use of his money this than church and convent building, don't you think so?"

"Well, I think these people must think so, if they think at all. You'll be surprised, as you go farther, at the amount of labor expended by the people in 'packing' water. The *Aguador* you have seen already in abundance, but you'll see more of him later on. Yes, the Marques is greater than Cortez. The sun does its part, but the Marques has enabled Querétaro to revel in the

luxury which only a good water supply can render possible. The former statue was shattered by a cannon-ball during the siege, but this finer one rightly takes its place."

"Siege! what siege?" asked the Captain; "has there ever been war here?"

"Certainly, have you forgotten so soon the story of Santiago and the Cross? The Mexican Horatii?"

"Oh, that was a tradition, you said."

"Perhaps, but it was about war, though it was only a fisticuff and hoof business, a kind of football scrimmage, with no touch-down for the team from Querétaro. This place witnessed the downfall of an empire. Over on that 'Hill of the bells' (Cerro de las campanas), east of the city, the Emperor Maximilian was executed, with two of his generals, Miramon and Mejia. You can see the crosses which mark the spot where they met death."

"Tell us about it, please," said the Captain.

"First a few words about the siege of 1810. Hidalgo and his associates, who were getting ready to strike for the freedom of Mexico from Spanish rule, had many friends here in this city which has always been known as one of the most conservative towns in the country; a church town, if you please. When the cause of Hidalgo failed for the time, this place had to suffer for its disloyalty to the king and its loyalty to the patriots.

"The latest siege occurred in 1867. Maximilian and his forces were shut up here, and Gen. Escobedo with the Liberal army besieged the city. On the 19th of May, the Emperor was captured, and the crosses on yonder hill tell you the result."

"But I want to know about the war, the why and the wherefore," said the Corporal. "Please tell us about that."

"It is a long story," said the Captain. "You must read it."

"Oh, I think I can make a short story of it," said the Major; "however, it is well, right here where it ended, to recall the main facts about the Empire of Maximilian.

"In 1861, the Mexican Congress decreed a suspension of payment on foreign debts. The principal creditors were England, France, and Spain. These three nations united in a hostile demonstration for the purpose of enforcing a repeal of the decree. Mexican agents of the party which opposed Juarez and the Liberals urged intervention, and the foreign forces were sent to Vera Cruz in January, 1862. Commissioners came along with the troops, and an agreement was made with Juarez that when satisfaction was obtained the forces should be withdrawn. A treaty was soon made and approved by all parties. The English and Spanish troops returned home. But France withdrew approval of the treaty, kept her forces in Mexico, and sent others to re-enforce them. In May, 1862, the French forces marched on the capital. At Puebla they were held in check by Gen. Zaragoza, and by this repulse President Juarez was enabled to stay in the capital a year longer, in which time his cause was greatly strengthened. But Puebla fell in May, 1863, and Juarez and his cabinet were compelled to leave the city of Mexico. In June, 1863, the French took possession of it. Juarez had his capital wherever night overtook him; he tramped all over the country with the government. Vera Cruz, Guadalajara, San Luis Potosi, Paso del Norte, and other places were at various times 'the capital' in Juarez's time. On the 16th of July, 1863, a convention of the leaders of the Conservative or Church party declared that Mexico should be governed by a hereditary monarch, and that the ruler should be a Catholic. They offered the crown to Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria. Maximilian accepted the crown. He required two things as conditions: first, an election by the people of Mexico; second, that Napoleon III. should support him by military force so long as such force was necessary. In June, 1864, Maximilian and Carlotta his wife (a daughter of the king of Belgium) were crowned Emperor and Empress of Mexico. Their reign was short. The Emperor soon found that

OLD SPRING, NEAR QUERÉTARO.

his policy of reconciliation pleased neither party. Bad advisers made trouble, and worst of all for him the United States notified Emperor Napoleon III. that there was no occasion and no room on the continent of North America for a monarchy. This was practically a notice to quit, and Napoleon so understood it. He withdrew the French troops, and Maximilian was left to his fate. He made a feeble defence, but was captured here, as I have said. Efforts were made to save his life, but it seemed to be a political necessity that he should be executed. Accordingly he was shot June 19, 1867."

"A sad end of the three-year visit to Mexico," said the Captain.

"Yes, very sad. Poor Carlotta lost her reason; her husband lost his crown and his life. A knowledge of this sad story will make the visit to that dreary hill one of interest.

"In the town are various mementoes of the Emperor. You can see the table on which the officials signed the death sentence; the stools on which Miramon and Mejia sat at the trial in the Yturbide Theatre: there would have been a third had the Emperor been present, but he was ill and did not attend, except by representative. The rough coffin in which Maximilian's body was brought from the place of execution can also be seen here. The room in the Convent of the Capucines in which the Emperor was confined can be visited, though now it is a part of a private house. A sight of these mournful relics will add a new interest to those of the Emperor seen in the museum at the capital, which remind you of his palmy days, if he had any, in Mexico. There you will see the gold and silver service of his palace, his state carriage, and other insignia of royalty. As you drive on the *paseo* you will think of Carlotta

and her husband, who planned and executed the construction of that famous thoroughfare, but when you look from the heights of Chapultepec towards this lonely plain of Querétaro, you will think of the beginning and of the end of Maximilian in Mexico. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

"Indeed, it is an interesting story," said the boys.

"Yes, but I have only outlined it; you must read it up when you get home. It is a valuable episode in the history, not only of a country, but of a continent. It teaches the rulers of Europe and of the Old World that this side of the globe is reserved for republics, and that no autocrats or monarchs need apply."

"I wonder what Napoleon III. thought when he heard the news from Washington," said the Captain.

"I think he was nearly as much surprised as when he heard the news from Metz. You know the old joke: 'He went out to see Dan, and saw William.' He came here to see Mexico, and saw Seward. The United States may have done wrong to Mexico in 1847, but in 1867 Mexico had great cause for gratitude to Uncle Sam, and had proof that he is a friendly neighbor."

"Well, that's enough of history, Major; all interesting of course, but I want to look into this opal business a little," said the Captain.

"Of course this is the opal station just as Irapuato is the strawberry station, and Celaya is the candy station. Somebody has said that in Querétaro 'it is always about A. D. 1640, and four o'clock in the afternoon.' Perhaps that is so, but it is a lively town in the matter of opals. In the early dawn and in the dusky evening, by the noonday glare and by the flickering torch at night, the opal seller welcomes the coming guest to Querétaro. But the best time to purchase is the moment of departure of the train. When the conductor says, 'Vamonos,' then doth the opal man know that it is 'now or never' with the passenger who has hesitated and will soon be lost."

"Some of the stones are very beautiful, are they not?" said the Captain, "and very cheap?"

"Yes, they are both, but when a man is buying jewels he wants plenty of time to examine them. In this case he will seldom find a jewel at the station. It is doubtless a fact that once in a while there is a fine stone offered for sale very cheap. It may have been stolen, but probably what is said to be *muy bonita* is not so *bonita*, and may prove very defective."

"Well, I saw some as we came along," said the Captain, "that looked fine and were certainly cheap, even if they were a little defective."

"No doubt," answered the Major; "I have often been surprised at the small price asked for such good-looking stones. They were cheap, any way you could fix it. If they were only pieces of brick polished, or a common pebble doctored to refract light, they would be cheap at the money; the work on them must be worth more than is asked for them. I once saw a hundred opals sold for five dollars, but I also once saw a single opal sold for five hundred dollars. So you see there are opals and opals, as well as buyers and buyers."

"If I can find a good bargain I am going to take it," said the Captain.

"You'll find it, my boy; it is here and you needn't look for it, it will come to you. There it comes now," said the Major, as he saw a seller siding up to the party, and preparing to open his little black-paper parcel. And sure enough the Captain and his money were soon parted; the Mexican felt in another pocket for another bargain for the Corporal, a better bargain he said than had just been taken! The little Corporal evidently thought it good enough for him, and some more money was exchanged for opals right then and there.

The Major, an old bird, was evidently not approachable. The vender scarcely ventured to try him as a purchaser. It was clear to the Mexican that that man "had been there before."

The Major heard the story of the seller to the boys, and afterward told them that the transaction recalled Aldrich's experience at the fair at Nijnii-Novgorod, where the seller tells a wonderful story of a jewel which he was offering for three hundred rubles. He said a Jew had bought it;

"But bought it cheap to sell it dear,
The ways of trade are cruel.

"But I — be Allah's all the praise! —
Such avarice I scoff it!
If I buy cheap, why, I sell cheap,
Content with modest profit.

"This ring, such chasing, look milord,
What workmanship! by Heaven,
The price I name you makes the thing
As if the thing were given!

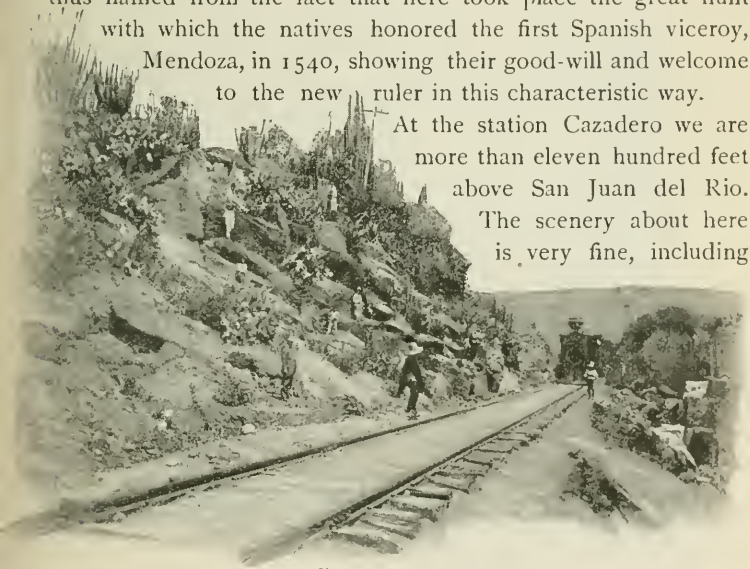
"A stone without a flaw, a queen
Might not disdain to wear it,
Three hundred rubles buys the stone,
No kopeck less, I swear it.

"Thus Hassan, holding up the ring
To me no eager buyer,
A hundred rubles was not much
To pay so sweet a liar."

CHURCH OF SAN JOSÉ, TULA.

Leaving Querétaro, we begin to rise from the Bajio, but still run for thirty miles or more through the same rich agricultural country to San Juan del Rio, a thriving city of about 20,000 inhabitants. It is an important point with respect to business, being the distributing centre of a productive district, but it does not offer much to the tourist. Just below this station we pass into the state of Hidalgo and ascend the great plain of Cazadero, thus named from the fact that here took place the great hunt with which the natives honored the first Spanish viceroy, Mendoza, in 1540, showing their good-will and welcome to the new ruler in this characteristic way.

At the station Cazadero we are more than eleven hundred feet above San Juan del Rio. The scenery about here is very fine, including



LA CAÑADA, NEAR HERCULES.

valley, plain, and mountain. Frequent haciendas dot the wide landscape, and show that farms now occupy the territory of the great hunt of three hundred and fifty years ago.

And now the climb begins in good earnest. In the next twenty-five miles we rise 800 feet, and at Leña we reach the highest point on the whole line, an altitude of 8,133 feet. The scenery now becomes bolder and more impressive, and for the

next twenty-five miles we enjoy some of the finest views on the route. Our descent begins at once, and in less than an hour and a half we are at Tula, nearly 1,500 feet below Leña, but also 700 feet lower than the city of Mexico, fifty miles away. The ride down the mountain is a succession of surprises. The greater quantity of semi-tropical vegetation that appears here makes a

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.

most agreeable change from the comparatively barren region above, and awakens great expectations as to the renowned country below and beyond. We know that here we are on the hills over which the mysterious Toltecs came into the valley of Tula from the north in the year 648! We have come over the

Santa Fé trail in the States, and now we are on the trail of the Toltecs in Mexico, close to their camp and capital.

Talk about old Mexico! When you get to Tula, you have reached a place which was an important town more than a thousand years ago; that is, seven or eight hundred years before the time of Cortés.

Tula was the capital of Mexico until A. D. 1325. The Toltecs founded it, and the Chichimec tribe conquered it four hundred years afterward, or about A. D. 1200. The *casas grandes*, immense columns and images found in ruins buried and unburied at various places in and near the present Tula, indicate its former greatness and importance. For an extensive account of explorations here one must read Charnay; but one can, in a day's excursion from the city of Mexico, visit the sites of some of the ancient temples and palaces. He can see some broken columns in the plaza; an old Toltec baptismal font in the fort-like looking church of San José; and a bridge, across the Tula River, which is one of the oldest structures of the kind on the continent. The old church, in the great square, is unique. It was built in 1553, and evidently served two purposes, one of worship, the other of protection from hostile tribes. The walls are seven feet thick. The building is about two hundred feet in length, forty-one in width, and eighty-two in height, with a tower one hundred and twenty-five feet high. The cloister is now a stable for the horses of the rural guard, and the pictures on the walls, which were once the delight of devout worshippers, still present to the view of the soldiers (and visitors) the worthy deeds of the good San Francisco. The atrium before the church is surrounded by a high turreted wall, which gives the whole establishment the appearance of a strong fortification.

Tula is a quaint place. Most of it is of the average, not to say ancient, Mexican kind, but modern notions have made a show also. There is a very pretty little hotel called The Montezuma, which offers hospitality to the visitor for a small

consideration. Modern lime-kilns, on the northern suburb of the village, make business as well as lime. A visit to the plaza and market place is interesting, and a walk through the paseo, under great green arches, to the river and the old bridge, on the way to the great ruins, can never be forgotten. The scenery all about Tula is fine. No one who is interested in the Mexico that is "older than Egypt" can afford to slight Tula, and the lover of beautiful scenery will find satisfaction in a visit.

Crossing the little market place near the plaza, the party turned into the highway to Mexico which leads out of the village

by a wide causeway shaded by immense trees, and came to the old bridge over Tula River.

"This is the finest bit of scenery we have looked at," said the Captain. "It is just perfect, so much foliage, such green fields, and then the vines, and the flowers, and the river!"

"You can find no prettier landscape than this anywhere," said the Major. "On the Lerma there are bits like it, but none prettier. I don't wonder that the Toltecs settled here, or that their successors and heirs made their capital here."

"And this river?" asked the Corporal, "does it run into the Pacific?"

"No, it empties into the Gulf of Mexico through the river Panuco, which enters the gulf at Tampico. Speaking of water reminds me of drink," continued the Major; "and thinking of drink in Mexico reminds me of *pulque*."

"Oh, pulque! yes we must know about that, I've heard of it," said the Corporal. "That is the national tipple, isn't it?"

"No, not that, they don't tipple it, they pour it down," answered the Major. "What beer is to the German, pulque is to the Mexican. This is a good place to talk about it, for right here in Tula pulque was discovered or invented. Here it became a beverage of royalty, and at the same time it became a torpedo, which blew up the kingdom of which Tula was the capital."

"Why, how romantic! Tell us about it."

"Well, first I'll tell you what it is, and then the story of the fall of the Toltec Empire.

"There is a wonderful plant here in Mexico called the maguey. We call it in general 'the century plant.' It is said that there are thirty-three varieties of the plant on these high plateaus, of which it is a native. It flourishes best at an elevation of about seven thousand feet. You'll see miles of maguey fields east of us here, and east of the capital as you go to Vera Cruz or Puebla."

"Is it really a century plant?" asked the Captain.

"No, it is not. The average life of the maguey is, perhaps, twelve years. In its enormous leaves, often eight or ten feet

long, a foot wide, and half a foot thick, it stores its juices for ten or twelve years, and finally produces its flower and dies. This flowering is prevented by cutting out the heart and stem of the plant. The reservoir thus formed at the base of the great leaves now receives their sap, and this sap is gathered by the Indians. It is sweet, and hence is called *agua miel* (honey-water). After a process of fermentation for twenty-four hours it is pulque, and twenty-four hours after that it is *swill*."

"How much of this sap will a plant yield?"

An astonishing quantity. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty gallons!"

"Gallons! you mean quarts, Major."

"No, gallons! The maguey is no little maple-tree. A good plant yields twelve pints a day for two or three months: you can figure that up. Pulque making (and drinking) is an enormous business; the city of Mexico alone consumes one hundred thousand pints every day in the year. In this little state of Hidalgo the maguey haciendas are valued at $8,000,000."

"Well, Major, while you are talking about drinks, tell us about those others, *mescal* and *tequila*," said the Captain.

"Pulque is the fermented juice of the largest maguey. Mescal is a very fiery and intoxicating liquor obtained by distillation from the root and central part of another and smaller variety of the plant. Tequila is simply a brand of mescal. A famous hacienda named Tequila produces the best, and all mescal is called *tequila*, just as all cigars are called Havanas. Now, about the discovery of pulque, and the dire disaster which followed; it is something like Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of roast pig. Prepare for tough names.

"There was once a Toltec chief named Tepaulcatzin. He lived and died in ten hundred and something. At the court of this chief, here in Tula, was a nobleman named Papantzin. He was the father of pulque as well as of a very beautiful daughter named Xochitl, called the 'Flower of Tula.' To the monarch

he sent a sample of the new beverage with his compliments, by the hand of his daughter. The chief was delighted with the drink and with the daughter, to say nothing of the compliments. He asked the maiden to make her home at the palace, and she returned not to papa Papantzin, who mourned for a while, but afterwards became reconciled, and likewise became the grandfather of a prince, who in time took the throne of the Toltecs. Mrs. Tepaulcatzin didn't like to see the son of the Flower of Tula take the throne away from her own boy, and there was a family row, which resulted at last in the downfall of the Toltec tribe."

"And here is where pulque and the row began?"

"Right here; perhaps the pretty girl passed over this very path on her way to the palace with her gift. You'll see a beautiful picture of the great event of the presentation in the art gallery at the capital."

"Where is that train from, the one now crossing the bridge?"

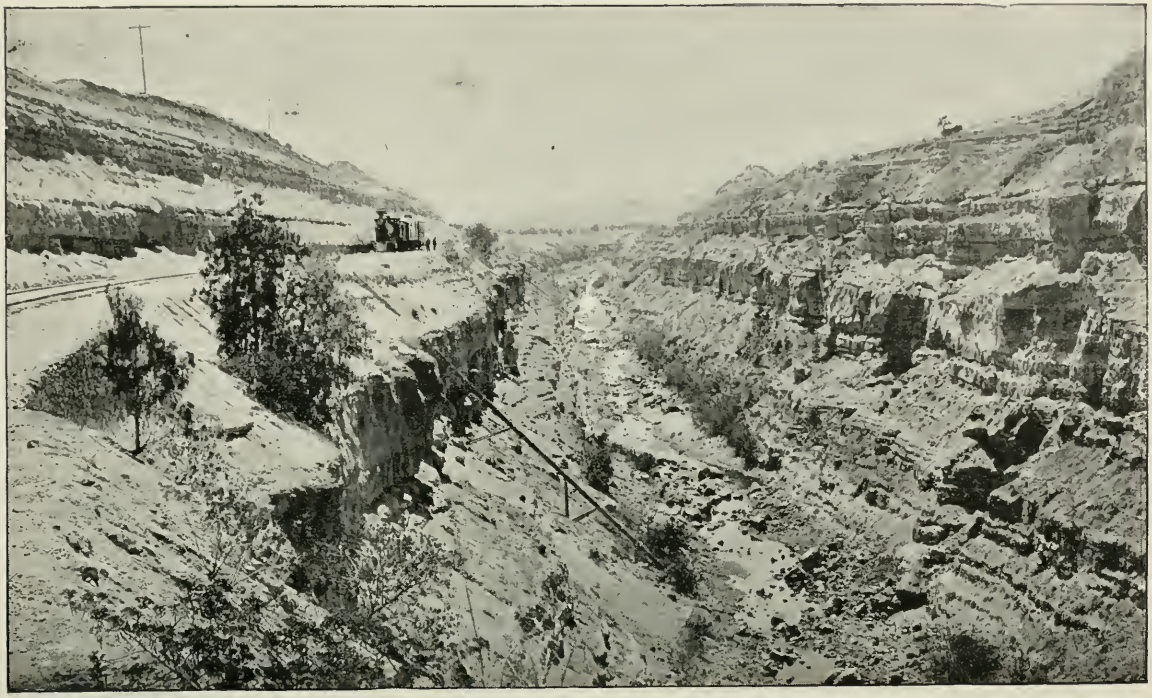
"That is from Pachuca, a great mining town in this state, forty-three miles east of Tula. This is the junction point, and we may stop here again on our way to that city. We are only fifty miles now from the capital, but we must on the way down, or up rather, talk about and look at a great piece of work which has no parallel in the history of civilization, — the cut or canal of Nochistongo. This is an open cut more than twelve miles in length, with an average depth of one hundred and eighty feet, and an average width of four hundred feet. The work is said to have cost many thousand lives and eighteen million dollars; but it is a failure, so far as its main purpose is

concerned. It was intended to save the city of Mexico from inundation. The capital occupies ground only six feet higher than the lowest part of the valley. Lake Texcoco, in its normal condition, is lower than the city, but any flood that raises the water in Texcoco more than six feet endangers the city. There are five other lakes in the valley, the highest of which is Lake Zumpango, situated east of this cut. The river Cuatitlan empties into Zumpango. Engineers believed that if the course of this river were turned from the lake into the Tula, the city would be safe, and this canal was made as a passageway for the waters of the Cuatitlan. The river does not now threaten the city, but the heavy rains in this region often alarm the people by raising Texcoco nearly to the danger line, and it has been proved that safety requires better provision for drainage."

"Have floods ever occurred in the city?" asked the Corporal.

"Several times. Once the city was a veritable Venice for five years! all communication was by boats. That time was long ago, between the years 1629 and 1634. Many houses collapsed, and thousands of people were drowned. The king of Spain sent orders to remove the city to higher ground at Tacubaya, but the orders were not carried out. The government at various times, during the last two hundred years, has attempted to provide drainage for the valley and for the city, but hitherto without success. A work is now in progress, however, which, when completed, will render further trouble from water in the city very nearly impossible. A canal thirty miles long, twenty-six feet wide, and twenty feet below the main square, is to extend to Lake Zumpango, from which the waters, by a tunnel seven miles long, will be carried out of the valley into the ravine of Tequizquiac. This great work will be completed in 1894."

The Mexican Central Railway track runs through the cut of Nochistongo about fifty feet above the stream, and a good view



TAJO DE NOCHISTONGO.

of the cañon may be obtained from the right-hand side of the south-bound train. A pleasant excursion to this vicinity can be made by going out on the morning, and returning on the evening train. The excursionist, however, should not forget to take along a lunch, as the Hotel de Nochistongo is a veritable "Hotel de No Hay."

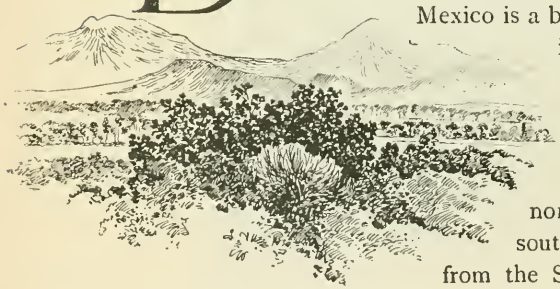
VII.

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state:
An hour may lay it in the dust."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

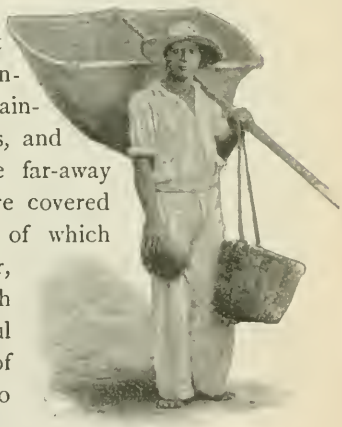
"The use of travelling is to regulate the imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."

Dr. Johnson.



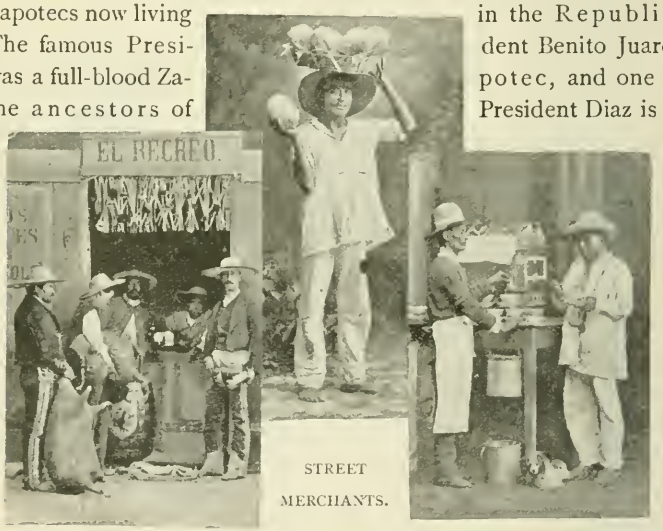
BEFORE we reach the city, where our attention will be absorbed by the scenes immediately about us, it will be well to get a good idea of the Valley of Mexico. The common conception of a valley is not the correct one for this region. The Valley of Mexico is a basin about seventy miles in length and forty-five miles in width, measured through the extremities. It extends from Pachuca on the northeast to the mountains south of Lake Chalco, and from the Sierra Nevada range on the east to the Sierra de las Cruces range on the west. This valley has an area of seventeen hundred and fifty square miles, about a fourth greater than the State of Rhode Island. It is divided nearly in halves by a low range of mountains. In the northern half are three small lakes and scores of small villages, but no large towns except Pachuca. In the southern half are three large lakes, many large villages, and the city of Mexico.

The lowest portion of the basin is Lake Texcoco, which is only six feet below the level of the city. The bottom of the valley has an elevation of 7,400 feet, while the highest point on the sides is about 17,777 feet above the sea. We enter the northern half of the valley through the cut of Nochistongo, and the southern half through an opening on the western side of Sierra Guadalupe. The view from Chapultepec, or from the Cathedral towers, or from any eminence south of the city, commonly spoken of as "a view of the Valley of Mexico," includes in fact only a part of this southern half, or an area of perhaps one hundred square miles. At our feet is the city, a little beyond are the lakes, a little farther off many *cerros* or hills from two hundred to seven hundred feet high, beyond these are higher broken mountains, and around the whole enclosure, containing city, lakes, towns, hundreds of hamlets, and scores of these lesser mountains, rise the far-away ranges, the two highest points of which are covered with perpetual snow. This is the view of which Humboldt says: "There can be no richer, no more varied spectacle than that which the Valley of Mexico presents on a beautiful morning, when the heavens are clear and of that turquoise blue which is so peculiar to the dry and thin atmosphere of high mountains." But it is well to know and to remember that the Valley of Mexico is a vastly larger region than can be seen from any point either within or without it.



In this valley we are in the earliest home of man on this continent. To say nothing of traditions about the Ulmeca, we have accounts of the settlement here of the Chichimecs in A. D. 635. A hundred years after that the Toltecs came, and these were succeeded by the Aztecs in A. D. 890. Their name for the region was Anahuac, meaning "the place of water."

This is the proper place to array some facts concerning the inhabitants of the country in general, and concerning the people of the Valley of Mexico in particular. Mexico has a population of nearly 12,000,000. Of this number about 19 per cent is European, fully 38 per cent is Indian and 43 per cent a mixed race, a composite of Indian and white (Mestizos), of Indian and black (Zambos), and of black and white (Mulatos); these last found mostly on the coast. There are no slaves in Mexico: slavery was abolished in 1829. It is estimated that there are fully 2,000,000 Aztecs and about 1,500,000 of the Otomites and Zapotecs now living in the Republic. The famous President Benito Juarez was a full-blood Zapotec, and one of the ancestors of President Diaz is of



STREET MERCHANTS.

the same tribe. The Aztec language is still spoken, as is also the Zapotec; and while the Spanish is the prevailing language, there are 4,000,000 Mexicans (one third of the population) who neither use nor understand it. Of the 10,000 foreigners settled in Mexico, 5,000 are Spaniards, and the other half is composed of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Americans, and Italians. Only 2,044 foreigners have been naturalized. There are about

1,000 Chinese in the country. Everybody who can afford to buy, borrow, or steal one, "packs" a pistol, but the ratio of criminals is not large. Seventy-five per cent of the criminals arrested cannot read. The chief occupations of the natives are farming, mining, stock raising, fishing, and small trade. Foreigners do most of the banking and railroading of Mexico. Having spoken of the people of the country in general, we may answer the question: What about the people of this most favored portion of the Republic? At the capital city, containing a population of 330,000, are the best schools in the Republic, and one may suppose that the people of the Federal District, composing (with the city) a population of about half a million, would be much higher in education than those of any other section.

BROOM SELLER.

The following figures, taken from a late census, tell their own story, and the reader can from them draw his own conclusions. The exact population of the Federal District in 1889 was 451,246 (214,544 men and 236,702 women). Of this population, 437,860 were Catholics. Only 162,000 are able to read and write: of these 7,000 are foreigners; 145,000 are recorded as having no occupation; 91,000 are registered as scholars and students; 74,000 as servants and laborers; 67,800 as artisans; 22,000 merchants and clerks; 8,500 soldiers and sailors; and 7,500 as government employés. It will be seen by these figures that there is a great work for the schoolmaster to do. More schools and more wage-giving work are the two things most needed now in Mexico.

As we approach the city, Aztec names appear on the stations. Huehuetoca, Teoloyucan, Tlalnepantla, how strange they seem!

From Huehuetoca on the left we see for the first time the glistening peaks of the volcanoes. The garden spot of the valley is south and west of the city, but we see about us here every sign of fertility, and evidence of thrift; every inch of ground is utilized for grain or garden or grazing. Evidently we are near a market, for the roads are alive with natives carrying their packs of vegetables, fruits, fowls, wood, hay, and flowers, somewhere beyond; they are "going to market." Soon we see hundreds of domes and towers; we cross a few straggling streets and enter

the capital at its northwest corner. "The stranger within the gates" is not within massive walls, but he is within walls of water, for there is a moat around the city, and where the country roads cross this canal to enter the city are the *garitas* (gates) established for customs purposes.

Let us look about us, and see the new before we go into the city to study the old. The fine three-story brick building, in which are the general offices of the Mexican Central Railway

Company, contrasts curiously with the heavy-looking squat adobe structures in the vicinity. It is perhaps the only pitch-roof building in the city. On the lower floor is the treasury department, occupying the front rooms; back of these are the offices of the passenger and freight departments. The rear of the building is occupied by the offices of the auditor's department, in which are employed from seventy to eighty clerks. On this floor also will be found the telegraph operators, and the division and local officials.

On the second floor, the west side of the building is occupied by the general manager and his clerks. The offices of the assistant manager and his force occupy the east side of this floor. The third story is devoted to the use of the engineering department.

Just west of this office building is the passenger station where are the waiting and baggage rooms, ticket and express offices; an iron railing keeps "the reception committee" away from arriving and departing trains; the passenger coaches await their

occupants within an enclosure, having a floor of concrete, and an iron roof supported by piers or columns of stone. It has no walls, and therefore it is as light and airy as a tent without sides. North of these buildings lies the yard in which are cars of all degrees from freight to Pullman, the offices of the material department, the hospital, the shops, round-houses, and other buildings pertaining to the operating department, and the store-houses from which the requirements of a large part of the line are supplied. Around the property is a canal which serves the purpose of a fence or wall; this canal is bordered by trees, and the railroad yard in the vicinity of the buildings has quite a park-like appearance.

Near the gate at the passenger station we see a car which seems to be a fixture, and is entered by a flight of steps to its rear platform. This is the Railroad Men's Reading-Room. Here are papers, magazines, and other current literature. In the front end of the car is a library of perhaps a thousand volumes. Neither the reader of this statement nor the visitor to Mexico is prohibited by law from contributing to this library.

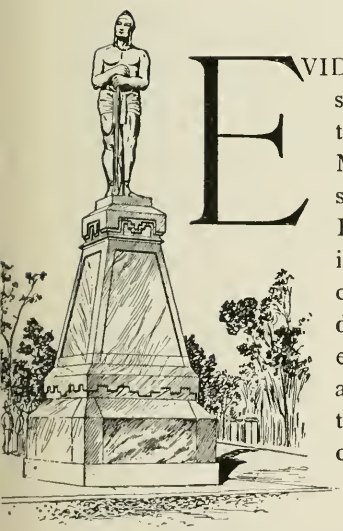
It is not an easy thing to find in the city of Mexico a reading-room where can be found the latest and best American periodicals, although there are stores where some of them can be bought. This reading-room is a valuable institution, and speaks well for the intelligence and enterprise of its founders and supporters. The company gives the use of a car, and in due time will provide a fine room for the association, but the reading-room and library are sustained by contributions of members and patrons.

In a large yard, shut off from the street by a high wall, are waiting, at train times, scores of carriages for the conveyance of passengers to points in the city; from the east side of this enclosure we pass through a gate into the street near Buena Vista Place, the first and the last street of Mexico for passengers by the Mexican Central Railway.

VIII.

"Lax in their gaiters and laxer in their gait."
The Theatre.

"Infinite riches in a little room."
The Jew of Malta.



EVIDENTLY we shall have space for only a small part of the very interesting matter that might be written about the city of Mexico. The history of the city is substantially the history of the country. For more than five and a half centuries it has been a capital where successively cacique, conqueror, viceroy, emperor, dictator, or president has made and executed the laws of the land. It has always been the commercial as well as the social and political centre of the country.

On an island in Lake Texcoco, in the year 1312, the Aztecs, after wandering more than seven hundred years, discovered the prophetic sign by which they were to know where to make their final home. Here they laid the foundations of the place which was called Tenochtitlan, in honor of their holy guide, and also Mexico, in honor of their war god Mexitli; and Mexico is the name not only of the country, but of a state in the national union, of the valley, and of the Federal District. The relation

of the ancient to the modern city we will trace as we visit various points.

"Well, I suppose we shall go at once to the plaza, as usual," said the Captain, as the party left the station.

"Oh, no, not this time! First we will go to the hotel. The expressman has our checks, and we can wend our way as we please."

"What hotel do we go to, Major?"

"The Iturbide is the place for us. The Jardin is liked better by some, but we can get along well enough in a palace, can't we?"

"A palace!" exclaimed the Captain. "We've slept in a convent, and now we are going to a palace! Great country this!"

"You can go to another convent or hospital, if you prefer the Jardin. That hotel is part of the old San Francisco monastery. All its rooms open upon a garden, and at first sight one would prefer quarters there; but the Iturbide is a much larger establishment, and we'll try it there. If we care to do so, we can move to the Jardin afterwards."

The boys were quite surprised to see the great number of carriages waiting in the yard, and quite as much surprised at the absence of noise among the drivers.

"We need not take a carriage, as we know the way," said the Major; "we will walk. But notice here the little flags on the coaches; little tin flags on the left side of the driver."

"Yes, I see one: it is blue. What does that mean?"

"The flag indicates that the hack is unengaged, and the color indicates the class of carriage. Blue flags mean first-class, red flags second, and yellow flags third-class coaches. These hacks are under municipal control, and the tariff for service is fixed. In each coach is a tariff card, so that he who rides may read and know just what he ought to pay."

The first thing that calls for notice is the new statue of Columbus in the square of Buena Vista, a short distance from the

station. (It was unveiled on the 12th of October, 1892, by President Diaz.) It is a handsome memorial, but not as imposing as the larger one erected on the Paseo de la Reforma. The wide street just south of this statue is the "Avenue of Illustrious Men," extending from San Cosme to the Cathedral. It was the western causeway from the old island city to the mainland. Over this road fled Cortés and his followers on the famous night called "the sad," *la noche triste*. Into this ancient highway the party turned, near the spot where Captain Alvarado is said to have saved his life by a leap over the moat. They made their way through the crowd of street merchants near San Fernando to the Alameda, one of the most beautiful promenade parks in the world. Crossing the park diagonally they entered San Francisco Street, and soon arrived at the entrance to the Hotel Iturbide. This building is palatial only in its dimensions. It is the largest hotel in Mexico, and the only one that indulges in the luxury of an elevator. The old part of the house is four stories in height; the new part has three stories. The main patio is rich in stone arches and columns and tinted walls, but it seems strange that this great court should be left so barren of plants and flowers, for it could be made, with but little expense, one of the most attractive patios in all Mexico.

The best Mexican hotels have registers, but they also have blackboards on which the names of guests are duly written against the number of their rooms. Blackboards have their uses, but they seem a little superfluous in a hotel office. What need of two registers?

"That is strange," said the Corporal, "that notice on the elevator, 'This elevator runs from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.'"

"Yes," said the Major, "it does seem strange that it should begin or stop at so unseasonable an hour. The idea seems to be that no gentleman will be up before ten in the morning."

"What about ten in the evening?" asked the Captain.

"Well, I don't know exactly, but I have seen some who

showed signs of discouragement and even of disgust when, coming in with 'that tired feeling,' they found that they had to climb the stone stairs to the third story. Moral: get in before ten o'clock. There is a demand for a first-class hotel, and I have heard that there will be one very soon. If there were an establishment attractive in its appointments, doubtless many more visitors would make a long stay. Here are many interesting things and places

HOTEL ITURBIDE.

to see, here is perpetual June weather, and here is lovely scenery on every hand. When people learn the facts about Mexico, they will wish to stay longer than they do now. A fine hotel facing the Alameda could scarcely fail of success, it seems to me."

"Well, Major, tell us about this house," said the Corporal.

"It was always a private residence until 1855, when it was turned into a hotel."

"How does it happen to be called a palace?" asked the Captain.

"Because Gen. Iturbide, who lived in it, happened to be an Emperor, the first and the last native-born Emperor of Mexico. He lived here about a year (March, 1822, to March, 1823), and was living here when he was proclaimed Emperor."

"Tell us, please, how he happened to be made Emperor, and what became of him," said the Corporal.

"He was born in the city of Morelia, entered the army when he was only fifteen, and before he was thirty years of age he had risen to the highest rank. He was a royalist, and fought fiercely against the patriots who were trying to secure independence from Spanish rule. Afterwards he changed his views, but his superior, the viceroy, did not know of this change, and made him Commander-in-Chief of the South, where the patriots were most active. Iturbide, after a few feeble battles with them there, agreed with Guerrero, their leader, to unite with him in obtaining independence for Mexico, and the army followed its leader. In January, 1821, he proclaimed the 'Plan of Iguala,' which was a sort of Declaration of Independence, of which these three things were the chief features: first, the Catholic Church shall be the exclusive form of religion; second, Mexico shall be an independent monarchy, having some member of the royal house of Spain as ruler; third, there shall be a friendly union of Spaniards and Mexicans. These three articles became known as 'the three guarantees,' and the colors of the Mexican national flag, as adopted at that time, represented these three articles of political faith, — white for religion, green for union, red for independence. Iturbide now became an ardent loyalist, and in September, 1821, after victorious battles at Querétaro and Puebla, he entered the capital in triumph. Independence was gained, and Iturbide was hailed as the liberator. He had certainly put an end to the Spanish power which had tyrannized the land for three hundred years.

"Iturbide's plan was to have a regency govern the country until Spain should send out a prince to be ruler. But Spain delayed consent to the treaty, and party spirit rose rapidly. One party, composed of the patriots and most of the resident Spaniards, said, 'Wait, wait till the prince comes'; the other party, consisting of the army, some of the Spaniards, and the church officials said, 'Iturbide the Liberator shall be Emperor.' The Congress, May 19, 1822, went through the form of an election, sixty-seven members voting for and fifteen voting against Iturbide, and on the 21st of July, 1822, he and his wife were anointed and crowned in the Cathedral, Emperor and Empress of Mexico. He was, officially, Augustin I. He endeavored to strengthen his position, but Santa Anna led in a revolt which, in March, 1823, resulted in the banishment of Iturbide. In consideration of his service against Spain, the Congress voted to pay him $25,000 a year during life, but decreed, later on, that he should be treated as a traitor if he returned to Mexico. He came back, was arrested, and shot July 19, 1824."

"This doesn't seem to be a healthy place for Emperors," said the Captain; "both the native and the imported articles seem to live but a short time."

"Look in here," said the Major to the boys as they were passing an open door on the third floor of the hotel.

"Why, what is this? It looks like a chapel! how pretty, in white and gold, and what a beautiful dome!" said the Corporal.

"A chapel it is. I suppose the Emperor said his prayers here, and certainly his wife did. But the Marquesa de Valparaiso, who built the house, had the chapel arranged for herself. See the figure of Mexico's Virgin Saint Guadalupe over the door! While we are looking round, we might as well go up another story and get the magnificent view from the roof."

Passing through an iron gate beside the dome of the chapel, they stood on the roof of the hotel and surveyed the charming

landscape. It was the first view the boys had taken from an elevation. It was a revelation, a surprise most charming. Miles of streets, hundreds of domes and towers, were immediately about them. In one direction the Alameda, and beyond the avenue of trees along the Paseo, ending at the hill of Chapultepec, crowned by the castle. In the opposite direction was the Plaza Mayor, and beside it, rising over the square, the Cathedral towers. Beyond lay the lake of Texcoco, and fifty miles away, piercing the clouds, could be seen, without a thing to obstruct the view, the snow-covered volcanoes.

AVENIDA JUAREZ.

"Well, if there were nothing but this view to be seen in Mexico," said the Captain, "I should be glad I came."

"Yes, this is splendid," said the Corporal. "See those rows of trees across the valley, three, four, five of them, miles of trees."

"Yes, they make much of the charm of the valley. Excepting the east, go in whatever direction you will out of the city, you pass under arches of trees, poplars or cypresses, north to Guadalupe, south to Tlalpam, west to Tacubaya. They not only make

the landscape beautiful, but also add much to the comfort of excursions through the valley. Now get your bearings, boys. Fix a few points in mind, and everything will seem straight afterwards.

"You see how the city lies; it is nearly a square, and the streets run nearly at right angles. One need have no difficulty in finding his way about, even if there are some irregularities in the streets, and if the same street may have a half-dozen sections, and each section a name of its own. There was once no end to the confusion caused by the naming of these sections, but now it is largely obviated by the new nomenclature of the streets and avenues. The old names, however, will be retained for a long time by the people; but eventually this city will be as easy to understand as the heart of Philadelphia, which lies within

'Market, Arch, Race, and Vine,
Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine.'"

"What is this church nearest us?" asked the Corporal, pointing across the street west of the hotel.

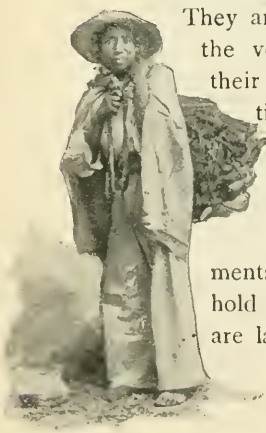
"That is what is left of the monastery of San Francisco. The whole establishment occupied, for more than three hundred years, what is now four large blocks of the city. It was the oldest, largest, and most important religious concern in the New World. The monastery was begun in 1524, and for two hundred and fifty years kept on growing, till nine dormitories with three hundred cells, eleven churches and chapels, a hospital, a refectory where five hundred monks could dine at once, a large garden, and a cemetery were within the enclosing walls of San Francisco. It comprised nearly as large an area as the Alameda. But the nineteenth century has changed things. The walls are gone now; that street was the old cemetery. It is named for Padre Gante, one of the thirteen holy brethren who walked from Vera Cruz to Mexico to convert the heathen Aztecs. The Hotel Jardin occupies the hospital of the monastery, and enjoys the luxury of the garden from which it takes its name; moreover the chapel

THE
FEDERAL
CAPITOL
PORFIRIO
DIAZ
OF MEXICO
PRESIDENT

is used as the bar-room of the hotel, and the refectory of the monks is now a livery stable. Independence Street runs through the middle of the old grounds. One of the chapels is now a Methodist church, and a Protestant Episcopal organization uses the old church of San Francisco as a place of worship. You see that if we had gone to the Hotel del Jardin, we should have been on historic ground, as we are here. Yes, historic ground indeed it is. This very spot is where the Aztec kings had their wild-beast gardens, and where the Franciscans built their first school and first church for the Indians out of stones taken from the Aztec temple. Cortés gave the money for this first church, attended mass here, and his bones lay here sixty-five years (till 1794). Here was commenced the confiscation of church property by President Comonfort on account of treason. Here Juarez continued the work, and now the ground, and even the building which was the scene of the first work of the faithful, is occupied by the heretic and the infidel! How the good brothers would pray to go back to their tombs, if, like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, they should wake up and see how the world has degenerated since the good old days when the seven churches of San Francisco were in their glory!

"In the next street west, just beyond San Francisco, is the little church of Santa Brigida, one of the most fashionable in the city, though a most insignificant-looking building. Two more churches I will call attention to; one near by on the northeast called the Profesa, just above the main entrance to the hotel. It is one of the most beautiful churches in Mexico, and like our little chapel here, it is decorated in white and gold. The famous architect Tolsa designed its great altars. We must go and see La Profesa. The other is over yonder a few blocks away on the southeast; it is the church of San Augustin, now occupied by the National Library. Well, the churches are legion here. We will visit some of them; your visit to the roof will be of value to you."

As it was Sunday, the party resolved to make it a Sabbath, a day of rest, and not to begin their excursions till the next day. But Sunday is the great day for observation in Mexico. It is everybody's "day out," and everybody is out. The usual order for the fashionable class is, mass in the morning, the Alameda for a promenade from eleven to one o'clock, and driving on the Paseo from four to seven in the evening. The order for the million is shopping in the morning, and wandering about the rest of the day. If one wishes to see the extremes of society in Mexico, he must go, while the four hundred are at church, into the southeast part of the city, anywhere between the Plaza and San Juan Market. The natives throng the streets, such multitudes of people, and such people! They are mostly the poor, the very poor. This is their buying and selling time; the sandals, the *zarape*, the *rebozo*, the white and the colored cloths from which their garments are made, household utensils, and sweets and toys for the children, all are largely bought on Sunday morning. Street mer-



chants then do their greatest trade of the week. All this coming and going, dickering and bartering, you must see, or you do not see Mexico. Don't be afraid to mingle with the multitude. You never will find a more quiet and orderly crowd anywhere. It is a sight of a lifetime, in its way. Good-nature prevails, and politeness, at least as sincere if not as demonstrative as that of

PULQUERIA.

the Alameda, will be seen in the streets among these people, whose fortune seldom ever amounts to a *peso*. They seem to have a satisfactory philosophy of life, which is expressed about thus: —

> "Our portion is not large indeed,
> But then! how little do we need!
> For nature's calls are few.
> In this the art of living lies,
> To want no more than may suffice,
> And make that little do."

Now to the Alameda. It covers twenty-two acres and has miles of walks, a deer park, bird garden, and children's play grounds. It is crowded too, but with what a different class of people! The beautiful women and handsome men for which Mexico is noted

here parade an hour, for their own delectation and for the delight of foreigners.

What Saxe said of people at Saratoga may, with a little change, be said of the procession in the Alameda : —

> "Some go to show off their daughters,
> And some to show off themselves."

Take a chair on any of the dozen avenues which radiate from the great central *glorieta* (circle) ; sit an hour and watch the panorama. You need not go to the show, it will come to you ; it will pass and repass before you ; it is worth going to see, and it must be seen, or "the pride of Mexico" is missed. Was there ever anything so "fetching" as that hand salute, that waving of the fingers? or anything so touching as that embrace, that patting on the shoulder, and that double kiss (always on the cheek) of meeting friends? Did you ever hear so little talking from so many people? and yet everybody is talking, but how quietly and how musically they do it ! A half-dozen Americans or two Germans will make more noise in conversation in the house or on the street or promenade in half an hour than a hundred of these people would make in a day. Fashions the latest, garments the richest, flowers the brightest, faces the prettiest, forms the finest, smiles the sweetest, are all in the picture moving before you. Where can you see such another? Nowhere but in the Alameda of Mexico, and there only on Sunday or on some political or ecclesiastical feast day.

After reviewing the promenade the party strolled westward through the park, and turning to the left came into the Avenida Juarez, which leads to the Paseo. The Captain seemed to be thinking about what he had seen, for he suddenly asked, —

"How do they make that hand and finger salute?"

"That's a cute thing," chimed in the Corporal ; "I must learn that trick ; that's good enough to take home."

"It is a pretty flourish, something like our 'chase the geese.' It is called *beso soplado*, or blowing the kiss. The fingers of the

right hand are gathered closely together in a group, brought to the lips, and then thrown out like the opening of a fan. The saluting party blows on the hand as the fingers fly apart, and thus conveys five kisses at once to the saluted one. I have heard some American ladies say, 'That's just too cunning for anything.' By the way, let us cross over to that corner, I see something there that will interest you, and something that I promised to tell you about. This pretty Moorish pavilion

CITY TICKET OFFICE.

is the structure in which Mexico made its fine exhibit at the World's Fair at New Orleans. The Lottery Company occupies it now."

"Lottery tickets seem to be plenty here," remarked the Captain.

"I should think so," added the Corporal, "two or three kinds of them, and sellers as plenty as flowers."

"Chances to make your fortune meet you at every corner. You can see the elegant headquarters of the great Lottery Company opposite the Central's city ticket office."

The party reached the corner, but the Major made no remark as to what he wished to show the boys. At last the Corporal, puzzled not a little, inquired, "What is it, Major? I don't see anything about here but houses and people."

"Well, I see a bear," replied the Major, "or at least a young man 'playing the bear.' Don't be rude about it, but look up to the little balcony yonder and you'll see a smiling señorita. She is the Juliet, and here comes the Romeo of this little play. She is the queen and he the Raleigh, saying with his longing eyes, 'Fain would I climb.'"

"I see her," whispered the Corporal. "She's pretty."

"And I see him," said the Captain. "He's going away."

"He's only moving on: he'll be back in a moment. The lady, too, has gone away, you'll observe. She'll be out again soon. We'll watch this play awhile. It is called 'playing the bear' (*haciendo del oso*)."

"How does it get that name?" asked the Corporal.

"From the walking to and fro, like the caged or tied animal. An invisible but strong cord holds this young man. One end of the cord is around him, and the other is tied to the balcony. 'So near and yet so far.' There she comes again, and here again comes Romeo. Let's move on now; we'll take another look on our way back. We shall be sure to find the play going on, for evidently the parties are well along in their love-making. A young lady in this country has no freedom outside of the family. A young man cannot call on her at any time except in the presence of others, and he is not permitted to call at all until he has obtained the consent of her family to pay his attentions to her. In our country attention is not always intention, but here it is a serious matter from the start. The method of the mania is this: the young man sees somewhere a young woman who attracts him. He finds out, if he doesn't know already, who she is and where she lives. He promenades where she can see him from her little cage. She marks him and

in licates her feeling towards him by her actions. If she rejects his attentions, she gives no response to his glances and demonstrations of blissful pain or pleasure; she turns away and practically says, 'Go away.' If, on the other hand, she wishes to encourage him, she looks at him tenderly and even gives him a smile. The young man understands the language of the eye and of the fan, and hears 'a song without words' — happy youth! Day after day, sometimes for years, he walks to and fro in sight of his sweetheart. Sometimes he has only his labor for his pains, for there are flirts among the fair in Mexico. But generally, after a period of promenading, and smiling, and sighing, in which the young man has proved the sincerity of his profession, he is allowed to call. After that, if everything is satisfactory, in due time an engagement is announced, and if nothing breaks a wedding follows, and of course, 'they live happy ever after.' "

Facing the entrance to the Paseo stands the oldest and largest bronze in all Mexico. It is an equestrian statue of Charles IV., and it has a very remarkable history. In the first place, it is a remarkable piece of work. Humboldt says that, next to the monument of Marcus Aurelius, in the city of Rome, this is the finest equestrian statue in the world. It is nearly sixteen feet high, weighs about thirty tons, and is cast in a single piece. It was the first, and some say it is the largest, bronze statue ever made in America. It is the work of the famous Tolsa. Formerly it stood in the Plaza Mayor, where it was erected in 1803. In 1824 it was taken down from the

Plaza, and put out of sight in the court of the University, where it remained till 1852, when it was erected in its present position. On account of its various removals it was nicknamed "Caballito de Troya" (the little Trojan horse). A Mexican, who may safely be supposed to know a perfect horse, says there is *only one* little defect about the statue. See if you can find out what that is when you look at this famous bronze. The beauty of the work and the name of Tolsa saved the statue from obscurity, if not from destruction, as an inscription on the pedestal declares. Love for Spain is not a great passion in Mexico; Cortés has no monument in the country that he conquered, and Charles IV. would have none except for Tolsa. This is a monument to Tolsa rather than to the king.

Near the king of Spain stand, in oxidized bronze, two Aztec princes, one on either side of the boulevard. It is said that horses used to shy at sight of them; and the princes themselves seem to say, with the Prince of Morocco,—

> "Mislike me not for my complexion,
> The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
> To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred."

We recognize their right to refuse, like Falstaff, to "give a reason on compulsion" for their being where they are, or for being at all. The name of the party on the right, as one looks toward the west, is Ahuitzotl; the gentleman on the left glories in the name Axayácatl. These princes were noted for something, probably, but I have found only one notable thing in any records of them that I have seen; it is stated that H. R. H. Axayácatl "killed himself by over-exertion in killing prisoners." His present exposure may atone for some of his cruelty. The pedestals of these statues are fine specimens of workmanship, and deserve to bear a better burden.

There are four *glorietas* (circles) in the Paseo, each three hundred feet in diameter, and intended for heroic statues. Two

CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

of these places are already occupied: the first by a monument to Columbus; the second by a memorial and statue of Cuauhtemoctzin, or Montezuma III., the last Aztec prince.

The Columbus monument (unveiled in 1877) is the work of Cordier, and was a gift to the city from Señor Don Antonio Escandon. It is in three parts: first, the base of basalt, octagonal in form; second, the square pedestal of Russian jasper, bearing four basso-relievos, and four life-size figures; third, the statue of the discoverer, with one hand drawing the veil from the Western World, and with the other pointing heavenward. In the design and detail this is a very handsome monument.

In the second glorieta there stands the memorial of Cuauhtemoctzin, hero of the last days of the Aztec Empire. Many regard it as the finest work in Mexico. It was designed by the eminent architect Jimenez, presenting primitive and modern features in pleasing combination. On a platform having four stairways, each guarded by leopards in bronze, stands a basaltic pedestal in three parts. The first of these bears two reliefs and two inscriptions. The reliefs represent, one, the captive prince before Cortés, the other, the torture of Cuauhtemoctzin and Tetlepanpuetzal (from whom Cortés expected to learn where the royal treasure was hidden). On the second part of the pedestal are the names of four heroes, and representations of Aztec arms and shields. The third section, beautifully ornamented with ancient symbols, is surmounted by a bronze statue of Cuauhtemoctzin, who was every inch a king, and who could and would have annihilated

Cortés had Montezuma allowed him to arouse the people against the invaders. The figure represents the chief advancing and about to cast the spear raised in his right hand; on his feet

are sandals, over his shoulders the royal robe, and on his head the feathered crown. This memorial is almost reverenced by the Indians, who, on every 21st of August (the anniversary of his torture), hold a festival in the glorieta. Cuauhtemoctzin's memory is honored by addresses in the Aztec language, and by peculiar demonstrations, in which flowers, processions, and dances play important parts. This statue is always beautiful, but it is most beautiful in the early morning.

In the third glorieta will soon be erected a bronze statue of Hidalgo, twenty feet in height; and in the fourth a statue of Juarez, sixteen feet high. These works have already been cast in Rome.

On the south side of the Paseo, near the Columbus monument, are extentive bath-houses (Pane and Osorio). The Alberca Pane is the largest and finest in every respect. Here may be enjoyed shower, swim, Roman, Russian, and Turkish baths. This establishment runs its own street cars (the Circuito de Baños), and conductors give a free ride to the bath-house to purchasers of bath tickets.

As they were returning to the hotel the party took another look at the pretty play on and before the balcony. After lunch the "Fair God" was read aloud by the Captain for the benefit of all, and the "tzin," its hero, seemed to be a living hero. This reading and the writing of letters quickly brought the hour when the four hundred and the million of Mexico are out to be seen and to see on the Paseo.

The Paseo between four and six o'clock on any day in the year, but particularly on Sunday, is another sight which is worth going a long way to see. The boulevard itself is one of the finest driveways in the world. Mexico owes a debt of gratitude to the unfortunate Carlotta, wife of Maximilian, for the reformation of the Plaza and for the creation of the Paseo. Before her day the Plaza was simply a bare and barren square; she transformed part of it into a lovely park and a charming garden, as we see it to-day. This boulevard, called the Paseo de la Reforma, two miles in length, one hundred and seventy feet in width, with its glorietas and its magnificent trees, is the bequest of the Empire to the Republic. The royal avenue is the pleasure drive of the people. Here may be seen a larger number of fine horses and carriages and, in general, more display of wealth than in the park of any city in the world with twice the population of the city of Mexico. When it is remembered that but a small proportion of the population is either able or pretends to be able "to keep a carriage," this statement is the more worthy of note. It carries its own lesson, and comment is unnecessary. The Paseo is Vanity Fair on wheels, and many are there who

can ill afford to be there in the style they affect. But that is nothing to the looker-on in Mexico. We are here to see the show, and the Paseo, with its real and imitation aristocracy, gives us one of the greatest shows on earth. What if some appear to be taking only a penitential excursion, and others seem to say with Desdemona, —

> "I am not merry, but I do beguile
> The thing I am by seeming otherwise!"

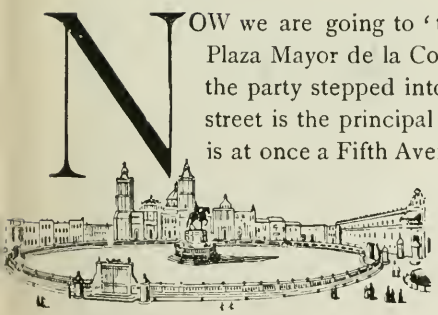
Nearly all the world appears both young and fair on the Alameda and on the Paseo. All Mexico seems to be looking on, and happy enough. This is a lotos land, and we know that the poet speaks the truth when he says: —

> "The *dolce far niente* is a delightful game,
> If only one can spare the time who plays it.
> If one can be content to sit and watch year after year
> The world's great ships go sailing by and never want to steer.
> The *dolce far niente* is a delightful game
> For people who have lives to spare to play it."

IX.

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them — the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."
Rob Roy's Grave.

"The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."
In Memoriam.



PLAZA MAYOR IN 1803.

NOW we are going to 'the very heart of Mexico,' the Plaza Mayor de la Constitucion," said the Major, as the party stepped into San Francisco Street. "This street is the principal thoroughfare of the city, and is at once a Fifth Avenue and a Broadway. Mexico has no Beacon Street or Commonwealth Avenue. Many of the finest stores as well as some of the finest residences are on San Francisco Street, which is now called Fourth Avenue."

As they walked along, attention was called to the showy stores, the costly houses, *cafés*, and club houses, the Profesa and other churches. Reaching the end of the street they found themselves in the great square which has been reserved wholly for public use since 1611 : they crossed to the Zocalo and took seats.

The history connected with the Plaza is very interesting. Where the little garden is now there stood in 1312 the rocky

island on which the long-looked-for sign was discovered by the Aztecs. Here they built their first temple, here was the enormous Teocalli, or place of celebration and of sacrifice. On this ground in 1521 occurred the final struggle between Cortés and Cuauhtemoctzin (so vividly described in "A Fair God"), and here the new city was begun on the ruins of the old one, the temple making way for the cathedral. For three hundred years, on the 13th of August, the celebration of the conquest

ANOTHER PARTY.

was celebrated here by processions in which the mayor bore the standard of Cortés, the viceroy, the council, and the nobility following it on horseback. More than sixty royal governors made official display here, and at least two Emperors were here proclaimed, and in that church had coronation. Since 1821 the flags of two foreign nations have floated from yonder staff, and chief magistrates, almost without number, have crossed this

ground to assume their functions as rulers. Prisoners of church and state have passed here on their way to the fagot and the scaffold.

The square was practically a market place till 1611, when a royal order was given for removal of the booths; trading was, however, continued here, and in 1692 a famine riot occurred in which three million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. For a century the Plaza was a dirty, desolate-looking place, but in

1803 the viceroy prepared a place for the statue of Charles IV. by enclosing a large circular space by a stone wall and iron fence. That statue was removed in 1824, and later the foundation was laid for a memorial to Mexican independence. The band-stand of the Plaza is built upon that foundation (or *zócalo*), and the Plaza is called "The Zocalo." One hears people say, "We are going to the Zocalo" much oftener than "We are going

to the Plaza." There was no garden or park here till 1866, and the gardens about the Cathedral date only from 1880. Many booths are seen in and about the square, but probably they will all disappear in time, if the city ever reaches a point when it can get along without the revenue which the traders contribute. Visitors may well hope that that point is far distant, for with the removal of these peculiar places of trade will vanish one of the characteristic features of Mexican life.

"This seems to be the centre of everything," said the Corporal. "Do all the street cars start from here?"

"Nearly all, and they go, as you see, in trains; that is, two or three start together and run on the same time. The custom is, perhaps, a relic of barbarism or of the old days when protection was the chief thing to think of and provide for. Instead of running one car every five or ten minutes, they start a train of two or three every twenty or forty minutes; this wholesale style makes a wholesale waste of time for passengers, but then time isn't money in this country. Class distinction accounts in part for the train system."

"I notice that there are different colored cars," said the Corporal.

"Yes, colors denote classes. The yellow are first-class and the green second-class coaches. You notice also a kind of double-decked passenger and freight car. The poorest are accommodated."

"And yonder is a black one!" exclaimed the Captain. "An open platform car with roof only and a cross above it."

"That is a funeral car, Captain. You will often see the same article in white. You'll see processions of cars on the way to and from the cemeteries. There is one coming now. See, the black car has a casket on it. The mourners are in the two following coaches. That is a first-class funeral, as you may know by those yellow cars. Many thousands of funerals have started from this square. It looks now like a little

paradise with its trees, flowers, fountains, and cozy seats for weary walkers, but in days past blood has thoroughly drenched this ground."

"You mean in Aztec times," said the Captain.

"Yes, and as late as 1803. The gallows stood near where we are sitting, right in front of the viceroy's palace, and there was the frame on which the heads of criminals were exposed for a terror to evil-doers. Riots and revolutions almost without number have been witnessed here."

The Plaza now comprises about nine acres, the part between the garden and the palace being used as a parade and review ground for troops. The Cathedral occupies the north side of the Plaza.

"Is that the palace on the east?" asked the Corporal.

"That is the National Palace, the Federal Capitol, the largest building in Mexico. It was begun in 1692, and has been enlarged, as you see, till it covers the whole immense block, an area of about eight acres."

"It looks more like a barracks than anything else," said the Captain. "See the towers and the grated windows, and the soldiers keeping guard."

"Yes, it does," replied the Major; "but it is government headquarters. There are a dozen patios within the walls of the buildings, and around these are arranged the offices of the Treasury, State, and other departments of the government. On that site was the palace of Montezuma, which was destroyed; then Cortés built his residence there, and that palace was used by the viceroys. From that block have gone out the decrees which have governed Mexico for more than five hundred years. Of course we must make a tour of the buildings on the block, for among them are the National Museum. But now look over to the west side of the square."

"Nothing there but houses and stores," said the Corporal, "and not very nice ones either."

"Nothing gaudy to be sure, but they stand on ground once occupied by a palace. Montezuma lived there while Cortés held him captive in 1519; and even now there is one of the great institutions of Mexico housed there. Some think it is the 'most beneficent institution in the world,' the Monte de Piedad."

"What is that?" asked the Captain.

"It is the national pawn-shop."

"Pawn-shop! what is there good about that?" asked the Corporal.

"'Hard times comes a-knockin' at de door' of a good many rich people, though he spends most of the time hammering on the poor man's door. There are some good folk who will lend the people who are crowded for money, if sufficient security can be given or sufficient interest be paid. These lenders have been named 'uncle' by the patrons of their shops, but I think the name doesn't imply any affection. Hamlet's uncle, who took his brother's life and wife, and robbed his nephew of a crown, was a royal type of the traditional pawn-broker. What kind of an uncle is it that will charge for a small loan on good security three per cent a month interest for the first six months, and two per cent a month after that; interest thirty per cent a year! isn't that robbery?"

"I should say it is. That is blood money," said the Captain.

"This institution is intended, by lending at a low rate of interest, to prevent such extortion. The Count of Regla, in 1775, founded this pawn-shop and endowed it with a fund of

$300,000, the income to pay running expenses. Loans were and are made up to about three fourths of the value of the article deposited. At first no charge at all was made, the founder believing that grateful patrons would sustain the charity by voluntary gifts, but they did not, and the fund was seriously impaired, but now a fixed rate is charged, and the great pawn-shop is doing an immense business. I saw the statement for one month in 1892. In that month $168,000 was loaned on 27,000 pawn tickets. About $60,000 was paid on renewals. The total amount out on loans and secured by articles in the warehouses was $1,050,000. It lends about a million dollars a year to forty-five or fifty thousand patrons."

"There are plenty of other pawn-shops, I suppose?" said the Captain. "Every city has plenty of them."

"Yes, there are seventy of them in this city, and the census shows that nearly $5,000,000 was lent last year. We will look into some of these private ones, and will see some fine jewels in the great Monte de Piedad."

"I can see now how even a pawn-shop can be made a good thing for the unfortunate, if managed as this one is," said the Captain.

The remaining part of the west side of the Plaza is occupied by a long arcade, over which are residences. This arcade is called the Portal de Mercaderes. It has twenty-seven arches, and under them are numberless stands for the sale of notions, newspapers, cigarettes, and candies. Formerly that part of the square was occupied by an Aztec dancing school. The *portales* continue round the corner of this block for a long distance down Sixth Avenue or Coliseo Street.

The southern side of the square has the City Hall, or the Palacio Municipal, a building mostly two stories, but at the corners three stories in height. Here is again a long row of stone arches finer than those of the west side, and in these *portales* are some of the large dry-goods stores of the city. On this site the commander-in-chief of the Aztec army had his headquarters. The city government and the district officials occupy the upper stories.

This rapid review of the buildings facing the Plaza will indicate the important place that this little tract of land holds in the history of Mexico.

Entering the great Cathedral, the party found, of course, a service going on, and took seats near the door. The boys were surprised to see kneeling on the floor, side by side, the richly dressed lady and the ragged Indian, the fashionable gentleman and the poor street sweeper. Cripples hobbled across the floor, and children walked from altar to altar with their parents while the priest was reading and the choir was singing their parts of the service. At last the benediction was given, and the great church was left almost deserted; perhaps half a hundred people remained kneeling and saying their prayers.

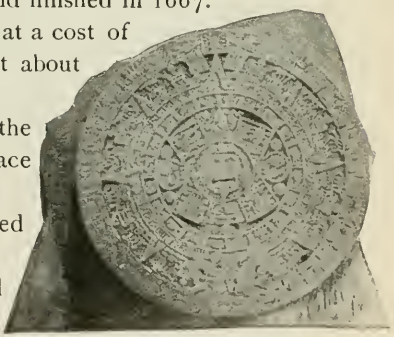
The great church is in the form of a Latin cross, and over the central arches rises a magnificent dome decorated by the most celebrated artists of the day. The dimensions of the church are: length, three hundred and fifty-four feet; width, one hundred and seventy-seven feet; height, one hundred and seventy-nine feet. There are five naves, six altars, and fourteen chapels. The grandeur of the great structure is, however, detracted from by the enormous choir enclosure in the central nave; by the high altar, which is too lofty and too gaudy to harmonize with the general simplicity of the surrounding gray and white walls; by the division of two of the naves into chapels; and by a *wooden floor!* But while the first impression is somewhat disappointing as compared with that made by a visit to any of the great

cathedrals of Europe, the visitor is surprised by such a display of magnificence. He thinks, what must it have been in the days of its glory!

The massive railing about the entrance to the choir is a curiosity in metal as well as in art. It is a composition of gold, silver, and copper, and came from China. Along the passage from the choir to the altar are sixty or seventy small figures made of the same brilliant metal, serving as light bearers. The pulpits and the huge holy-water basins are of onyx.

Of the fourteen chapels, seven are on each side. In one of these on the west side is the tomb of Iturbide, and here the title "Liberator" is accorded him. Of the six altars the most beautiful is the Altār of the Kings, modelled after the one by the same artist in the cathedral of Seville. Below this rest the remains of some of the viceroys and of the four patriots, Hidalgo, Aldama, Allende, and Jimenez, who were executed in Chihuahua.

The Cathedral stands on the site of the Aztec temple destroyed by Cortés. It was begun in 1573, and finished in 1667. The towers were finished in 1791, at a cost of $200,000. The whole structure cost about $2,000,000.



On the wall of the west end of the Cathedral there is a blackened space with an interesting inscription on it.

"What does all that mean?" asked the Corporal.

"It says that here was exhibited till 1885 the famous stone of the sun, or Calendar Stone of the Aztecs, and that now you can see it in the National Museum."

"Is that the stone we see so many pictures of?" asked the Captain.

"The same, and there is a cast of it in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The stone was first found about three hun-

dred years ago, but buried again at the order of the archbishop. In 1790 it was discovered again — it had not stirred probably — two hundred and twenty feet west of the main entrance to the National Palace. It was brought here, where it remained till 1885. Certainly it is a wonderful thing. It is an immense block of porphyry nearly twelve feet square, about three feet thick, and weighs nearly twenty-five tons. On this block is engraved a disk more than eleven and a half feet in diameter. In the centre is carved the face of a man; some say it represents the sun, others think he is the man of the moon and the months. Around this are symbols, arranged in seven circles. It is now believed, I think, generally, that it had more to do with slaughter than with seasons. Bandelier, the highest authority, concludes that this stone was a sort of nether millstone in the Aztec sacrifices; his words are, 'It served as the base of the smaller perforated stone to which the victim was tied, and upon the two stones the gladiatorial sacrifice was performed.' Strange relic of a strange people!

"Here is the Flower Market. We must come up to it early in the morning. You will be astonished to see how many flowers you can get for a quarter, or rather for the omnipotent *dos reales*."

"What kind of flowers?" asked the Corporal.

"All kinds, and all the year round. Roses, and pansies, and heliotrope, 'too numerous to mention.' '*Muy bonita, señor*,' and '*Muy barata*,' the sellers say, and very pretty and very cheap the buyers think. We shall see great boat loads of flowers when we go to the Viga Canal, and there are often literally wagon-loads here in and about this little pavilion of iron and glass called the Mercado de Flores.

"While we are so near it," continued the Major, "let us go into the Plaza de Santo Domingo. It is rather a forlorn-looking square at present, but, like the large Plaza, it has been the scene of interesting events. Here is the house of the Inquisition,

which 'strong fort and mount of Zion,' as one writer calls it, was founded in Mexico in 1571. Indians were by royal order excluded from the jurisdiction of this holy court, but the Inquisition found material enough to work upon. The patriot Morelos was the last victim. He died in 1815."

"Did they burn people in this square of Santo Domingo?" asked the Corporal.

"No, they divided the honor, or the horror, as we think, between two other squares. The principal *brasero*, or burning place, was near the church of San Diego, on ground which now is a part of the Alameda. You see that blunt-cornered building yonder? In that were the court and prison of the Inquisition."

"And what church is this?" asked the Captain.

"The monastery church of Santo Domingo. Like that of San Francisco, the establishment has been all cut to pieces by new streets and other improvements. Many buildings once here have disappeared entirely, parts of some remain, as you see, but the church has been spared. It is one of the largest churches in the city. This plaza is interesting also as the second-hand market of Mexico. Let us look around a little."

"What is that man doing? Is he writing?" asked the Captain.

"Yes. He is an *evangelista*, one of a class that has nearly gone out of business; its business is to write letters for those who cannot write: love letters, begging letters, all kinds."

"He seems to be busy; why do you say the class is going out?" asked the Corporal.

"The schools are doing the business. Thousands of children have learned to write in recent years, and much that these street writers used to do is now done at home by the children. The city has more than a hundred schools now, and is increasing the number rapidly."

"That is good for Mexico," said the Captain. "There is its chief hope for the future."

"Yes, Mexico is rising; the present administration is doing nobly in providing schools, but at present hardly one third of the children of school age are in attendance. Forty years ago not over $100,000 was devoted to schools by the government; now it appropriates about $3,500,000 a year. A good beginning has been made, however, and rapid advancement may be expected. The people are learning that education means money to them.

"There are three or four interesting points near the Alameda," said the Major, "which we can visit before lunch."

"Oh, this beautiful Alameda!" exclaimed the Corporal as they entered the park; "it seems prettier than ever."

"It is always charming. And what a pretty name! that, you know, comes from *álamo*, a poplar; but we see here now not only poplars, but eucalyptus, willow, ash, cypress, and pepper trees. Then the palms and banana plants, and the roses, geraniums, and calla lilies! Isn't it beautiful? Notice here the models or miniatures of the volcanoes, crater and all."

"We might ascend Popocatepetl," said the Captain.

THE ALAMEDA IN MEXICO.

"Yes, we might, but there would be an eruption if that policeman should see us.

'Try not the pass, the old man said,'

or would say."

As they reached the west end of the park they stopped on the spot where the Inquisition punished its offenders, near the church of San Diego.

"Do you see that flag, boys?" asked the Major.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the Corporal, "it is the stars and stripes. Hip, hip, hurrah! Salute the flag!"

OLD CHURCH OF SAN HIPÓLITO.

"There is the office of the legation from the United States. Our minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary exercises his mighty functions on ground once belonging to the Monastery of San Diego. The church is still used, and its interior is beautiful."

"I dare say our minister doesn't attend church there," said the Captain.

"A minister ought to go to church," remarked the Corporal.

"He wouldn't have to go far," said the Major, "for here are five Catholic churches almost within a stone's throw, and right over yonder is a Protestant church. Between those two churches

across the street to the north stands the monument of Morelos, the last victim of the Inquisition, and a hero second only to Hidalgo. He, too, was a priest; he carried on Hidalgo's work and followed him in martyrdom. Maximilian unveiled this memorial in 1865. Well, here we are at the old church of San Hipólito. Notice that stone memorial tablet on the corner, so worn that we can hardly read its inscription."

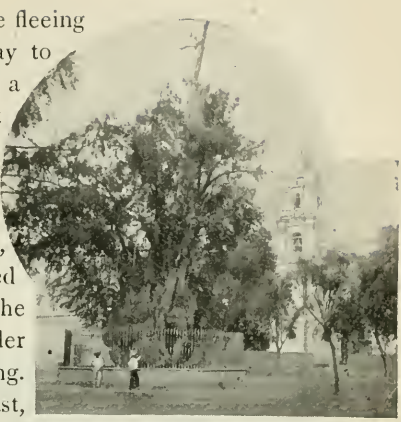
"If it were in letters of gold or of blazing fire, I couldn't read it," said the Captain, "it is in Spanish."

"Well, can you read the picture in stone? You see an eagle bearing aloft an Indian (not a snake, as on the coat of arms). The story of that aeronaut is this. An eagle carried him away from his work in a field to a mountain cave; there a spirit told him he must return and tell Montezuma that the gods were angry with him, and that the kingdom would be destroyed. The eagle brought him back and set him down right on this spot. Now you know the story in stone. As to the inscription, it remarks: 'In this place on the night of July 1, 1520, called the Dismal Night, so great was the slaughter of the Spaniards by the Aztecs, that after entering the city again in triumph the next year, the conquerors determined to build a memorial here to be named the Chapel of the Martyrs; and to be dedicated to San Hipólito, for on that saint's day the city was taken.'"

"Martyrs! Cortés and company martyrs!" exclaimed the Captain. "If the inscription had said butchers, it would have been nearer the truth."

"Well, they're dead now," said the Corporal, "don't rake up old scores. Was Cortés here himself?"

"Yes, but his captain, Alvarado, was the hero of the hour. Right here was the city limit on the west; a moat surrounded the town, and here was a fortification; in fact, it was also the prison where slaves intended for the sacrifices were kept. The Spaniards had been in possession of the city since November, 1519, and their cruelty caused the Aztecs to rebel. They



pursued the Spaniards, who were fleeing for their lives, over this causeway to the mainland. Here so great a slaughter occurred that the moat was filled with bodies. Alvarado, like Ney, the last to retreat, saved himself by a most wonderful leap over the canal, and joined Cortés, who had halted at Tacuba. The tree, called the El Arbol de Noche Triste, under which Cortés wept, is still standing. The Spaniards started for the coast, but went only to Tlascala, where they were promised men and means by the Tlascalans, who were the mortal foes of the Aztecs. Six months Cortés worked day and night getting ready to return and punish the rebels. Re-enforcements came from Cuba, boats were built and launched on Lake Texcoco. Sulphur was brought from the volcano and made into gunpowder, and the native troops were drilled in the art of war. On the last day of the year, 1520, Cortés with his Spanish force and Indian allies began the siege of the doomed city. The siege lasted more than half a year, and on Aug. 13, 1521, the Spaniards took possession again and ruled the country for exactly three hundred years. Iturbide, you will remember, put an end to their power in August, 1821."

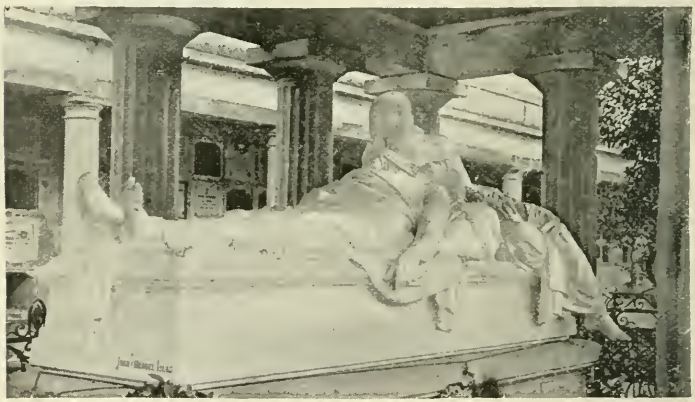
"This is an 'old corner bookstore,'" said the Corporal; "it tells us so much."

"Well, come on, there's another place near by that will tell us several stories. It is the *panteon* of San Fernando, only two blocks west of San Hipólito.

"This is the little plaza of San Fernando; that bronze is a statue to Vicente Guerrero, the leader of the patriots, with whom Iturbide joined to achieve the independence of Mexico, and

who afterwards was President. We shall see his tomb in the enclosure yonder, which has been aptly termed the Westminster of Mexico. There many of the most distinguished men of the country are buried. The names of Juarez, Guerrero, Zaragoza, Comonfort, Mejia, and Miramon recall the most stirring events in the history of the Republic."

Of the tombs none are worthy of note except that of Juarez. This is by far the finest memorial in Mexico. On a stone platform in an open marble temple, the roof of which is supported by sixteen Doric pillars, stands the massive sarcophagus on



which rests the memorial sculpture. It represents the Republic holding in her lap the head of the hero over whose dead body she mourns. A grateful country has filled the little temple with tokens of admiration and affection. The tomb of Juarez meets every requirement of a worthy memorial to one who, like our Washington, was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

> "Here Juarez slumbers in divine repose,
> His effigy in marble robes arrayed,
> And in the statued lap of Freedom laid
> As pure as the Sierra Madre's snows."

A suggestive fact it is that here, within a few feet of the tomb of Juarez, rest, in sepulchres inscribed only with their names, the remains of the unfortunate generals, Miramon and Mejia. A magnanimous country, in permitting their burial here, recognizes their bravery.

"This is not now a public cemetery," said the Major, as they were walking towards the gate. "There are perhaps one thousand two hundred graves here; many of them, as you see, chambers in the *walls* of the enclosure."

"Curious they don't give dates of birth and death," said the Captain, pointing to a tablet on which were only two words. "Here is 'ELLA DUERME,' and nothing more."

"That is enough," replied the Major, smiling at the natural mistake. "You will probably find a name and the dates on the other sides of the monument. Those words simply say, 'She sleeps.'"

"That is a good one on you, Captain," said the Corporal.

"Easy enough to make a mistake like that here where men are named Maria," replied the Captain, smiling.

"Let us look into the old church of San Fernando," continued the Major. "It is one of the largest churches in the city."

"Are there many Protestant churches in Mexico?" asked the Captain.

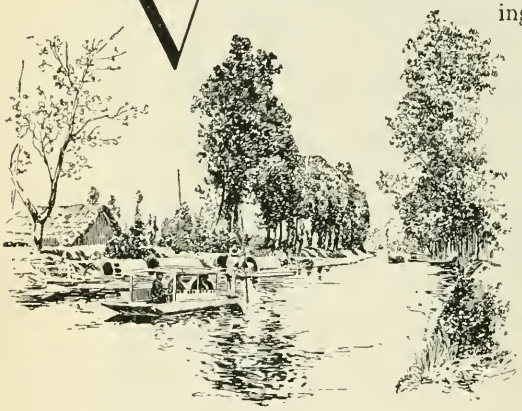
"The Presbyterians have about ninety churches, and a membership of about four thousand; the Methodists have fifteen churches, and a membership of nearly four thousand; the Baptists have fifteen churches, and a membership of about one thousand."

"And how about Catholic churches?" asked the Corporal.

"The census of 1888 state that there are 10,112 Catholic churches and chapels in Mexico. The membership includes the whole population of 12,000,000, excepting, perhaps, 25,000. State and church are separated by the Laws of the Reform, established in 1874, but operative before, under the administration of President Juarez. Six archbishops and twenty-one bishops now administer the affairs of the church in Mexico."

X.

"I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."
As You Like It.



"VAMONOS a la Viga!" exclaimed the Major, as the party finished the coffee and rolls. "This early start is the right thing, first, because early morning is the lively time along the canal; and, second, we must get back in time to visit the Museum, which is open only till noon."

"I don't care much for a canal," said the Captain.

"But you will care for this one. The Viga Canal has no towpath, and no boats with any decks. The Viga fleet is composed wholly of flatboats, and the motive-power of the same is a pole and an Indian."

"An Indian engine! Would two Indians make a compound engine?" asked the Corporal.

"Wait a little while and you'll see for yourself."

Taking street cars at the south side of the great Plaza, a short ride through the lowest and dirtiest part of the city brings us to the stream with the pretty name, which is spelled with a V, and which suggests Venice. Visions of gondolas soon

vanish, and Venice is forgotten; the illusion is rather a delusion. We discover that the street cars run along the bank of the stream, and that from them a better view of the things we have come to see can be obtained than from a flatboat, and so we pass the flatboats by, that is, we do if we are wise. As the party came to the point where the passenger boats are tied up, the Major said, —

"Here you are, Corporal; all aboard for Santa Anita, Ixtacalco, and Xochimilco."

"I think I'd rather make the trip in the car," said the Corporal. "We can see more that way."

"Yes, and do it in less time," added the Captain.

"Which way is up stream?" asked the Corporal.

"Away from the city is up stream. Lake Xochimilco, which supplies the water, is four feet higher than the city, and so, towards the city is down stream."

"That is lucky for the boatmen. They have the current with them in getting their loads to market," said the Captain.

"They have big loads, too; see those boats stocked with wood! A man would not be able to pole that load up stream. You see what a variety of stuff the boats bring in,—vegetables, hay, wood, stone, sand, fruit, and flowers."

"Flowers! look at that load!" exclaimed the Corporal. "The boat is so full that there is hardly any room for the engine to work!"

"And here on the bank," said the Major, "you see an active market, piles of fruit and stocks of flowers. Notice that families

live on the boats while in port. They have a floating hotel; in fact, many families live all the time in their boats. Here is one of the gates (*garitas*), where the city tax is collected. They don't have much 'free trade' in Mexico."

"See those little island gardens!" exclaimed the Captain, "and the boats going about in the ditches around them."

IRRIGATION.

"Yes, these are the famous 'floating islands' of story. They are called *chinampas* by the natives. Perhaps they once floated, but they do not float now."

"No, Major, they are stuck in the mud," said the Corporal.

"Right, and they are made mostly of mud. You see men at work digging mud from the large canal and carrying it to these islands, where they spread it or use it in banking up the sides. The gardens are very fertile and bear crops all the year round."

"They are all shaped alike, I see," said the Captain, "say two hundred feet long and narrow, not more than ten or twelve feet wide. What a fine road this is, and all the way under great shade trees!"

"Santa Anita! here we are. Pretty name, but not a very pretty place. Mostly thatch-roofed restaurants or flat-roofed gambling places; games going on, in a small way, almost all the time. We'll stop off and watch them on our way back."

Off again, the next stop is Ixtacalco. Along the bank of the canal the sportive mules gallop as if they were in a hurry to arrive. They don't mean it, but they do beat the solitary Indian poling along his light canoe, and the passenger feels glad as he

passes the boats that he stayed on the car and did not consign himself to the creeping *chalupa* on the raging canal. More alleged floating gardens are passed, and we come to another market place and a small village, which can show a big church more than three hundred years old; this is Ixtacalco. But we are going farther, and so do not make a stop here.

"Where are we going?" asked the Corporal; "to the lake?"

"No, not quite. We are going to Ixtapalapa, and then to the Hill of the Star; we turn east from the canal at the next village, which is Mexicalcingo. The canal goes on directly south, five or six miles farther, to the lake: we will see the lake from the hill. You can see the hill yonder."

"That one with the cross on the summit?"

"Yes; that is an historic old hill, and from it we shall get a fine view of the lakes and of the valley and the volcanoes."

"Here we are at Mexicalcingo," said the Captain, "not much to see here!"

"Nothing, except this rare old bridge; isn't that a pretty view? Over that highway, crossing the bridge, Cortés went, in 1519, to meet Montezuma, who came out of the city to receive him. We leave the canal here and follow that highway to Ixtapalapa, where there is something to see worth going to see."

The car passed through a long narrow street of low adobe houses, and came to the end of the track, where the mules

ceased from their festive gallop, the driver from his arduous labor, and the passengers from their interesting ride.

"What on earth is there here, Major? two pulque shops, three dusty streets, and a dozen dirty children, that is all I can see," said the Captain. "Oh, yes; there is a woman and a dog and two burros!"

"This is the worst I ever saw," added the Corporal, "dead as Julius Cæsar!"

"Yes, dead, and not buried," said the Captain.

"Not quite as bad as that, boys; not quite dead, but very old. This was a royal residence when the Spaniards came into the country, and perhaps founded in the year 669. We are on prehistoric grounds, and in a place that has a right to a good rest after a lifetime of more than a thousand years. What the people of Ixtapalapa lack in vivacity, they make up for in devotion to their religion. Aztec traditions and customs prevail here undisturbed by modern notions. This was the home of Cuauhtemoc, the brave prince who made a Noche Triste for Cortés."

Going down one of the dingy streets ornamented chiefly by cactus, they came to a little market place, and crossing it entered the great yard of the church, in which were many tombs. A massive wall of stone, with embrasures and turrets like those of a fort enclosure, surrounds the yard.

"This is something like the wall around the old church at Tula," said the Captain.

"Very like it, and doubtless was intended for the same purpose, — defence. It is probably as old, too."

The front door of the Parroquia was fastened, but an Indian was found who admitted the visitors by an entrance through a chapel. The notable things to be seen in the church are the "blue moon and yellow sun" at the high altar, and they are peculiarly sacred to these Indian worshippers. Crossing again the market place to the south, a short walk through a better part

of the town brought them to a stone chapel which is attractive in appearance, both without and within. Here an Indian was conducting some service, and many worshippers were kneeling and saying prayers. Here were found some fine paintings and every sign of a well-sustained chapel. The boys were much impressed by what they saw, and the Captain asked, —

"Do they attend church every day?"

"Nearly, I think. I never was here when I did not see some service going on; at any rate, these people are notably religious. In this chapel they sometimes have passion plays, as they do at

IXTAPALAPA.

Amecameca. The Indians perform the parts here as there. What a fine avenue of shade trees this is! And here is a sacred cave," continued the Major, leading the way past the chapel on the east.

A well-worn path led under an immense arch, and the party found themselves in a low cave, long and wide, the floor of which was covered with large stones which have fallen there. At the extreme end of the cave is a spring, and a path made to it through the rocks shows that it is much used; in fact, two Indians were seen dipping water while the party was in the cave. The boys noticed many little crosses, and also crowns and

wreaths made of small twigs or splinters, and stuck in the cracks of the rocks all about the entrance and overhead along the path to the spring.

"What do these things mean?" asked the Corporal.

"They are offerings, or they indicate prayers. Notice that some of them are wound with hair; those are either signs of thanks for relief from headache or other sickness, or of prayers for deliverance from some disease. The cave and the spring are both regarded as sacred by the natives. If those Indians were not here, I might gather a few of these *votos* as curiosities; there is a pretty one."

"You wouldn't really take any of them, would you?" said the Captain.

"Perhaps not; but I have seen visitors take some of them."

"This is certainly an interesting place. I'm glad we came," said the Corporal. "Let's have a drink from the sacred spring."

The Indians had not yet gone out with their jars of water, and on request seemed much pleased to give a drink to the visitors. They told the Major that great cures had been effected by its waters in answer to prayers. When he told the boys what they said, the Corporal remarked, —

"I don't doubt it, I feel better myself already."

"Now for a little climb. The 'Hill of the Star' is about seven hundred feet high, and we have a mile walk to reach the top. There is the trail behind the chapel."

"Pretty steep grade, Major, but my wind is good," said the Captain.

"You'll need to go slowly. Remember you are two thousand feet higher now than the top of Mt. Washington. The air is thin here. You will get tired very easily."

Following the trail they gradually rose above the village and the surrounding valley. Suddenly they came upon the edge of a great cavity, thirty or forty feet across and ten or fifteen feet deep.

"What is this?" asked the Corporal. "It looks like a crater of a volcano."

"That is just what it is. This whole hill is of volcanic origin; in fact, all the hills you see in the Valley of Mexico are of the same origin. This hill has a great many of these blow-holes or little craters, and about it are sulphur springs. Over yonder to the west of us is a great lava bed called the Pedregal, covering an area of more than ten square miles. From the edge of it came the great stone of the sun and also the greater sacrificial stones. This lava bed is from twenty to forty-five feet thick. There are caves and fissures in it; fissures like those in the Mer de Glace and other glaciers. This hill is simply the cone of a crater. The top of it has been levelled off, as you will see."

"Why, there is corn growing in this hole," exclaimed the Captain.

"As sure as you live," added the Corporal. "Nice warm place for a garden. Already walled in, too."

They soon came upon another and a larger cavity, in which could be seen greater evidences of the action of heat. The trail now led off to the west to a promontory considerably below the summit, and quite overhanging the valley. The view from here was fine, especially towards the west. The canal seemed to be just below them, and could be traced its whole length from the Lake of Xochimilco, which now was seen by them for the first time. The floating gardens appeared like strips of green carpet with silver borders. Domes and towers marked the location of a score of villages, the largest of which are San Angel and Tlalpam.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed all. "This is worth coming to see."

"But the best is to come yet. Another little climb, and standing by that cross we shall have one of the finest landscape views in the world. How is your wind, Captain?"

"Good, but I'm glad the top is no farther away."

"I would like some more of that holy spring water," said the Corporal; "why, here is a wheat-field, and there is a potato patch almost on top of the mountain!"

In a few minutes they reached the rocks, which project almost perpendicularly from the cone. Here they had a steep climb, but soon were on the summit. When he had recovered his breath the Corporal said, —

HILL OF THE STAR.

"What a great cross! These timbers are as large round as I am; and who placed it here, I wonder."

"This has been a sacred hill for centuries, certainly five centuries, and perhaps ten," said the Major.

"Why is it called the 'Hill of the Star' (Cerro de la Estrella)?"

"The shape of this plateau is not unlike that of a star; perhaps that suggested the name. This level place is artificial, not natural; probably the hill came to a ragged peak, or was a crater-like rim, as that one is yonder. It was levelled for the site of a temple."

"A temple! up here!" exclaimed the Corporal.

"Yes, one of the most sacred places of the Aztecs. Here a solemn procession came once in every fifty-two years to celebrate the beginning of a 'new period,' somewhat as the Jews celebrated the great jubilee or fiftieth year. At the expiration of a cycle every fire was extinguished, and priests and people came here to obtain the new fire for another cycle. A victim was sacrificed, and with great ceremony the high priest built a

fire from which was taken the ember or torch which gave the new fire to the nation. And now take in the view from this summit. Did you ever see anything so grand? Yonder on the north is the capital, see the Cathedral towers; and the spires of a hundred monasteries, convents, and churches. Beyond is the sacred hill of Guadalupe; east of it the volcanic peak of Penon; then Texcoco Lake, a blue sea with here a white beach and there a green shore. On the west in the distance is Chapultepec, crowned with its castle, and nearer, a chain of pretty villages, succeeded by twin Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco; the whole valley rimmed by mountains which yonder, as you see, lift their white heads almost to the sky."

"It is a splendid view," said the Corporal. "I would not like to miss this, but I suppose many do miss it."

"Oh, yes, very few come here, but those who do come are charmed with their trip."

"It beats anything we have had yet," said the Captain. "You see so many things of different kinds in a short excursion. There is the canal, the gardens, the chapels, and caves, and craters, and lakes, and last and greatest of all those volcanoes; they seem very near here. This is perfectly splendid!"

"I think there is no other lookout point in the valley to compare with it," said the Major. "You are here four times as high as the Cathedral towers, or the Castle of Chapultepec. You are in nearly the middle of the valley, midway between the lakes, and your view is unobstructed in every direction. For these reasons it appears to me the best point of observation in the Valley of Mexico."

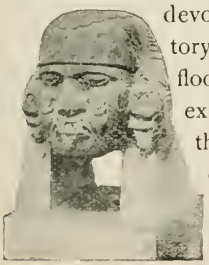
"And easy to reach," said the Captain. "In two hours from the hotel we can be on top of this hill."

"What a place for a picnic," said the Corporal. "Bring a basket of sandwiches from the hotel; get our fruit here in the village, and our water at the spring in the cave, and here you are for as long as you please. Let's come again and spend the day."

"We certainly shall if we can find time; this is my favorite excursion in the Valley of Mexico. I have wondered why the guide-books make so little mention of its charms."

* * * * * *

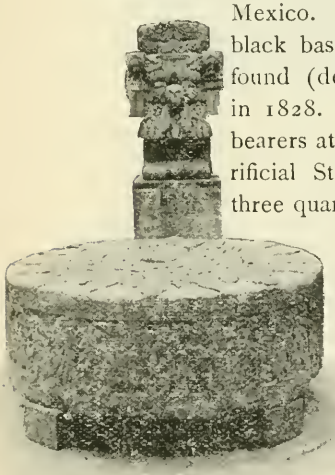
The Museo Nacional occupies that part of the Palace Block which was formerly the Mint. At the entrance, No. 921 Calle de la Moneda, are heavy bronze doors under a portal of Corinthian columns, which admit the visitor to a charming patio in which may be seen splendid specimens of the peculiar plants of Mexico. On either side of the court a broad stone stairway leads to the upper story of the Museum, which is devoted to the natural history exhibit. The ground floor is occupied by the exhibit of antiquities. Here the visitor will find a wonderful collection of prehistoric remains. Among the most wonderful things to be seen are the names of the parties



commemorated. They are as massive as the monoliths and as dreadful to contemplate as the Sacrificial Stone. The Spaniards deserve a vote of thanks for bringing a new and musical set of names into this once distressed country.

It is not necessary for the visitor to pronounce any of these frightful names. For gods and goddesses alike he may use the universal name of "what's his name," and all will be well; they don't understand English.

The reader is already familiar with the so-called Aztec Calendar Stone (see page 153). He must now be made acquainted with the idol Huitzilopochtlih Mexitli. It is a two-faced, as well as a two-named, image in porphyry, nearly nine feet high. This represents the chief god of ancient Mexico. The Indio Triste (the sad Indian), of black basalt, three and one half feet high, was found (dead) in the street now named for him in 1828. This statue is one of the stone torch-bearers at the portal of some building. The Sacrificial Stone, a cylinder of porphyry, two and three quarters feet high, eight and one half feet in diameter and twenty-seven feet in circumference, was found near the south-west corner of the Cathedral in 1791. Its surface bears reliefs nearly an inch high. In the centre is a circular basin one and one half feet in diameter and six inches deep; around this are seven rings bearing signs similar to those on the Calendar Stone. Around the rim are thirty figures representing warriors holding men and women (supposed to be victims for sacrifice) by their hair. The date of the stone is 1484. Chac-Mool (god of fire) is represented by two figures. These were brought from Yucatan. They are interesting, but not pretty.



Space and patience forbid any further attempt to list the strange things which may be seen in the Museum of Antiquities. We must mention, however, a few of the principal objects of interest in other departments. Here are relics of Hidalgo, his standard, his cane, and his gun; the red damask standard of the conquerors, a portrait of Cortés, the helmet of Alvarado, the carriage and silver service of Maximilian. In the central gallery hangs a shield of Montezuma, which was sent by Cortés to the Emperor Charles V.; it was formerly in the Museums of Brussels and of Vienna, but in 1866 was presented to this Museum by Maximilian. The display of earthenware, of coins, of implements of warfare and of domestic use is rich and very interesting. One may spend many hours in this Museum very profitably. To see this exhibit is worth a trip to Mexico.

In the Art Gallery, called the Academy of San Carlos, there are a few paintings of superior merit. There are miles of canvas on which the masters of Europe, as well as of Mexico, have displayed their skill. Murillo, Rubens, Van Dyke, and Leonardo da Vinci are represented in the third gallery. The most notable paintings of Mexican artists are, "Xochitl and her Father Papantzin presenting the Toltec Prince Tecpancaltzin

with a new Drink" (pulque), by Obregon, and "Brother Bartolomé de las Casas as Protector of the Indians," by Parra. This last named, says Janvier, "in nobility of subject, grandeur and simplicity of treatment, and strong but subdued color, ranks as one of the great pictures of the world. Work such as this affords ample ground for faith in the future of Mexican art."

As the party left the Art Gallery, the Major said, "Now we will go and look at a picture that is vastly more beautiful than any we have seen, and thousands of years older than any of the antiques in the Museum."

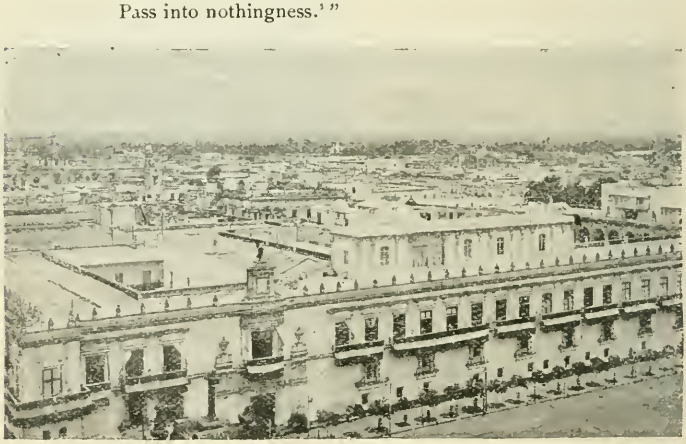
"What do you mean?" asked the Corporal.

"I mean the view of the Valley of Mexico from the towers of the Cathedral."

"The afternoon is the best time for that view, isn't it?" said the Captain.

"Yes, we'll go up now and stay till sunset. You will get the view of a lifetime, and it will last you for a lifetime. Keats must have recalled some such view when he wrote: —

> 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness.'"



XI.

"The monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rock, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Manfred.

"WE must go to Amecameca to-morrow morning," exclaimed the Major, laying down the paper which he had been reading.

"Why, to-morrow is Sunday," said the Corporal, in surprise.

"I know it, but we'll go along with the pilgrims. There is to be a *peregrinacion* to Sacro Monte."

"What is that?" the Captain asked.

"In English we call it a pilgrimage."

"Do they make pilgrimages in this country?"

"Yes, plenty of them, and they are interesting sights to visitors from our country. Pilgrimages have been more frequent than usual this year on account of the fear of cholera."

"What has that to do with a pilgrimage?" asked the Corporal.

"Everything; what is a pilgrimage for?"

"I am sure I don't know; tell us, please."

"It is a visit to some shrine for the purpose of returning thanks or of asking a special blessing. The people here are

alarmed at the prevalence of cholera in Europe, and many are going to Sacro Monte to-morrow to pray that Mexico may be protected from the pestilence. There have been several pilgrimages to Guadalupe for the same purpose, and there will be many more before the summer is past. I heard of two train loads of pilgrims on the Central to-day: one from Zacatecas and one from San Luis Potosi. You see that these people go a great way to visit their shrines."

"It certainly will be interesting to see one of these pilgrimages," said the Captain; "let us go by all means."

"Where is the Sacro Monte?" asked the Corporal.

"It is a hill about forty miles southeast of this city, at the base of the volcanoes. It rises boldly out of the surrounding plain at Amecameca, and affords the best possible view of the great mountains, — one of the great views of the world."

"There will be a crowd, of course," said the Corporal.

"I should like to see a Mexican crowd," said the Captain. "It must be a picturesque sight."

"They are a quiet and orderly people. You'll have an interesting day, I assure you. There are some interesting sights along the road, some in the village and vicinity, and the shrine itself is a curious thing. We pass over the lowest point in this valley, and go where you can almost put your hand on the base of the highest, the snow-capped Popocatepetl."

"We shall have a full day's work then, if we are to take account of a village, two volcanoes, a holy mountain, and a pilgrimage," said the Captain.

"Study up this evening so that you will know something about what you are looking at. You are to visit that 'highest moun-

tain in Mexico' that the schoolbooks tell us about. The name Popocatepetl signifies 'smoking mountain,' and Ixtaccihuatl means 'white woman.'"

The Corporal reported, a short time after, the result of his study as follows: The volcanoes are fifty miles southeast of the city of Mexico. Popocatepetl is 17,777 feet, and Ixtaccihuatl 17,071 feet in height. No trees grow above an elevation of 13,054 feet, no vegetation is found above 13,710 feet, and perpetual snow is found at a height of 14,104 feet.

"Do many people go up these mountains?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, quite a number every year. The ascent of Popocatepetl can be made safely and quite easily from Amecameca. There is a miners' camp and residence at an elevation of 12,772 feet, known as the 'Rancho de Tlamacas,' and it is just about as high above the village as the summit of Mt. Washington is above the Glen House in the White Mountains. The aspiring climber stays over night at this ranch, starts up Popocatepetl very early the next morning, reaches the crater and goes down into it four hundred to five hundred feet by bucket and windlass, up out of it by the same means, and returns to the ranch the same day. You see that is quite a day's work. The entrance to the crater is at a height of 17,260 feet, and one has to make *from the ranch* an ascent equal to that of Mt. Washington, more than half of it (3,600 feet) above the line of perpetual snow. The two peaks of the crater's rim are called 'Espinazo

POPOCATEPETL FROM SACRO MONTE.

del Diablo' (the Devil's Backbone) and 'Pico Mayor' (the Highest Point). Very few visitors reach that point."

"I should think that any one would be satisfied with an elevation of three and a half miles," said the Captain.

"Yes, so should I, but then you know the

> 'Youth who bore mid snow and ice
> The banner with the strange device.'"

"Oh, yes, and I know what happened to him."

"We might as well finish up the volcanoes while we are talking about them," added the Major. "We have seen them in miniature on the Alameda. The crater is oval in shape, about two thousand feet across one way and thirteen hundred feet the other way. It is very like a funnel; on its ragged walls are layers of lava and crystals of feldspar, and sulphur."

"It is not an active volcano now, is it?"

"Not very; the last eruption occurred in 1802; the volcano is just now taking a siesta, but all the time it is breathing out sulphur through a dozen nostrils, each from eight to ten inches in diameter."

"Is what's her name, the White Woman, a volcano too?"

"Probably it is, although her crown has not the common crater shape. There are several real glaciers on Ixtaccihuatl, and it is a very difficult thing to ascend that mountain."

"You spoke of a miners' ranch. What is mined on the mountain?"

"Sulphur; it is believed that Popocatepetl is a bonanza, for its sulphur is of superior quality."

"Then these mountains are good for something besides show," said the Corporal.

"Oh, yes indeed, Cortés found use for them in 1520; here he procured his supply of sulphur; and this was the great and only ice producer of this region until quite recently. Mexico, Puebla, and other cities obtained their ice from the *neveros* (or

MAGUEY FIELD.

snow gatherers) of Amecameca and other villages near the mountains. Another product is charcoal, which is the chief and almost the only fuel of this country. Many men and burros get their living by making and transporting it from the forests."

"A curious combination that of ice-house and sulphur mine," said the Captain.

The mine has been worked steadily since 1849; the product is about four tons a month. The great highway from the coast to

the capital passes now, as it did long before the time of Cortés, between the two volcanoes. By that road, a highway indeed, Spanish, French, and American invaders of this country have marched, and from those heights have descended on its capital.

"Shall we go with the pilgrims?" asked the Corporal.

"Of course," answered the Captain, "for we are pilgrims and strangers too. Let us go with the pilgrims, by all means."

"One object of our visit to Mexico," said the Major, "is to see the people as they are, in their homes, at their business, on their excursions of pleasure, at their devotions in church, at their amusements, and now we shall see thousands on a religious journey. We must go early to the station or we shall not find a seat. I'll leave orders to be called."

Up at five o'clock and off for San Lazaro station of the Interoceanic Railway. The train of seventeen coaches is packed twenty minutes before starting time, and sale of tickets is stopped, disappointing hundreds who had put off *hasta mañana* what they should have done *esta mañana*. The prudent ones all aboard and the careless ones all left till next time, the train with its twelve hundred pilgrims pulls out promptly. A few prayer-books are seen in use, but there is a good deal more of lunch than litany going on. All seem interested in the scenery; good order and good nature prevail, and all enjoy themselves as best they can.

On we go across the plain, Lake Texcoco on our left glistening like burnished silver, and soon arrive at the famous olive village Ayotla, on the northern shore of Lake Chalco. Did you ever see such big olive-trees! Then we arrive at La Compañia, where we might take a tram car to the quaint old, very old town of Chalco, dating back to 990, and where we do take on an extra locomotive for the ascent of the Sierra Nevada, which begins here. We are on historic ground all the way, for this is the region in which—

> "Cities arose, ruled, dwindled to decay,
> Empires were formed, then darkly swept away,
> Race followed race, like cloud shades o'er the field,
> The stranger still to stranger doomed to yield."

This village of Amecameca was founded by the Chichimecs in A. D. 647; the Toltecs drove them out in 713; the Aztecs subdued the Toltecs in 885; and Cortés, in 1520, made the

Aztecs subjects and slaves of Spain. How "like cloud shades o'er the field" have races come and gone!

On and up we go nearer to the snowy peaks which are in sight all the way, until we are so near that we can almost touch them, and the train stops at the station in Amecameca at the foot of the hill of pilgrimage, "Cerro del Sacromonte."

The boom of cannon and strains of music greet the pilgrims; the *cura* welcomes the leaders of the host. A procession is immediately formed and proceeds to the parish church, which is very gayly decorated for the great occasion. The celebration of a mass keeps the pilgrims in the church for an hour, after which they scatter in groups about the atrium, or in the large yard, for refreshments. Many repair to the plaza, where the natives are present in force with their merchandise of fruit, *tortillas*, *tamales*, *ensaladas*, etc., ready to supply the pilgrims with something substantial to assist them in making their journey to the shrine on Sacro Monte.

"Let us leave them," said the Major, "and make our pilgrimage ahead of the crowd; for when this great multitude gets there, we can see nothing but the multitude and the mountain. We want to see much more, so let's go now, taking a bite of history as we go."

Crossing the plaza the party passed under the arch on which stands a statue of Saint Simon Stilites, with a leg up, which he cannot get down.

"Simon says legs up," said the Corporal, as he gazed at the saint.

On the way to Sacro Monte is a tile in the wall of an abandoned chapel on which are some grateful words for the late lamented Emperor Yturbide. The ascent of the hill is made upon a broad stone-paved road, quite steep, leading to the shrine near the summit. This is the Via Crucis, having a little chapel at the foot, and the fourteen stations of the Cross along the way. Groups of pilgrims are already climbing the hill and kneeling at each station. It is said that very devout pilgrims make the entire journey over the rough stones on their knees.

Arriving at the shrine in the chapel, illuminated with many candles and already nearly filled with kneeling, praying worshippers, the party saw the object of veneration, a life-size image of the dead Christ. Some say that a pious monk placed this image here about 1527; others say that a mule bearing it strayed from a train which was carrying sacred things to Mexico, and was found in this cave; that the people of the town bought the image which had thus signified its wish to remain here, and placed it in a shrine in the cave. It is well authenticated that the image was here before 1550; and hence this has been a sacred mount for nearly three and a half centuries! The image, made of cork, weighing only two and one half pounds, is enclosed in a glass casket, from which it is removed but once a year, in Holy Week. On Ash Wednesday the image is brought down to the parish church, where it remains until the night of Good Friday, when it is taken to its shrine. In Holy Week occurs the great festival of the year. Thousands come to the fair which is then held in the town, and remain to take part in the great closing event of the week, the return of the image to Sacro Monte. Before its removal from the church the Indians perform a pas-

sion play in the vestibule. After darkness has settled on the town a procession is formed, and amid groans and prayers the faithful worshippers escort by torchlight the sacred relic to its resting place for another year.

"It must be an interesting scene," said the Captain.

"It must be, indeed. I wish we could be here on Good Friday night," added the Corporal.

"If we were we should not see a procession, for a recent law forbids religious processions."

"Well, how then can there be one to-day?"

"That will be different from the old one. It is not a 'procession' within the meaning of the law. It is only 'pilgrims marching along.' It will not have the sacred image with it, and perhaps the people are forgetting the law for the day. In 1886 there was no procession; a custom which had been observed religiously for more than three hundred years became a thing of the past in 1885."

"That seems too bad, doesn't it? What harm could it do?"

"I don't know, I am sure," replied the Major. "In some places, the capital, for instance, where party spirit runs high at times, processions might be the means of doing harm, and a law against them or any law must be enforced in the corners as well as at the centre of a country."

"Do you know the origin of these pilgrimages?"

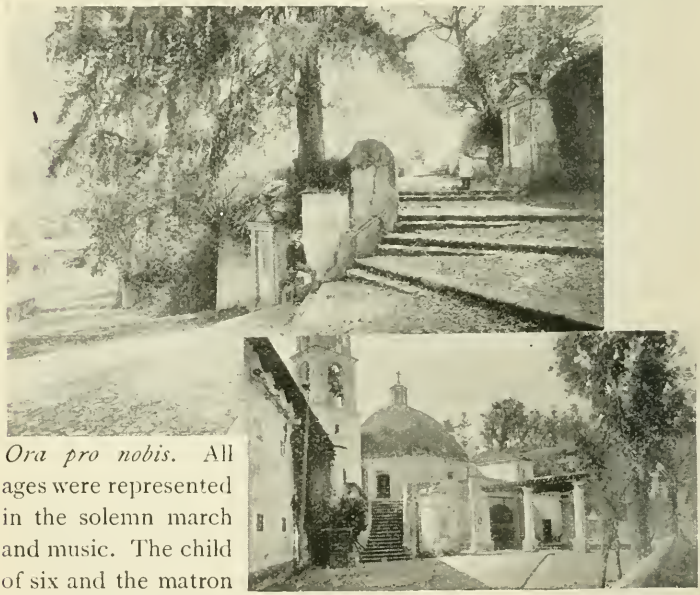
"No; the Spanish invaders found the natives given to them, and substituted new images for those of the Aztecs and of the other tribes whom they worked to convert. What a magnificent view this is!"

"Ah! there they come," exclaimed the Captain, pointing to the village. "They have left the plaza already, and will soon be on the Via Crucis. Let's get a seat where we can be a little above and close to them as they pass."

"That is a good idea," said the Major, "and let us study the faces of the pilgrims. We shall see whether they are devout or

indifferent, whether they have a meaning and interest in what they do or are simply doing this because they think they must do it."

The citizens had made rustic arches over the Via Crucis at several points. Near the chapel at the foot of the hill was a beautiful one made of leaves and *heno* or Spanish moss, and bearing the words, *Bien Venidos Sean* (Welcome). The procession soon passed under this, and began the ascent, the priests reciting the Litany of the Saints, and the pilgrims responding,



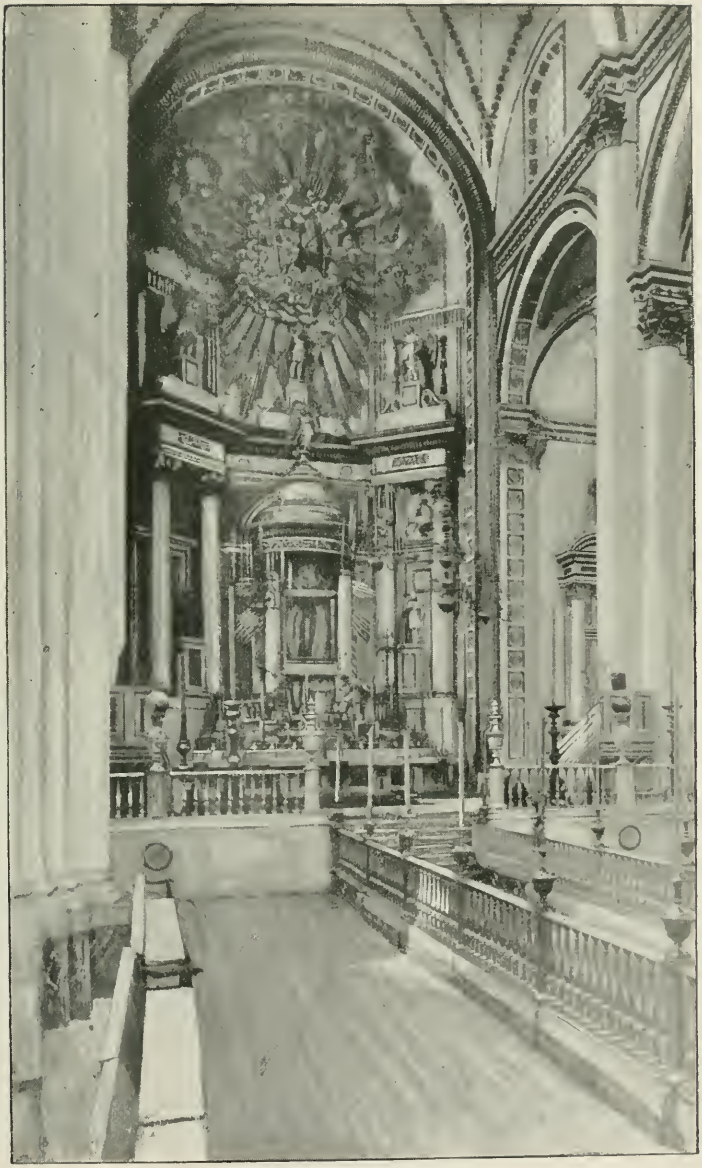
Ora pro nobis. All ages were represented in the solemn march and music. The child of six and the matron of sixty walked side by side bearing lighted candles, and taking an equal part in the service. Slowly the procession of pilgrims moved on and up, bearing various banners and emblems of devotion, to the sacred shrine. All along the way on either side of the procession were throngs of people, mostly residents of the village, but there were also many Indians from the mountain dis-

tricts. These, all with uncovered heads, moved with the solemn procession, apparently as intent on the business of the hour as the pilgrims themselves. They joined in the responses and in the chants. It was a devout multitude, inspired by the devotion of the pilgrims from Mexico. To all alike this was a sacred mount, and a looker on could hardly fail to think that these devotees were in their spirit like those of the olden time who climbed the holy hill of Zion to seek a blessing in the Temple.

The company arriving at the chapel, the priests celebrated a solemn mass in the chapel. The *cura* was the preacher of the day. He took for his text the words of the prodigal son, *Me levantaré e iré a mi padre* ("I will arise and go to my father"). The effect of his earnest and eloquent words was manifest in the faces of his hearers. Many were moved to tears. After the discourse, the multitude scattered about the hill in groups for refreshments; it was pleasing to see so many family groups. All the people seemed happy; they were not over-serious, but were free from levity and were remarkably quiet.

At two o'clock the pilgrims gathered again about the chapel, where there was a most happy surprise awaiting them at the hands of the cura. He granted them the greatest favor in his power, and one that nobody had dared to ask, namely, to touch and to kiss the sacred image. The cura and priests took the image from the casket and placed it on a bier prepared for it. Gentlemen begged the privilege of being bearers. The bier was placed in front of the sanctuary, and there it was permitted to as many as could reach it to touch and kiss the feet of the image. All could not do so, but hundreds gratified their holy desire. The time for departure approaching, the cura took the image in his arms and stepping upon a platform showed it to the multitude as a sign of blessing. This act deeply impressed everybody, and many were moved to tears and sobs.

The cura then dismissed the pilgrims with his benediction, and they left the shrine with every sign of satisfaction and happiness. It was a day of a lifetime to many, no doubt, and children's children will hear of this notable pilgrimage to Sacro Monte in August, 1892.

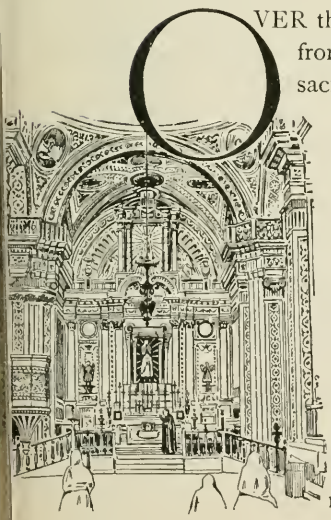


CHURCH OF GUADALUPE.

XII.

"They say miracles are past."
All's Well That Ends Well.

"The great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."
In Memoriam.



OVER the northern causeway devout pilgrims from Tenochtitlan, in 892, went to the sacred hill Tepeyacac; over nearly the same ground to the same place, now known as Guadalupe, do pilgrims and strangers make their journey in 1892. On this hill there was, a thousand years ago, a sanctuary dedicated to the deity called sometimes "Mother of the Gods," sometimes "Goddess of Corn," and sometimes "The Fruit-bearer." The Spaniards destroyed the sanctuary and also the causeway, but the natives continued to worship their images there. The devoted missionaries lamented this, and in due time, here, as at Querétaro, they substituted a new object of worship for the old; "in the place of the heathen Mother of

Gods was put the Christian God-mother." A Spanish historian tells the miraculous tale of how the change was accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned.

On Dec. 9, 1531, Saturday, an Indian, Juan Diego by name, when going to mass heard the angels singing as he passed this hill. A glorious Lady called him and told him to go to the bishop and say that she wished to have a temple built where she was standing. Juan delivered the message, but the bishop desired further evidence of the truth of the Indian's story. Juan returned to the hill and reported what the bishop said. The Lady told the Indian to come again. He came the next day, Sunday, the 10th, and a second time she sent him with the same message to the bishop, who told Juan to bring some voucher from the Lady. Juan reported again, and the Lady told him to come to her the next day, and she would give him all the proof he needed to convince the bishop. When Juan arrived home he found there his uncle very sick; he gave his whole attention to him and did not return to the Lady the next day. The sick man grew worse, and Juan started on the morning of the 12th to call a priest, and he tried to avoid another meeting with the Lady by going to town by a path on the other side of the hill. But he did not escape. The Lady stopped him. He said he was in a hurry, going for a confessor for his dying uncle. She told him that he need not worry about his uncle, for he had recovered his health, and then she commanded him to gather the flowers at his feet. Lo! there were flowers on the barren spot where nothing green had ever grown before. "Take these flowers to the bishop," she said, "they are the sign of my divinity." Juan took the flowers in his *tilma* (or blanket) and carried them to the bishop's house. When he opened the blanket to show the flowers, behold there appeared on it a beautifully painted image of the Virgin! What further sign could the bishop ask? Verily this was the Virgin, the Holy Mary, and she it was who wished to have a chapel built at the

hill where the Mother of the Gods had been worshipped! If the bishop was convinced, what of the Indian? The singing of angels, the vision and the voice of the Lady, the flowers blooming on a rock, and the image on his *tilma!* (was ever Indian blanket or canvas of artist so glorified?) and his uncle restored to health! Could an Indian resist such overwhelming evidences? Verily this is a true divinity, and henceforth she shall be worshipped at Tepeyacac. The bishop kept the *tilma* of Juan Diego, on which was the miraculous painting, in his oratory till he had built a chapel for the Lady, and then he placed the holy image there February 7, 1533.

"A remarkable story," said the Captain, "but why the name Guadalupe?"

"Ah, the bishop saw that the painting was a copy of the sacred image of Señora de Guadalupe, the Virgin of a village in Spain, famous in church annals."

"And was the Indian converted?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes; he and his wife and his uncle, all three, and, of course, in time everybody worshipped here the new divinity."

"What and where is this painting or image now?" asked the Captain.

"We are on our way to see it. It is a painting on a coarse canvas, about six feet long and three feet wide. Whether it is an oil painting or a water color cannot be determined. Artists who have examined it differ in their beliefs as to the method of making the picture."

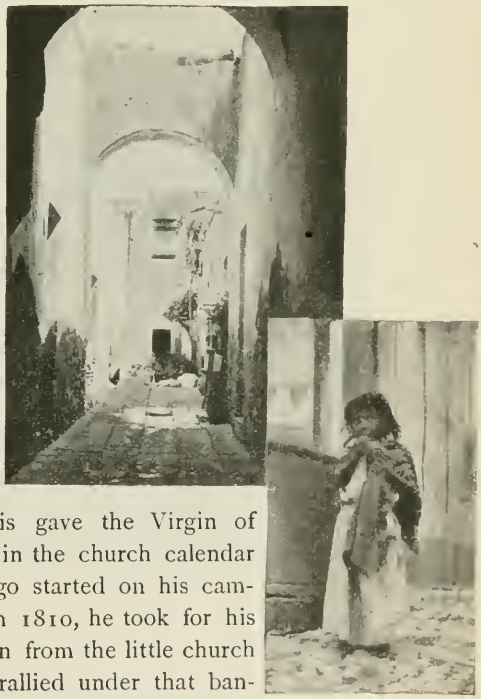
"Can we see it?" asked the Corporal.

"Certainly; it is in a frame of gold and silver inside a glass case, which is placed in the tabernacle of the big church at the foot of the hill, called the church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. This church took the place of the little chapel which the bishop built. Well, here we are at the end of the track, and in front of the church. We will go and see the *tilma* and its magnificent residence, and then visit two or three other points of interest here. This is an important place for a little one."

"Why, this is a magnificent cathedral!" said the Captain, when they had entered it. "I think it is finer than the great one in the city."

"It shows better having so fine a light, and the white and gold finishing makes it very attractive to the eye."

"There is the *tilma*," said the Major, pointing to the beautiful tabernacle of Carrara marble. "Look at it carefully, for that picture is no more notable in the church than it is in the political history of Mexico. You may see here how an institution grows with time. The story of the appearance being believed, this Virgin soon became the object of the greatest veneration, most of all to the Indians, who on every 12th of December, for over three hundred and fifty years, have come by the thousands to this shrine to worship. A hundred years after its establishment the pope granted that that day should be forever, in the church calendar, the festival of the Virgin of Mexico. A hundred years later still the clergy and people solemnly chose her as the patroness and protector of the country. In 1754, the pope confirmed the people's choice, and this gave the Virgin of Guadalupe the highest place in the church calendar in New Spain. When Hidalgo started on his campaign against the Royalists in 1810, he took for his banner a picture of this Virgin from the little church at Atotonilco. The patriots rallied under that banner, and so the Virgin became the patroness of independence. She was now regarded as peculiarly the champion of Mexico against Spain, and when independence was gained she was accorded all possible devotion for her divine assistance. She became now to the new nation the savior of Mexico. Congress, among its first acts, made the festival of Dec. 12 a national holi-



day. Emperor Yturbide created, as highest decoration of his court, the Order of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The first President of the Republic changed his name to Guadalupe Victoria. The Emperor Maximilian and several of the Presidents have made official pilgrimages to this shrine. From this you can see how it is that this has come to be 'the holiest shrine in Mexico.'"

Passing out of the church and through the market place, the party now went to the "chapel of the little well" (Capilla del Pocito). This is a small but handsome building with an enamelled tile roof which makes it an important feature of the view from the hill above. In the vestibule of the chapel is a spring greatly venerated by the Indians, for they believe that this spring was created by the pressure of the Virgin's foot as she emphasized her message to the bishop. There is an iron railing and a covering protecting the spring, but the chained bucket is in constant use by residents and visitors in drawing water, much of which is taken to distant parts. Many American visitors take or send home some of it. The chapel is well lighted and has, therefore, a cheerful appearance. An image of Juan Diego supports the beautiful carved pulpit, and fair pictures adorn the walls and dome.

The ascent to the "chapel of the little hill" (Capilla del Cerrito) begins near the door of this "chapel of the little well." A long flight of stone steps leads to the summit on which the chapel stands, on the spot where the Indian gathered the flowers.

As the party approached the top, the Corporal exclaimed, "What in the world is that? a ship up here on the hill?"

"It does look like it, doesn't it?"

"It really does," said the Captain. "I saw that from below and wondered at it, but forgot to ask about it. From a distance it looks exactly like the mast of a ship with sails set."

"That is what it is intended to represent," said the Major. "It is a *voto*, if you please. This huge mass of stone means

just what the little splinter crosses in the cave and the crutches in the chapel mean. Somebody has been saved, and these are memorials of gratitude to the Virgin for deliverance. The story of this stone sail is that some sailors who were threatened with shipwreck prayed to this Virgin for preservation, and promised to bring the mast of their ship and set it up as evidence of her power and of their gratitude, if she would give them safe passage. They reached the land, and here is their memorial."

"Well, that is certainly a curious thing," said the Corporal.

"I don't believe there is anything like it anywhere else," said the Captain. "I have never heard of such a monument."

IN THE GROTTO.

The chapel on the hill is not a very attractive building without or within, but of course every one must visit it. The view from the platform in front of it is charming. It includes, besides the village at the foot of the hill, a look over the city of Mexico, the Lake of Texcoco, and the valley beyond, ending, as every outlook from any eminence hereabout must end, in the snow-capped summits of the volcanoes. It is one of the notable views of the Valley of Mexico.

"What are these women selling?" asked the Corporal, as the party came down the steps from the chapel.

"*Quesadillas*, try some of them; they are good. They are little tortillas, Indian corn sweet cakes. We shall come across some mud sellers pretty soon, and you can try their *jabon*."

"Mud sellers! What do you mean?"

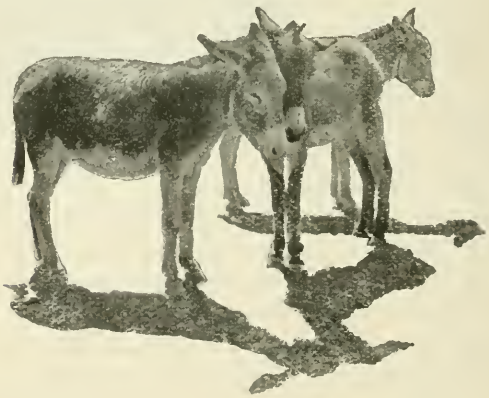
"I mean exactly that. Not only is the water of the little well considered holy, but the earth about it is believed to have wonderful healing power. The natives eat it, and, of course, somebody will make what anybody will buy; hence you can get, if you wish, little cakes of *tierrita*."

"Not any for me, thanks, but these sweet cakes are fine."

After visiting the little cave or grotto on the west side of the hill, where is a curious display of broken glass and china in mosaics, the party took a stroll through the pretty park in the plaza, went to the old convent near the chapel of the well, took a peep into the windowless stone cells where the Capuchin nuns used to sleep on benches of stone, and returned to the city, where they visited some schools.

On the way the Corporal said, "We shall be too late, I am afraid. It is now nearly four o'clock."

"Time enough," said the Major. "The schools here are in session until dark."

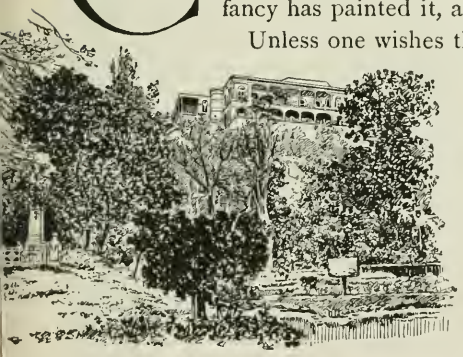


XIII.

"Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."
Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington.

"CHAPULTEPEC to-day!" exclaimed the Captain. "I expect a treat."

"You will not be disappointed. It is all your fancy has painted it, and more," said the Major.



Unless one wishes the ride through the Paseo, no carriage is needed for the trip to Chapultepec, as the Tacubaya and San Angel street cars pass one of the entrances to the park, and the visitor should walk rather than ride through the grove of cypresses if he wishes to get the finest views. Afternoon is the best time to go to the hill, but the view from it is lovely at any time. The park is open daily between 5 A. M. and 7 P. M., but a permit is necessary for admittance to the castle. This permit may be obtained at the office of the "Governor of the Palace" in the National Palace. Chapultepec (the hill of the grasshopper) is a bold projection of porphyry, rising about two hundred feet above the valley. It was once an island in Lake Texcoco, but is fully four miles from the present shore. The Aztecs, who gave it the name which it now bears, occupied it in

1279, were driven from it by a neighboring tribe, but later regained it and built a temple on its summit. Some of the princes had their effigies carved on the rocks; a part of one can still be seen on the eastern base of the hill. On the south side is a large spring which is the water supply of part of the city. On the north side near the driveway to the castle is a large cave, which was the sanctuary of Malintzin, the spirit of the murmuring spring. The cave is said to be connected with the castle by a passage. The driveway winds round the western

end of the hill and terminates on the south side at the entrance to the castle grounds. There is the West Point of Mexico, the National Military School.

"This is the pride of young Mexico I suppose," said the Captain, as he saw some of the handsome and handsomely uniformed cadets.

"Yes, and the pride of the whole nation. There are about three hundred young soldiers here."

"A lot of fine fellows in a fine place," added the Corporal.

"Yes, and they are ready to fight at any moment in defence of their country, as were their predecessors in 1847. At the foot of the hill is a beautiful memorial to the cadets who fell in battle at the storming of Chapultepec. The students make the anniversary of the battle a memorial day, and the President places a wreath on the monument. The cadets and the nation are justly proud of the record of its young soldiers."

"Has Mexico much of an army?" asked the Captain.

"About thirty thousand men and about three thousand officers, all told. It includes thirty battalions of infantry, fourteen regiments of cavalry, four battalions of artillery, and other organizations, the most notable of which is the corps of gendarmes, known as the 'Rurales.' This is the finest body of horsemen in the world. It consists of about two thousand men, the best riders in Mexico, and on the annual display of troops at the celebration of independence the 'Rurales' are the chief

attraction of the parade. They are handsomely mounted on spirited horses and wear a tawny leather suit with the tall gray felt sombrero, both properly ornamented with silver. There is nothing like the 'Rurales' outside of Mexico. Besides the active army there are about one hundred thousand reserves ready for an emergency, which, let us hope, will not occur soon."

"What about the navy?" asked the Corporal.

"The Mexican navy is not formidable, my boy, for the whole fleet comprises only six vessels: four of these are small gunboats and two are unarmored vessels of four hundred and fifty tons and six hundred horse-power. It may interest you to know, however, that the army and navy of Mexico cost about twelve million dollars a year, nearly one third of the total revenue of the government."

"Beautiful front, this is really a palace," exclaimed the Corporal. "What is that firing on the left? Is some one storming Chapultepec?"

"Oh, that is target practice, I presume! What a splendid parade ground! Yes, this is really a palace, dating from 1785."

"Where does the President live?" asked the Captain.

"The eastern end of the castle is his residence part of the year. Isn't this a magnificent establishment?

"Can we get into the big White House?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes, we have a pass, and we were lucky to get it. Very often visitors can get no farther than the gate, because of repairs. It seems as if they were making repairs here three fourths of the time."

"Well this is beautiful and no mistake!" exclaimed the Captain, as the party went through the arcade and the garden, past the fountain out to the north terrace.

"This modern work is due to Maximilian," said the Major. "Notice the Pompeiian style. What beautiful marble! This is fine enough for a king! What a royal retreat! It has been a home of rulers for more than six hundred years."

" Please tell us something about the President."

" Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca in 1830. His ancestors were Spaniards, who came to Mexico in 1521. The grandfather of his mother married an Indian woman, and thus he represents in his person to some degree the Spanish and the Indian races. His father died in 1833, leaving his mother with five children and very little property. The boy was trained for the church; he was a student for five years in the seminary, and graduated from it at the age of nineteen. He did not, however, take orders, but, to the great grief of the bishop and the greater sorrow of his mother, he decided to become a lawyer rather than a priest. When a student in the seminary he and his mates had volunteered in 1847, and asked to be sent to the front to fight the invading foe under Gen. Scott. In the disturbed times between 1849 and 1859 he was frequently in battle, and attained to the rank of colonel. He was sent to Congress in 1860, but left for the field again, where he was first victor and then prisoner, now captive and then conqueror, in the next two or three years; but finally gained lasting renown and the highest rank in the army by the capture of Puebla and the French army in 1867. The French were driven from Mexico, and Juarez resumed his office in the capital as a result of this great victory. Gen. Diaz resigned his command, returned to Oaxaca, married Sra. Delfina Ortega y Reyes, and spent some time in retirement at his Hacienda La Noria. He was again elected to Congress from Oaxaca.

" When Juarez died in 1872, Lerdo was elected President, but Gen. Diaz became the leader of the opposition to Lerdo, and after a series of romantic and remarkable experiences, drove Lerdo from power and became President in 1877. His first term ended in 1880, during which year he lost his wife. Gen. Gonzalez was President from 1880–84, when Gen. Diaz was re-elected, and has been President ever since that time, having been re-elected in 1892 for another term of four years. He married in

1882 his present wife, Carmen Romero Rubio, daughter of the Secretary of the Interior in his Cabinet. She is the pet of the people and the pride of Mexico as well as of the President.

"Gen. Diaz is a wise ruler and a patriot, whose ambition is to serve his country well. Mexico has been regenerated and reinstated among the nations of the earth under his sagacious and firm leadership. His administration has been and is remarkable for its energy and honesty. He well deserves the honors which his people have so repeatedly awarded him. Mexico seems to believe, with Robert Browning, that 'He who did well in war earned the right to begin (and continue) doing well in peace.' Long live President Diaz!"

"He has a fine record," said the Captain. "I don't wonder the people want to keep him in charge of the country."

"Take in this view, boys. I will point out some of the places that we can see. Away in the northeast is the sacred hill of Guadalupe, with its little chapel on the summit. There is the long aqueduct. How they build things to stay in this country! Those nine hundred arches were put up in 1607, and there they are yet."

"Isn't there another aqueduct on the other side of the castle?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, that conveys the water from the great spring just at the foot of this hill. It was completed in 1779 by that best of all the viceroys, Bucareli, whose tomb we saw at Guadalupe. If all the viceroys had been like him, Mexico would never have had any reason to rebel against Spanish rule."

"These two aqueducts can't supply the city, can they?" said the Corporal.

"No, not wholly. There are hundreds of artesian wells besides, and Mexico has good water. Yonder is Tacuba, where the Spaniards made a halt on the Noche Triste. Just north are the two very old places, Atzcapatzalco and Tlalnepantla, once famous seats of royal power."

Crossing now to the south terrace, the Major continued,—

"What a view this is; see the chain of little towns along the foot-hills; this one nearest us is Tacubaya, sometimes called the city of the martyrs; the martyrs being certain parties who lost their heads for taking the wrong side in politics. It is now a favorite place of summer residence for the wealthy families of Mexico."

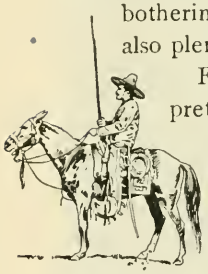
"I see," said the Captain, "that one guide-book says, 'Tacubaya is known as the city of political martyrs, of gardens, and of gambling places.'"

"That is a variety of attractions, isn't it? The martyrs are represented by a small monument; the gardens are mostly hidden behind thick and high walls, and the gambling places are open to the public, but we don't want anything in that line, do we?"

To the right you see on the summit of the hill the walls of the Panteon de Dolores, the largest cemetery in Mexico. It

belongs to the Federal District, comprises nearly two hundred and fifty acres, and is divided into six parts, in each of which the price of lots varies. The highest priced lots are those near the space reserved for distinguished men, the "Rotunda de los Hombres Ilustres." Some illustrious men are buried there, among them two Presidents, Arista and Lerdo. The grounds are amply shaded by pines, cedars, and eucalyptus trees. The cemetery was opened in 1875, and since that time more than one hundred thousand interments have been made there.

Beyond Tacubaya south is a region given to gardening. You can see Mixcoac, the first village, and just west of it is La Casteñada, a public garden and pleasure resort. Here they have mimic bull fights sometimes, no killing, but a good deal of bothering of the animal, plenty of pulque and mescal, and also plenty of gambling.



Farther south, and eight miles from the city, is the pretty village of San Angel on the side of the hills. Orchards abound there; for that is the region which supplies the city with most of its apples, peaches, apricots, and pears, and also its strawberries. The flower market, too, gets a large part of its supply from San Angel and vicinity.

"What is that place away beyond San Angel a little east?" asked the Captain; "I see a train going down the valley towards it."

"That is Tlalpam, eleven miles from Mexico. It was once the capital of the state of Mexico."

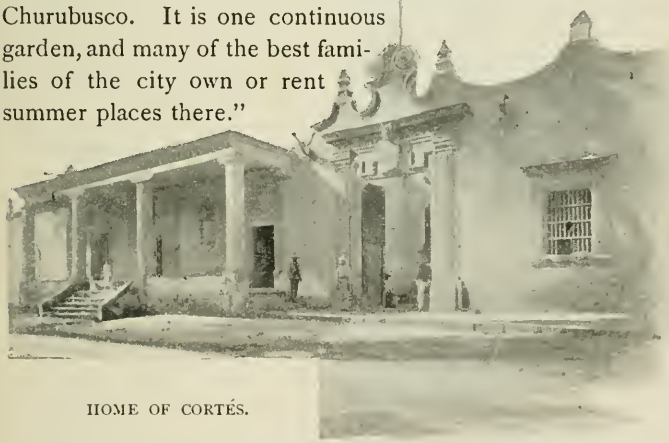
"What is the capital of the state now?"

"The city of Toluca, over the mountains west of us. You see a village exactly in line between us and Tlalpam, east of San Angel? That is Coyoacan, and right close to it is Churubusco. You see that great hacienda building near the church? We will go down that way, taking two or three days for excursions about

IN TROPICAL MEXICO.

that part of the valley, but I'll tell you something about it while we are looking it over from this hill.

"Cortés lived at Coyoacan. All this section that we are looking at belonged to him once. You know Emperor Charles V. made him Marquis del Valle de Oaxaca, but Cortés took in a good share of the Valley of Mexico. Coyoacan is older than the city of Mexico, and was the seat of government for some time. The Marquis got rid of his wife there by drowning her in a well. Part of his palace is still used by the village government. It occupies the north side of the plaza. No section of the valley is so attractive as this between San Angel and Churubusco. It is one continuous garden, and many of the best families of the city own or rent summer places there."



HOME OF CORTÉS.

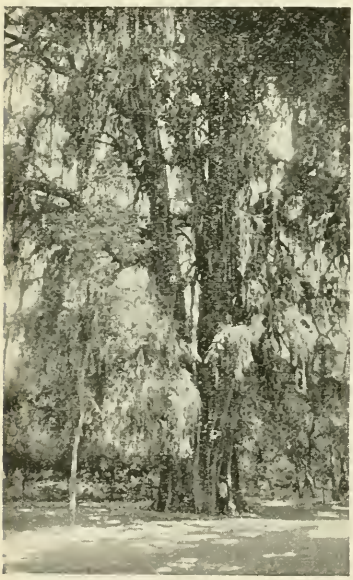
"What is that solitary hill away to our left, east of Coyoacan? It is a little beauty."

"That, my boy, is the hill which you enjoyed so much the day we went to Ixtapalapa; that is the 'Hill of the Star.' You know I told you that Cuauhtemoc was living there when Cortés came, but I don't think I told you that he was an exile there. Montezuma, his uncle, banished him for political reasons. The prince wished to drive out the Spaniards, but Montezuma seems to have been the victim of superstition, and feared that he

would offend the gods by opposing the white visitors. At last Montezuma was deposed and Cuauhtemoc attempted to save the empire, but it was too late. Cuauhtemoc was, like Cato, —

> "A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
> And greatly falling with a falling state."

It was at Coyoacan that Cortés tortured and killed 'the tzin,' and his companion whose name appears on the beautiful monument in the Paseo. You can see the lava bed just south



of Coyoacan," continued the Major; "it is called the *Pedregal* (the stony place). By some convulsion the lava has been projected at that point into the valley; it is said that pieces of pottery and also human bones have been found enclosed in the lava. The basaltic blocks from which the Calendar Stone and the Sacrificial Stone are hewn came from this locality. It is an interesting point to visit."

"Great view this from the south terrace," said the Corporal. "It is prettier than that from the north side."

"Perhaps it is," replied the Major, "but we have looked at distant things so much that we have almost forgotten the things close by. Look at these great trees. They are among the wonders of Mexico; they are what we call the cypress tree. The Indian name, however, is *Ahuehuete*, or Sabino; it grows very large, as you see. There is an immense one in this grove called Montezuma's tree; it is a

double growth, a kind of twin tree. Humboldt tells of one that he measured in 1804; it was one hundred and seventy feet in circumference. The moss and the orchids which are often seen upon these trees give them a strangely beautiful appearance. At the foot of this stairway there is a little zoölogical garden which we will look into; Montezuma's spring and the monument of the cadets are near by."

"And is there still another view to get from Chapultepec?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes, the best one of all. You haven't seen the city of Mexico yet, have you? nor the volcanoes I believe, nor the lakes? We take in nearly all we have already seen, and those crowning beauties besides, from the eastern terrace."

And so the boys found it. At the foot of the precipitous hill, on the brow of which the eastern end of the palace stands, and immediately in front, the grand Paseo commences. On either side at some little distance are two *calzadas*, or driveways, marked, like the Paseo, by continuous avenues of trees; on the north the Calzada de la Veronica, with the ancient aqueduct of Santa Fé; on the south the Calzada de Chapultepec, with the great aqueduct from the water works just below the castle. Yonder is the gray city, gleaming in the afternoon sunlight. The Alameda and the Plaza Mayor look like little meadows in the distance, and the great Cathedral towers stand out against the background of lake and mountain like sentinels on guard. Above the valley the snow-covered peaks pierce the sky, and dominate the landscape.

"This is a wonderful sight!" said the Captain.

"If I had seen nothing but this," added the Corporal, "I should say it is worth a trip from Boston to see."

"It certainly is. I think you will agree that Bayard Taylor, who had looked upon most of the wonderful sights of three continents, was about right when he said that this is 'one of the loveliest scenes in the civilized world.'"

XIV.

"Oh, the pleasure travel brings!"
Jean de Paris.

"Survey our empire, and behold our home,
These are our realms, no limit to their sway."
The Corsair.

JOURNEYS to more distant places must now be made, and we will indicate briefly a few of those which no visitor to Mexico should omit. On the National Railway, two points especially demand attention, Lake Patzcuaro and Toluca. The lake is two hundred and twenty-five miles from the city of Mexico, but is worth going to see. Toluca is only forty-six miles away, and the excursion to this pretty city, the capital of the state of Mexico, requires but one day. The scenery along the way is as fine as any in Mexico. The passenger over the Sierra de las Cruces reaches an elevation of ten thousand five hundred and fifty-one feet on the continental divide.

Puebla must, of course, be visited. The Interoceanic Railway reaches the city by way of Texcoco, a pretty village which stands on the site of the royal residence of Prince Netzahualcoyotl, the Aztec Pericles whose capital has been aptly named "the Athens of America." At Texcoco the "fleet" of Cortés was launched, and here the bones of the conqueror rested for seventy years. Ruins of palaces, temples, and aqueducts are

encountered here, and the vicinity is a paradise for the antiquarian.

Puebla is a charming city of eighty thousand population. It has one of the finest cathedrals in Mexico, and no other town can present such splendid views as are here offered by the Hill of Guadalupe, which is itself historic ground. Here occurred the famous repulse of the French by Gen. Zaragoza in 1862, and the more famous battle of 1867, in which Gen. Diaz captured a French army and sealed the doom of Maximilian.

Eight miles west of Puebla is the wonderful pyramid of Cholula, on which stood the temple of Quetzalcoatl, "God of the Air." This was an Indian Mecca when the Spaniard came to the "world wrongly called the New."

About twenty miles north of Puebla is Tlaxcala, in the valley of the Atoyac, capital of the Rhode Island of Mexico, the state of Tlaxcala. In the City Hall are portraits of the four chiefs who assisted Cortés in his campaign of conquest, also the robes in which they were baptized and the standard which was given to them by Cortés. In the chapel of the church of San Francisco (founded in 1521) on a pulpit is the interesting inscription, "Aqui tubo principio el Santo Evangelio en este nuevo mundo" (Here the Holy Gospel had a beginning in the New World). A mile from the town is the famous shrine

of "Our Lady of Ocotlan," where some very remarkable carving by an Indian sculptor may be seen. At Tlaxcala were built the boats which were launched at Texcoco, and which were an important factor in the conquest of Mexico.

Pyramids more remarkable than the one at Cholula may be seen at San Juan Teotihuacan, on the Mexican Railway, about thirty miles northwest of the city of Mexico. A day's excursion will enable one to visit the Pyramids of the Sun and of the Moon, and also to get a glimpse of the most important enterprise of modern times in the country, the Tequizquiac tunnel

PYRAMIDS AND STREET OF THE DEAD.

for drainage of the valley. Many of the relics of the olden time in the National Museum came from the region about Teotihuacan.

Jalapa is well worth a visit. It was an old town before the conquest, and, until Puebla was built, the only place of note between the coast and the capital. Here was held the great annual fair for the sale of the goods brought by the Spanish fleet. Jalapa is a rare old place on the mountain-side, from which one of the finest views of Orizaba can be obtained. The

scenery along the line of the Interoceanic road to Jalapa is very fine, as is that also between Jalapa and Vera Cruz.

Coatepec, a little village six miles away, at the base of Orizaba, apparently, is reached by tramway from Jalapa. Both the town and the road "must be seen to be appreciated"; they are

unique. Coatepec is noted for its fine coffee, its delicious oranges, pineapples, and bananas. The visitor sees at a glance the most beautiful tropical verdure, and the mountain peak forever white with snow.

Another novel excursion can be taken from Jalapa to Tejeria, seventy miles away, over the longest tramway in the world, that which connects the city with the Vera Cruz Railroad. It is better, however, for the tourist to go only to Rinconada, forty miles by tramway, and returning to Jalapa, make his journey to Vera Cruz over the Interoceanic road. The mules gayly gallop ten miles an hour, and the journey is a delightful one. Of all the excursions I have made in Mexico, I enjoyed none more than that from Jalapa to Rinconada and return. Bill Nye's senatorial mules "Eyether

and Neyether, Peter and Repeater," are no more worthy of praise than the little animals that ply between Jalapa and Tejeria. The road runs through beautiful scenery over the old highway from the coast which, historically, is one of the famous highways of the world.

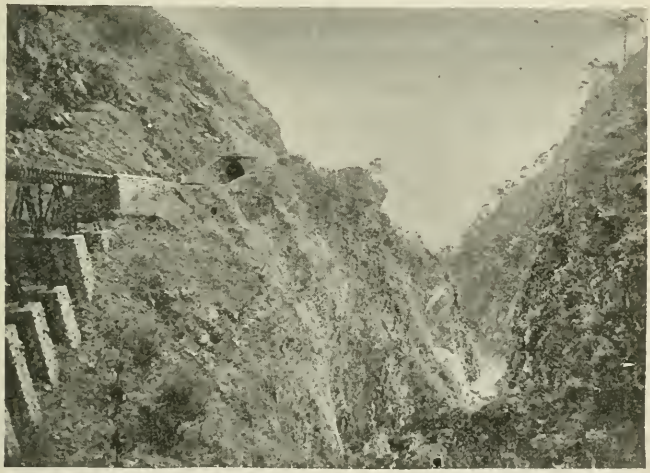
Vera Cruz, or Villa rica de la Santa Vera Cruz, as Cortés named it, is just where he founded it in 1519, but it has been moved three times. A royal order in 1600 restored it to its original site. It is a city of about 12,000 population; it has a charming plaza, and a luxuriant Alameda, which are thronged at certain hours. Excursions by boat (weather permitting) may be made to the fortress San Juan de Ulua. The parish church, the lighthouse "Benito Juarez," which is the tower of San Francisco church, and the buzzards attract the attention of visitors.

The *zopilotes*, or vultures, or buzzards, are the scavengers of the municipality, and a more efficient street-cleaning department cannot be found in any city.

Between Vera Cruz and Esperanza on the Mexican Railway is some of the finest scenery in the world. The plain for forty miles offers nothing attractive except the view of Orizaba in the distance. Above Paso del Macho we meet picturesque scenery where brilliant orchids illuminate the trees festooned with moss, and where the landscape is variegated by fields of bright green sugar-cane and by groves of dark green coffee plants. Following up the Atoyac, we cross massive bridges and wind round cañons luxuriant in tropical vegetation; banana gardens and orange orchards abound. At Córdoba, sixty miles from the gulf, we reach the spot where the finest fruit of Mexico is offered us at the station; baskets of guavas, *pinas* (pineapples), bananas, oranges, pomegranates, and chirimoyas, "the fruit of the angels." Next we go through and across the wonderful Metlac cañon on a marvellous iron bridge three hundred and fifty feet long and ninety-two feet above the stream. This bridge is built upon a curve of three hundred and twenty-five feet radius, and

the grade of the road on the bridge is three per cent. At an elevation of four thousand feet we come to Orizaba, a favorite summer and winter resort, noted for its fine climate and beautiful scenery. The name signifies "joy in the water," and the numerous cascades hereabout show that it is a descriptive and appropriate name.

Leaving Orizaba we run up the Rio Blanco, and crossing several small streams, and passing through several tunnels, come to one of the most remarkable points on this or on any railway line, the Barranca del Infernillo (the Ravine of the Little



Hell). Along the very edge of this gorge the track runs for some distance, and from the car window the passenger can see the foaming water rushing in its self-hewn canal, fully six hundred feet below him. This cañon affords a passageway to the beautiful valley of La Joya (The Jewel), where reposes the pretty village of Maltrata, which, like its larger sister, Orizaba, revels in red-tiled roofs. From the station at Maltrata, look across the valley and far up on the mountain-side! See that trail of white

along the slope! that is the rock face on the upper side of our road. Soon we shall be away up there looking down on this little village and this lovely valley; we shall have a veritable bird's-eye view of Maltrata as we soar above it fully two thousand feet. The train now climbs by long detours, by sharp grades and many curves, and in a short time we are on the heights overlooking the village and the valley. What a view! Wonderful achievement of man to carry a line of railway up such steeps and over such yawning chasms.

"If anything in Mexico is worth going to see, this is the thing," exclaimed the Captain, as they looked down on the valley and the village of Maltrata. "I think that if I could make but one excursion from the city of Mexico, that one should be the trip to Paso del Macho and return."

"You would make no mistake in that choice," said the Major.

XV.

"I am sure care 's an enemy to life."
Twelfth Night.

"Poco a poco se va lejos."
Proverb.

RAPIDLY the time allotted for the summer excursion passed, and the party began their return trip. They had now visited the chief cities and towns in the Republic, with the exception of Pachuca, Gaudalajara, Gaunajuato, San Luis Potosi, and Tampico. Gaudalajara and Guanajuato are reached only by the Mexican Central Railway. The Pachuca branch leaves the main line at Tula.

Pachuca has an elevation of eight thousand feet, and lies in a basin around which rise lofty mountains noted for their veins of silver. The Aztecs mined here and the Spaniards began work on the veins in 1520. In Cerro San Juan, north of the city, is the deepest shaft in Mexico, 1,645 feet. The streets of the town are narrow and steep. One of the sights is the transportation of ore from the mines to the reduction works or to trains for shipment. It is not a pleasant sight, however, for one cannot but feel sorry for the poor animals. Between the work of pulling great loads up sharp grades, and the pounding by the drivers, they must suffer all that it is possible for mules to endure.

There are a few fine buildings in the town, but they are not worth going to see. Even the

churches have an appearance of being neglected, and the old missionary college has become a school of mining. From Pachuca several interesting excursions may be made amid beautiful and bold scenery. The cañon of Regla, a basaltic formation, is one of the wonders of Mexico, but the average tourist will be satisfied with a trip to Real del Monte, which can be made in a carriage. A pass from the administrador is necessary if the visitor wishes to see the equipment of the mines of the Real del Monte Company.

As they were going to get their pass, the party saw from a bridge, men, women, and children wading and working in a muddy stream with pans, and scooping something from the bed of the stream.

"What are they looking for?" asked the Captain.

"Quicksilver, and that means silver too. This water comes through a patio above, and brings with it some bits of the amalgam from the reduction works. These poor people can sometimes find a few centavos' worth of silver in their pans."

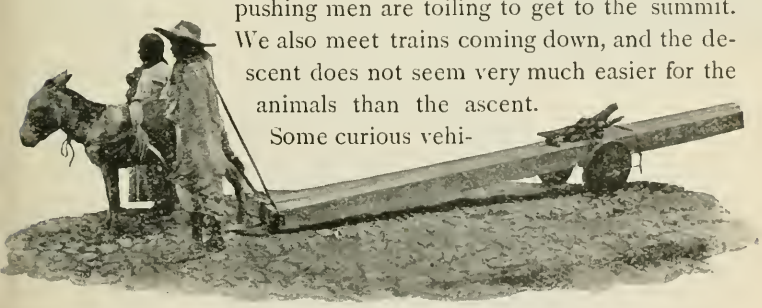
"That patio isn't like those we have seen, I suppose," said the Captain.

"Not exactly, not a garden-like affair; a patio is, literally, an enclosure; this is a level floor enclosed for the treatment of ore. The ores are pulverized, spread on a stone floor, and mixed with water, salt, and quicksilver. In this rich mud mules are made to walk to and fro, and men are set to work with sticks and shovels, for the purpose of thoroughly mixing the mass. This method of extracting silver, which is generally in use in Mexico, is called 'the patio process'; it was invented here in Pachuca by Medina in 1557. We will visit the Loreto amalgamating works and see the curious operation; it seems to be a wasteful process and a cruel business both for men and mules."

Obtaining the pass from the administrador, the party started off in a light two-seated carriage. The driver, of course, was a

Mexican; but as he was a driver of horses and not of mules, pounding was not a part of his profession. He was even gentle, and did his part to make the ride enjoyable. The road is one of the very best in the country, though now it is not in as good a state of repair as it might be. It must have cost a mint of money, but it was built to serve mines which have produced mints of silver. The Trinidad mine is said to have turned out more than forty millions of dollars in ten years. The road was built when all the mines were making plenty of money, and will remain a fairly good road for years without much work on it.

As the ascent is made the view over the valley widens. First, we have a bird's-eye view of the city, lying at the foot of the mountain; we can look directly down into the patio of a reduction works and see the men and mules stirring the rich silver pudding. Across a deep valley on the sides or the summits of hills we see several fort-like establishments on mines, and the white winding roads leading to them. Some of these roads rival in cost that over which we are riding to the Real. On the way up we pass many heavily loaded carts, which pulling mules and pushing men are toiling to get to the summit. We also meet trains coming down, and the descent does not seem very much easier for the animals than the ascent. Some curious vehicles attract our attention. A single burro is dragging an enormous stick of timber to town; one end of the stick resting on a little cart, the wheels of which are only circular pieces of plank about a foot in diameter. We see many of these little burro



teams, each accompanied by a man, a woman, a child, and generally a dog. The whole family seems to be going to town with each stick of timber.

At last the summit of the mountain is reached, and a new vegetation appears as we descend the other side into Real del Monte. Nowhere in Mexico is a transition more sudden or surprising. It is explained by the fact that the eastern side of the mountains gets the moisture from the gulf breezes, and on those sides vegetation luxuriates, while on the western sides it languishes and loses its life for want of water. The transition is a most delightful one. The view from the summit is superb; behind, before, and on both sides are mountains and valleys. The elevation of more than nine thousand feet opens out a prospect in every direction which cannot be described. Right below is the quaint little village of Real del Monte, most of the inhabitants of which are Cornish miners and their families. On the hillsides are cultivated fields and flourishing gardens. Flowers abound, and the verdure of the region is most agreeable to the eye.

MILKMAN.

From the pretty little plaza in the village we have to make a sharp climb to the promontory on which stands the great Maestranza containing the powerful machinery which operates the pumps and hoisting works of the Real del Monte Company. Here is one of the largest wheels in the world, about fifty feet in diameter, and here too is one of the longest pump-rods in the world, a plunger sixteen hundred feet in length!

The water is not pumped to the surface, but to a tunnel about four hundred feet below the summit, and through that discharged into the valley. There are more than fifty miles of drifts and

tunnels in the Real district. This single pump hoists the water which drains from a dozen mines.

"This is your chance, Captain, to go down into a mine," said the Major.

"No, thanks," said the boy, who had just seen one of the miners come up, dripping and shivering with cold on a car-load of ore. "I'll choose a dry mine when I go down, and I think I'll take one not quite so deep. Six hundred feet will be enough for me; never mind the other thousand."

On the way back to the village the boys were greatly interested in the groups of women waiting with lunches for the miners about the various shafts, and in seeing many of the men come out from their cells under the mountain. The ride to Pachuca was quite as enjoyable as that to Real del Monte. A visit to one of the great amalgamating works occupied the remainder of the day, and the party duly arrived at Tula ready to resume their journey northward to Irapuato, from which point they were to make a trip to the "Lake Region of Mexico," to the Falls of Juanacatlan, and to the city of Guadalajara.

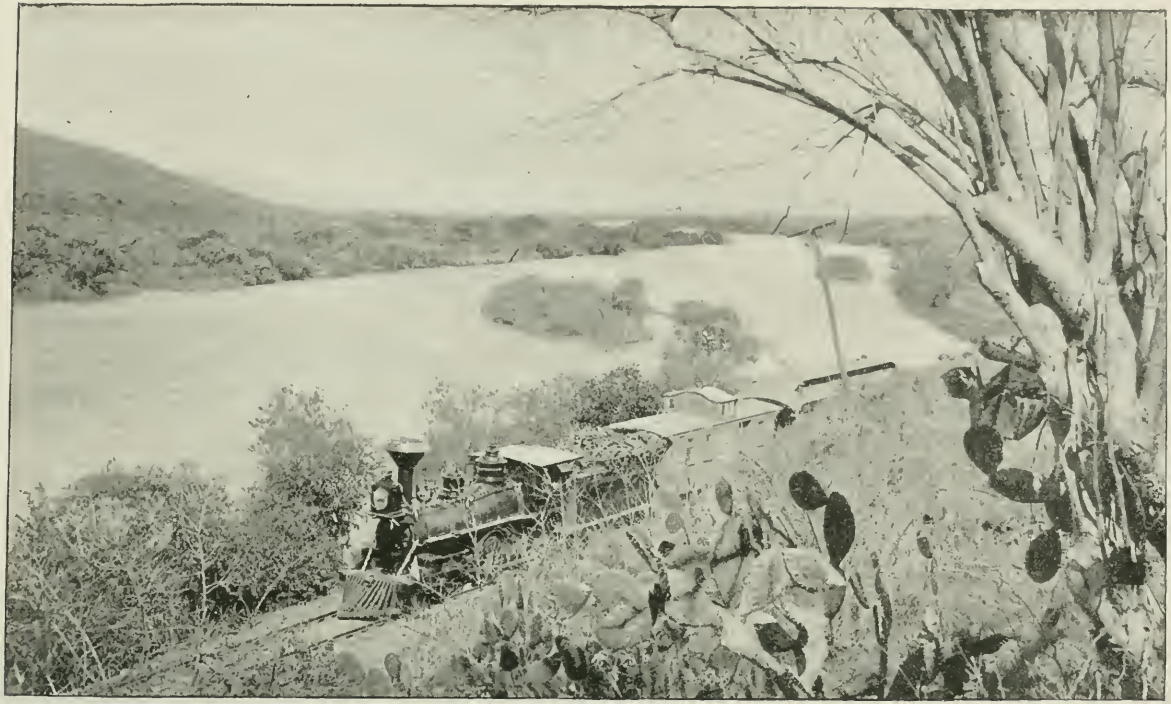
BUENOS DIAS SEÑOR.

XVI.

"Gems of the Sunland, never yet
Were lakes in lovelier valleys set."

THE Guadalajara division of the Mexican Central Railway, branching from the main line at Irapuato, runs through one of the most attractive and fertile sections of Mexico. Mention of Lake Chapala, of the Lerma River, and of the Niagara of Mexico will suggest the scenery which is awaiting the traveller, and a few figures as to the products of the region will convince any one of its fertility. The state of Jalisco produced, last year, more than eighteen million bushels of corn, more than three million bushels of wheat, and one million bushels of beans: a large part of this yield grew on lands which lie in sight of the passenger over this division.

Leaving Irapuato in the morning, the whole division is passed over by daylight; the train arrives in Guadalajara before five o'clock in the afternoon. The first few stations are unimportant. Passing Penjamo, a place of nine thousand population, and La Piedad about the same size, both centres of considerable trade, we cross the Lerma and arrive at La Barca, a town of



VIEW ON THE RIO LERMA.

MAP OF
NEW MEXICO

SAN LUIS POTOSI
SAN BLAS
TEPIC
Navarete
Zaptillo
Volcano Ceboruco
Compostela
Ahuacatlan
Mazatlan
S. Miguel
Ixtlan
Pigmto
Ville de Banderas
Amatlan
Etzatlan
Bufa
Penitas
Ahualulco
Arreca
Banderas B.
Cape Corrientes
Mascota
Alenguilla
El Castillo
La Capilla
Sta. Ana
Mescala
Chapala
L. de Chapala
Ocotepec
Cocula
Tenamaxtlan
Talpa
Ilala
Tecolotlan
Zacoalco
Tomatlan
Sta. Rosa
Atemajac
Tizapan
Atoyac
Jirosto
Union de Tula
Sayula
Quitupan
Mazatlan
Autlan
Canatla
Cacaluta
Sta. Maria
Zapotlan
Purificacion
Vol. de Colima
Nev. de Colima 12,728
Sta. Gertrudis
Tuscacuesco
Chamela
Tonila
Montero
Naranjo
P. de Navidad
COLIMA
Rio Grande de Santiago
Rio Tepic
Potrerillos
Tepechitlan
Encarnacion
Jesca
Juchipila
Sta. Maria
Sta. Barbara
S. Juan del Teul
Copala
Tequila
San Cristobal
Cimio
Lerma
GUADALAJARA
FALLS OF JUANACATLAN
Penuelas
Matanzas
Los Salas
Ibarra
LAGOS
Loma
S. Miguel
Pedrito
Gigante 10,663
Francisco
LEON
Trinidad
SILAO
Tepatitlan
San Antonio
Villalobos
Piedra Gorda
Atenquiza
Ocotlan
Tototlan
Ocotlan
Limon
Reforma
La Barca
Cuitzeo
San Rafael
Ocampo
San Ciro de Albercas Sta.
Jillila
San Diego
Tamaconshale
Los Llanitos
Victoria
Jaipan
S. Jose de Turbide
Huejutla
Dolores Hidalgo
Jacala
Tolman
S. Miguel Allende
Adjuntas
Mohango
Zacualtipan
Cadereyta
Zimapan
Metztitlan
Ixmiquilpan
Marquez
Palmillas
Santiago
Salvatierra
Amealco
Lena Prieto
San Antonio
El Salto
Nochistongo
Tula
Concepcion
Tepa
Rosa
Tlazcoapan
Otumba
Tequisquiapan
Tolimanejo
Huimilpan
Purundiro
Zamora
Cuitzeo
Acambaro
Querendaro
Maravatio
Tlalpujahua
Tlalnepantla
Tlalmanalco
Amecameca
Ayoxuchitlan
Tenango
Hacienda Blanca
Tecoyucan
Cuautitlan
Lechena
Ixtlahuaca
Tlalnepantla
Texcoco
Reyes
Chalco
Ometusco
Irolo
MEXICO
Toluca
Ixtapan
Tenancingo
Zumpango
Tulancingo
Pachuca
Real del Monte
Actopan
Tula
Tepeji
Ixmiquilpan
Jacala
Jalpan
Rio Moctezuma
Rio Panuco
Rio Tula
Rio Lerma
Rio Grande de Santiago
Rio Tepic
Rio Balsas
Rio Mexcala
Rio Cuitzeo
Rio Chico
Rio Gallinas
Rio Tula

ten thousand population, and a place noted for its excellent oranges, and which was formerly the point of departure for the steamer on Lake Chapala. The passenger can see from the bridge over the Lerma the relics of the steamer "La Libertad," which was brought over the mountains, three hundred miles, from the Pacific, and launched on Lake Chapala. Part of her lies on the river bank at La Barca, and part of her is now running on the lake.

Sixteen miles beyond La Barca we reach Ocotlan. This pretty place is on the little river Sula, a short distance above its junction with the Lerma. The station is connected with the town by street car which runs to the bridge just above the steamboat landing.

Ocotlan is situated on a plain which slopes southward a few miles into the shore of the lake. With its pretty plaza, beautiful

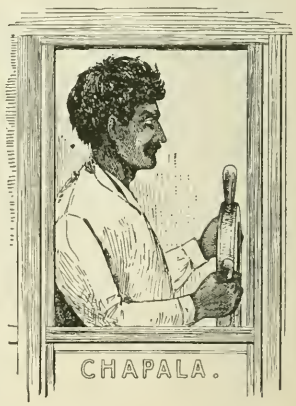
church spires, its portales, and its two bridges (one over the Sula, south of the village, and one west over the Lerma), Ocotlan is very picturesque.

The water front of the city is on the Sula, just above the bridge. Here a novel sight is seen on the levee. No great steamers are moored there, but scores of great canoes are loading and unload-

ing, or waiting for the spirit of their captains to move. These canoes have hitherto done all the business on Lake Chapala.

The water works of Ocotlan are not extensive, but such as they are, they can be seen at the bridge across the Lerma, over which passes the highway to Guadalajara. They consist of one large wheel and a pump. The wheel is on a frame under one of the arches of the bridge. The current of the river runs the wheel, and the wheel, of course, runs the pump. But rivers in this region rise and fall, and there are times when this wheel is six feet above the water. Whenever the current cannot reach the wheel, the people of Ocotlan get their water by carts and carriers.

The steamer "Chapala" is a flat-bottom stern-wheel boat, very like those that are common on the shallow rivers of the West; the only boats adapted to shoal-water service. Everything about the steamer appears new, but one of the things not new on the "Chapala" is Juan Perez, the pilot. He is not necessarily old, but he is a veteran in service. He bears a good old name, a name historic, for it is the same as that of the good priest, who, in 1491, brought Columbus to the notice of Queen Isabella.



The reception committee of Ocotlan has an unusually good place for observation; it is the bridge above the wharf. There being plenty of room, the committee is large, both on arrival and departure of the boat, which is always announced by a prolonged whistle. "All aboard — cast off"; and away we go. Down the little Sula, only a quarter of a mile, and we are in the

channel of the Lerma; rounding a sharp point on the left, we head up stream towards the lake, four or five miles away.

"Nice turn, that, wasn't it?" said the Captain.

"Yes, but if you want to see some fancy work in handling a steamboat, you want to see Juan bring this boat around that point the other way. Getting out of Ocotlan is not much of a trick, but getting in is something to talk about. Look out for this exhibition when we come back."

In a few minutes they were in sight of the lake. From the upper deck the party took in the extended view. On the left the great lagunas or swamps east of the lake, green as a meadow in June, extend for miles; directly ahead is the broken range of hills forming the southern shore, and to the right the bold Cerro Chiquihuitillo. Behind is the plain reaching away to the distant hills on the north, and from this beautiful plain rise the graceful white towers of Ocotlan church.

"What a large lake!" exclaimed the Corporal.

"Yes, it is larger than some celebrated lakes, for instance, the Lake of Geneva; that is only forty-five miles, and this is more than fifty miles long; that is only nine, while this is eighteen miles wide. It is the largest lake in Mexico."

"It must be pretty well up in the world, too," added the Captain. "What is its elevation?"

"It is higher than the top of Mt. Washington. Chapala is nearly the highest navigable body of water on the globe, and now that it is so easily accessible it is destined to become a great pleasure resort for very many people. You can see how beautiful the surroundings are; the climate is all that can be desired, and everything about the lake is attractive to the lover of fine scenery. A day may be spent most pleasantly in an excursion about the lake."

Mescala is the first landing-place; not much to be seen here, the village itself being hidden in the trees on the hillside.

Opposite the town lies the large island of Mescala. Here are the ruins of an ancient prison. Massive walls are still standing, and might be easily restored to service. This island ought to be utilized by the federal or state government in some way.

The sail along the north shore from Mescala to the town of Chapala is delightful. We seem, at times, to be shut in, but the pilot finds a way out and duly brings us to a pretty little city

A HOME BY THE SHORE.

which nestles at the base of a sugar-loaf mountain, and which is the largest town on the lake. A fine old church is one of the attractions of the town for visitors, but the hot springs which boil up not far from the plaza have given Chapala fame as a health resort. The springs, although not numerous, remind one of those at Aguas Calientes; they have made Chapala a favorite

ON THE LAKE SHORE.

resort of the people of Guadalajara and vicinity, and when better known will attract people from a greater distance. "Charming" is the word to describe Chapala; I doubt if there is another town in Mexico more prettily situated. A short distance from shore is a large island, which is made use of as a picnic ground. The view from the hill immediately back of the town is one of great beauty.

It is an interesting sight to see the water works of Chapala in operation. No wheels, no pumps, no fountains; only dippers. The lake is the reservoir, and women are the dippers. They wade out as far as they please, fill their jars as full as they please, shoulder them and march home. No scooping with gourds as at Zacatecas, for water is plenty, and no one has to wait for another.

Chapala is sure to become more and more a favorite watering place. Already there are some fine summer "seaside" cottages there, and in the offing you can see a yacht! With a combination of delightful climate and hot springs, with mountain climbing, boating, bathing, and fishing as recreations for visitors, why shouldn't charming Chapala become the finest health and pleasure resort in Mexico?

The next port is Xocotopec, at the extreme western end of the lake. The town lies in a pretty valley three miles back from the lake, and is the centre of an extensive rural trade. Returning along the south shore we find no towns of commercial importance, but do find a succession of beautiful views which charm by their variety. We pass San Martin, San Cristobal, Tuscueca, and see, partly hidden by groves of orange and lemon trees, the flourishing city of Tizapan which reposes on the hillside two miles from the lake, along the little Rio de la Pasion.

We sail over what is supposed to be an oil well, some signs of which appear on the surface of the lake; we touch at the fisherman's village with the pretty name, La Palma, and thence complete our eighty-mile circuit of Lake Chapala by a direct return

to Ocotlan, where we resume our railroad journey. Not far from the station we cross the river Lerma. Looking out of the window on the left, the Corporal exclaimed, "There are the water works of Ocotlan again."

"Yes, and how graceful the arches of that old bridge look from here!" said the Captain.

The Lerma is in sight from the train now most of the way for thirty miles. The ride along it is one of constant pleasure.

One can easily imagine himself in New England if he will consider only the scenery. But the costumes and houses of the people, the haciendas and farm equipments, which constantly claim attention, remind one of nothing but Mexico.

A few words about the Lerma are in order here. It is called the Mississippi of Mexico, being the longest river in the country. It rises south of us, just east of Toluca, and after a course of four hundred and fifty miles empties into the Pacific Ocean at San Blas. It drains an immense territory. It passes through the northwest corner of Lake Chapala. Its course through the lake can be distinctly traced by the color of its flood. Indeed some regard the lake as chiefly if not wholly a reservoir of the river, and so geographers give the same name to the river below the

lake as above. On some maps, however, the stream which leaves Lake Chapala is named Rio Grande de Santiago. It is nowhere navigable, except for a few miles near the lake.

At Poncitlan, eleven miles from Ocotlan, is a beautiful bridge (seen on the right of the train) and some charming scenery. We are in the best wheat country of Jalisco now for a few miles.

Atequiza, thirteen miles farther west, is a good station for any one to stop at who wishes to visit a great hacienda comfortably, and without a ride through the country. You can visit one here *by rail.* The station here, as is common along the whole line, takes its name from the great hacienda nearest. Atequiza is in sight, half a mile away on the left. This hacienda has miles of wheat fields, hundreds of oxen and other animals, and thousands of men at work on its farms or ranches. You see here the

neadquarters of the vast estate; here are storehouses, corrals, workmen's homes, mills, hospital, schoolhouse, and church, besides the princely residence of the owner. Some have thought this is the place called " Miraflores " in Christian Reid's beautiful story, "A Cast for Fortune," a tale of Mexican life in Jalisco.

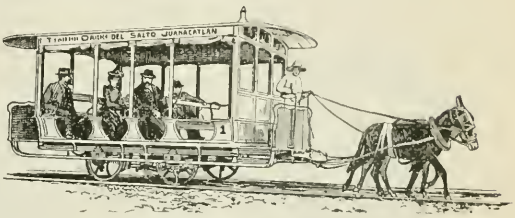
The hacienda has its own railroad and cars, connecting with the Mexican Central, and also a complete electric light plant.

From Atequiza one can go directly over the hill on the south to Chapala on the lake, a fine ride of twenty miles. A day could be well spent in a visit to Atequiza and an excursion to Chapala.

At El Castillo we change cars for a trip to the Niagara of Mexico. We cannot say of the Falls of Juanacatlan what Anthony Trollope said of Niagara, but we may say that no tourist can afford to pass by El Castillo and not go over the hills to the river, unless he prefers to ride to the falls from Guadalajara. What Trollope said was this: "Of all the sights on this earth of ours, which tourists travel to see, I am inclined to give the palm to Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures. This is a long word, but as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know of no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful." Anything that suggests the falls "so beautiful, so glorious, so powerful," must be worth going to see. Juanacatlan does more than suggest, it *resembles* Niagara. It is really a miniature of the mighty cataract. There is the crescent form, the little Luna-like island on the brink of the precipice, the Terrapin Rock where the old tower used to stand; there are the rapids above and below; the great gorge and the awful roar; all at Juanacatlan as at Niagara. The Lerma seems to be trying to pour all the waters of Lake Chapala, and of an area of forty thousand square miles, over the falls at once as does Niagara the waters of Erie and the upper lakes. The river here is five hundred and sixty feet wide, and falls sixty-five feet in its single leap to a lower level. The mighty power of the falls is not allowed to go to waste; it is utilized by a great mill, but is to be still further employed by an electric light plant for the benefit of Guadalajara, fifteen miles distant. Here again is a likeness to Niagara, for the great engineering feat that has been accomplished there will soon be seen in miniature at Juanacatlan.

Be sure and go to the falls, and when there make a tour through the great mill. If you can talk or understand Spanish, you will learn much as to the grain products of this fertile region, the methods of handling and trading in them, the making of flour, etc.; but if you cannot talk much, you can see there, without inconvenience, what you may never have an opportunity to see elsewhere.

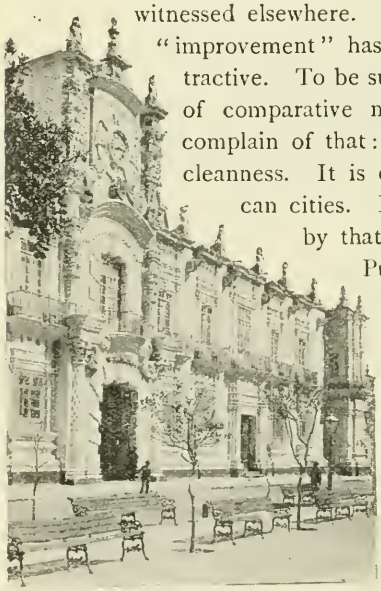
You can get to the falls by tram road from El Castillo station. Mules gallop gayly over the hills under the gentle persuasion of the lash, and land you at the mill in half an hour. If you are fond of riding, you will find the excursion to the falls on horseback from Guadalajara exhilarating and interesting.



Returning to the train at El Castillo, a run of forty minutes will bring you to Guadalajara, the capital of the state of Jalisco, and, excepting Mexico, the largest city in the Republic. The traveller will find here as fine a terminal station as at many large towns in the States. Everything about it is as neat as wax, and as substantial as stone and iron can make it. Moreover it is right in town, only a few blocks from the Plaza de Armas and the Cathedral.

Guadalajara and vicinity may be said to offer to the tourist more attractions than any other region of Mexico, excepting the capital itself and its valley. It is no wonder that the city has been named La Perla del Occidente, the Pearl of the West. It might safely be called "the jewel of Mexico." No other city approaches it, unless it be Puebla; but the real beauty of that city is outside, while Guadalajara has many charms within her gates, and also many just beyond. The centre of its charms is, of course, the plaza, a beautiful garden surrounded by splendid buildings. On one side is the government palace, on another

the Cathedral, and on the other two sides long rows of portales with their graceful arches. One can never forget his first evening on the plaza in Guadalajara. The balmy air, heavy with fragrance of roses and orange blossoms; the enchanting music; the array of beautiful women and handsome men promenading *vis-a-vis* (so as to see and to be seen); the blaze of electric lights and the flicker of the venders' torches; the sight of the highest and lowest classes mingling in pursuit of pleasure in the park belonging no more to the proud don than to the poorest peon,—all combine to make a scene which can scarcely be witnessed elsewhere. Some visitors have said that "improvement" has made Guadalajara less attractive. To be sure it has, in its parts, a look of comparative newness, but no one should complain of that: it really means comparative cleanness. It is one of the brightest of Mexican cities. Its Cathedral is rivalled only by that of the capital and that of Puebla. Its government building has a modern air about it that is pleasing. Its stucco is colored a light gray, and its white trimmings are decidedly agreeable to the eye. No gaping griffins threaten you from the eaves, and even the cannons which constitute the water-spouts of the building are welcome for a change. Above the great clock on the front of the building is a relief of the national arms, and below one of the state arms. Towers, one on each corner, complete and ornament the façade of the palace, and the visitor is reminded of the Royal Exchange in London by seeing on a



PALACE.

government building an inscription of a Bible passage. Here the passage is, "Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam" ("Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain").

Guadalajara is noted the world over for its beautiful ladies, and, like Athens of old, it is very religious. In its loyalty to the church it is second to none in Mexico, and it makes good its claim by works of charity and mercy, as well as by public worship.

The famous Hospicio will, of course, be visited by every tourist. It is a very extensive establishment of charity and devotion. It luxuriates in twenty-three patios, each one made bright and fragrant and refreshing by fountains and flowers. The

LAW SCHOOL.

unfortunate inmates must be counted fortunate in such surroundings. How much better off are they than their thousands of very poor neighbors across the river! And here is a contrast which will strike the visitor. Let him go from the beautiful part of the city, say from the great plaza, across the river to the suburb called San Juan de Dios (St. John of God). Here the poor are huddled together in unpaved streets, the dreariness of which is nowhere relieved by a park or plaza containing shade or

flowers. An open square without ornament is all the breathing place they have. Such houses for homes! often with no window, and always without good air; with the ground for a bed and rags for covering, in abject poverty here live, or rather exist, many hundreds, if not thousands, of the families who make up the ninety-five thousand population of the "Pearl of the West" of Mexico. The visitor who is to see Mexican life among the poor as well as among the rich must make a flying trip to San Juan de Dios. Having seen the worst, one may, perhaps, forget it in seeing the best. A trip to San Pedro is a delight. The ride is along the ancient calzada under great trees that must have been kissed by the sun for a hundred years and perhaps for two or three times as long. Paved streets, handsome residences, fine stores, beautiful gardens, and happy faces will greet you at San Pedro.

This is the favorite suburb of Guadalajara. Here the wealthy people have their out-of-town homes. Here the famous Guadalajara pottery ware is made. The visitor who wants the genuine ware at decent prices should buy it here, and not at the capital, where he may or may not get the real article, and will certainly have to pay double its worth.

If you want to see yourself as others see you, get a bust of yourself at San Pedro. You can do it thus: Two native "artists in clay," in fact, sculptors, dwell in San Pedro; they are father and son, named Panduro. Anybody can tell you where to find them, and they will mould you to the life. Or, if you will send for them, one at least will wait on you at your hotel, and in due time return you a statuette of yourself daintily done in clay. It is

FALLS OF JUANACATLAN.

said that the Panduros are to be sent to the Columbian Fair by the state of Jalisco.

Days may be spent pleasantly in this beautiful city and other days in exploring the grand surroundings. A visit to the famous *barranca* should not be omitted. The Lerma or Santiago River has here cut its way from the plateau to a lower level, and has made an enormous cañon, the perpendicular sides of which are two thousand feet high. At the top of the chasm you are in a temperate climate; at the bottom you get a taste of the "torrid" temperature, which must be felt to be appreciated. Nowhere else in Mexico, and probably nowhere else in the world, can so satisfactory an excursion be made so easily; two hours' ride from the city brings one to the *barranca*, but the visitor should devote the whole day to the excursion to this region of the banana and the palm.

IN THE BARRANCA.

XVII.

"Which I have earned with the sweat of my brows."

Don Quixote.

GUANAJUATO, the fifth city of Mexico, with a population of fifty-three thousand, lies in a mountain ravine fourteen miles east from Silao. The locomotive will only take you to the suburb Marfil, eleven miles; there you take a street car, and the mules do the rest. Marfil is a Moorish-looking village composed of low, square, flat-roofed stone houses; adobe seems to be at a discount in and about Guanajuato. Everything in the vicinity seems built to stay. The road up the ravine from Marfil to the city is a wonderful piece of engineering, which took eighty-five years to complete. Heavy loads require good roads, and Guanajuato has both. The yield of the mines and the supplies for their operation make this one of the most important stations for business on the line.

Guanajuato is one of those terraced places where it would be convenient for people to have one leg shorter than the other. The residents must be both climbers and creepers. Such nooks and crooks and crannies! It reminds one of those hillside vineyards on the Rhine. The wonder is that so much level space has been found or made. It is said that it cost one hundred thousand dollars to make the lot on which the costly church of the Compañia is built, which is one of the finest churches in Mexico.

The Jesuits had hard times here; they spent some twenty years in completing this church, and two years afterward were expelled from the country. In the Compañia are some beautiful paintings, and on the façade several superior statues.

There is plenty of silver in these overhanging mountains, but little of it seems to get into the hands of the common people. There are traditions about washing pigs for the silver which they have accumulated by a wallow in the rich mud-puddles! Why not try some of the children? Won't silver stick to them?

Exceedingly Mexican is Guanajuato. The streets are a sight; burros and bargains everywhere. Where so many are sellers, who are the buyers? The sellers themselves are, of course, buyers of other goods than their own, and the slippery centavo makes the lively trade of the street.

One thing that will attract attention in Guanajuato is the variegated stone used in many of the finest buildings. It seems to have all the colors of the rainbow, but green prevails. There is an immense theatre, four stories in height, built of this stone near the Alameda. The great walls look as if they had been frescoed. This theatre is said to be the largest in North America, certainly it is the largest in Mexico, and when it is completed it will be one of the notable buildings of the continent. A visit to the quarries above the city is most interesting. Immense grotto-like caves, the roofs of which are supported by columns, have been made there by the extraction of the stone. Men transport the product of these quarries on their

backs down the mountain-side, through the streets, and up ladders to the workmen on the walls.

The main plaza is a small but very pretty triangular park raised above the streets, surrounded by fine stores on two sides, and on the third side by the parish church. The chief resort of the people, however, is in the park called La Presa, near the upper reservoir; there are the music stand and the promenade, and there is the oddest place of recreation in this odd country.

Historically the Alhóndiga de Granaditas, known now as "The Castle," is the most interesting building in the city. It was once an "Exchange," as its name indicates, but now it is a federal prison. Hidalgo captured it early in his fight for independence. His companions were few, and so they could not hold the fort. Later in the conflict the heads of the four leaders were brought here from Chihuahua and exposed on the corners of the castle as a warning to traitors. The republican has honored Hidalgo with a statue on the spot where the royalist tried to disgrace him. The Mexican Republic is Hidalgo's true monument.

The history of Guanajuato is a series of surprises. The city was founded on account of a surprise away back in 1548. The

CATHEDRAL OF GUADALAJARA.

traditional mule got away, and in hunting him up, silver was found, as well as the mule. It has grown by a constant increase of surprises; new discoveries of rich minerals are being made, as exploration is constantly going on, and this district, which has been worked almost continuously for more than three hundred years, still startles the country every now and then with a new and rich strike. Zacatecas may be ahead of Guanajuato a little, it is estimated that that district has yielded one thousand million dollars in gold and silver; but Guanajuato cannot be very far behind. The annual output now is about six million dollars. If the present yield had been the average for three hundred years, the result would be eighteen hundred millions. But one can get some idea of the wealth of Mexico in its mountains when he recalls the fact that since the conquest, Mexican mines of gold and silver have yielded four thousand million dollars, or about three eighths of the total yield of the globe during that period. They are turning out now about fifty millions annually, and this state of Guanajuato is supplying one eighth of that product. It is said that the Valenciana mine alone has produced more than eight hundred million dollars. That is a good mine to visit, by the way, for it has a convenient stone stairway to its treasure house.

"There are a great many reduction works here," observed the Captain.

"Yes, more than fifty," said the Major. "The method of extraction used here is the same as that at Pachuca, the patio process, but now a large quantity of ore is shipped away for treatment in smelters; much of it goes to San Luis Potosi."

"What is inside those high walls over there?" asked the Corporal, pointing to the north.

"That is the cemetery of the city, the *panteon*, as they call it here. About ten acres of ground are enclosed by walls, perhaps ten feet high. Bodies are deposited in chambers such as you see in the vaults in our cemeteries; I told you about that in Zaca-

tecas, where we saw some bones on the ground. Here there is an immense sub-cemetery where the bones are placed at the expiration of the chamber leases. By a winding stairway you descend into this great charnel-house, which is nearly nine hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, and more than twenty feet high. The room is arched and well lighted, and contains all that is left of more than thirty thousand good Mexicans. Bones and skulls are piled up at either end of this storehouse, indiscriminately and without reference to ownership. It beats the church of St. Ursula in Cologne all to pieces."

"That is where the bones of the eleven thousand virgins are, isn't it?" said the Captain. "I remember; those relics are nicely arranged along the walls behind glass."

"Yes, but these are thrown in as they come. Don't you wish to go over there, Corporal?"

"No, I'd rather go to a bull fight."

"But I haven't told you all yet. There are mummies in the room too, twenty or thirty of them. They are worth going to see."

"Well, thank you, I don't care to see them."

"Neither do I," added the Captain.

"Do look at that man with a water jar as long as he is," exclaimed the Corporal. "That is a new thing."

"Yes, styles differ. You'll see another style in San Luis. The jars you have seen are mostly earthenware, but this long one is made of leather.

> 'The hills are so steep, and the streets are so narrow,
> He can't carry earthen jars on a wheelbarrow'

in Guanajuato; maybe that's the reason for the shape of these curious articles. We must happen round by a fountain where a regiment of these *aguadores* is in line waiting to fill up."

"Where does the water that supplies the city come from?" asked the Captain.

"From springs in the mountain range above. The supply is not equal to the demand, but a series of dams across the ravine forms reservoirs, and the storage system here constitutes the most remarkable water works in Mexico."

Many are the strange and interesting things in and about Guanajuato; most impressive of all perhaps the wonderful engineering of the city. Nowhere else can one see terraces of artificial lakes, supplied by mountain streams and supported by enormous retaining walls. Over great stone dams these lakes discharge their waters into one another in a series of beautiful cascades; along these walls and overlooking these resevoirs are situated some of the cosiest and costliest houses of the city. Vines and flowers conceal the work of man, and nature makes this marvel of utility a masterpiece of beauty.

"I should want to be on the mountain or out of town if a break occurred in one of these walls," said the Captain.

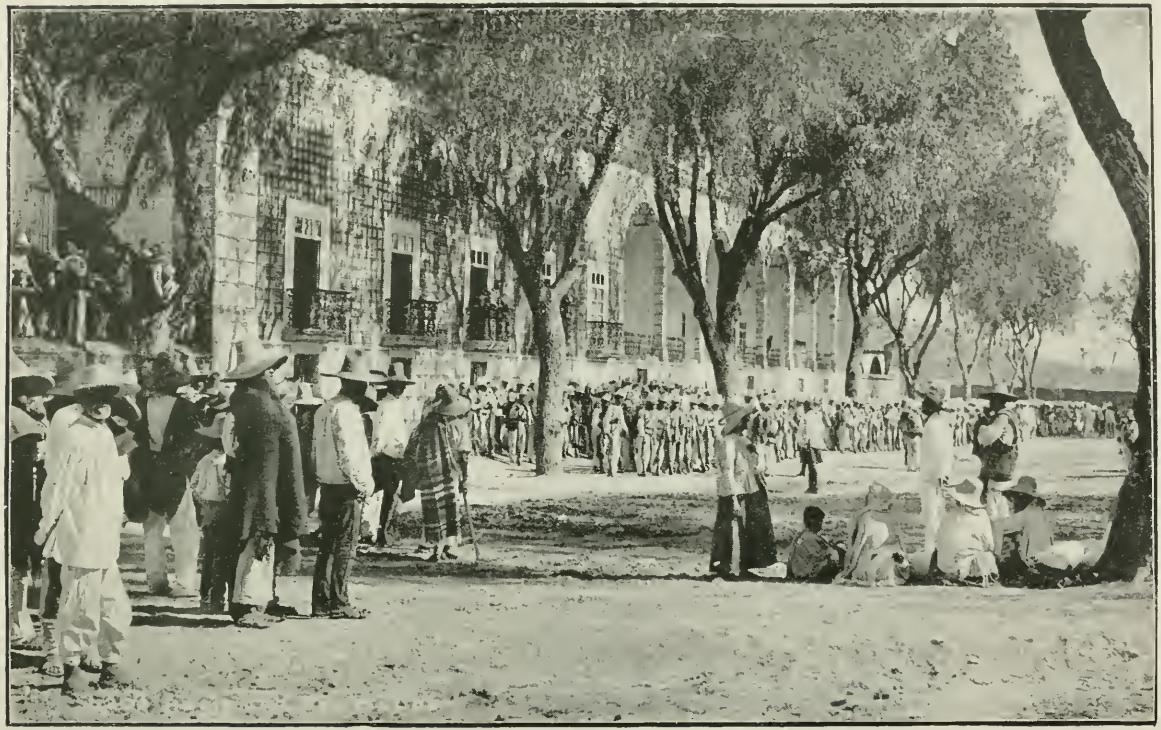
"Breaks have occurred; at least there have been terrible disasters here from floods. One is recorded of the year 1760, and the latest was in 1885, in the night, when a vast amount of property was destroyed and many lives were lost."

The return to Marfil was quickly made, the trip being down hill all the way. What a wonderful road that is through the ravine, what sharp curves, what solid bridges, and what dusty streets!

On the way back to Silao the Major gave the boys an account of the martyr and patriot Hidalgo.

Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla was parish priest of Dolores, a little place near Guanajuato. He was the leading spirit in the effort to liberate Mexico from Spanish rule. His plans were discovered before he was ready to strike, but he decided to defy the oppressors with what forces he could raise. As news of his discovery was brought to him about eleven o'clock at night, he had but one way of rousing the people. The church bells of Dolores were rung, and the alarmed populace rushed to the plaza, where Hidalgo, with a musket in one hand and a torch in the other, met them, told them of the proposed movement and cried, "Long live our mother, most holy Guadalupe, long live America, and death to bad government." This was the declaration of independence. This is what is called "The Grito," and is the national watchword with which the President of the Republic begins the annual festivities of the Mexican Fourth of July. These words he repeats from the balcony of the palace in the capital to the thousands assembled to hear them at eleven o'clock at night, on the 15th of September, the anniversary of the very hour when Hidalgo uttered them at Dolores in 1810.

The first blow was struck at Guanajuato. He and his followers besieged the castle and captured the city. He moved on with his followers, daily increasing in numbers by arrivals from every part of the country, and defeated the viceroy's army in several battles. In January, 1811, the royal forces defeated the rebels, as the patriots were called, and Hidalgo, with the other leaders, Jimenez, Allende, and Aldama, fled northward, hoping to reach the United States. They were betrayed and captured in May: in July they were executed at Chihuahua. Their heads



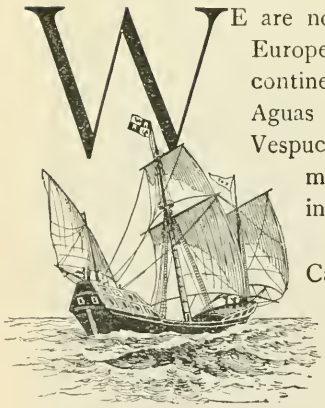
HACIENDA OF PEOTILLOS.

were brought to Guanajuato and exposed on the Alhóndiga de Granaditas, or Castle, which they had captured a few months before. Although Hidalgo was slain, the cause for which he died found defenders and friends by thousands. Morelos, another priest and brave patriot, welcomed Hidalgo's fate for liberty's sake. Later, Yturbide accomplished the work that Hidalgo commenced, and in 1821 Spain acknowledged the independence of Mexico. The remains of the patriots were taken with the highest honors to the great Cathedral in the capital, where they now rest beneath the most costly altar of that "holy metropolitan church of Mexico," the Altar of the Kings.

XVIII.

"Then you have an immense pleasure to come."
High Life Below Stairs.

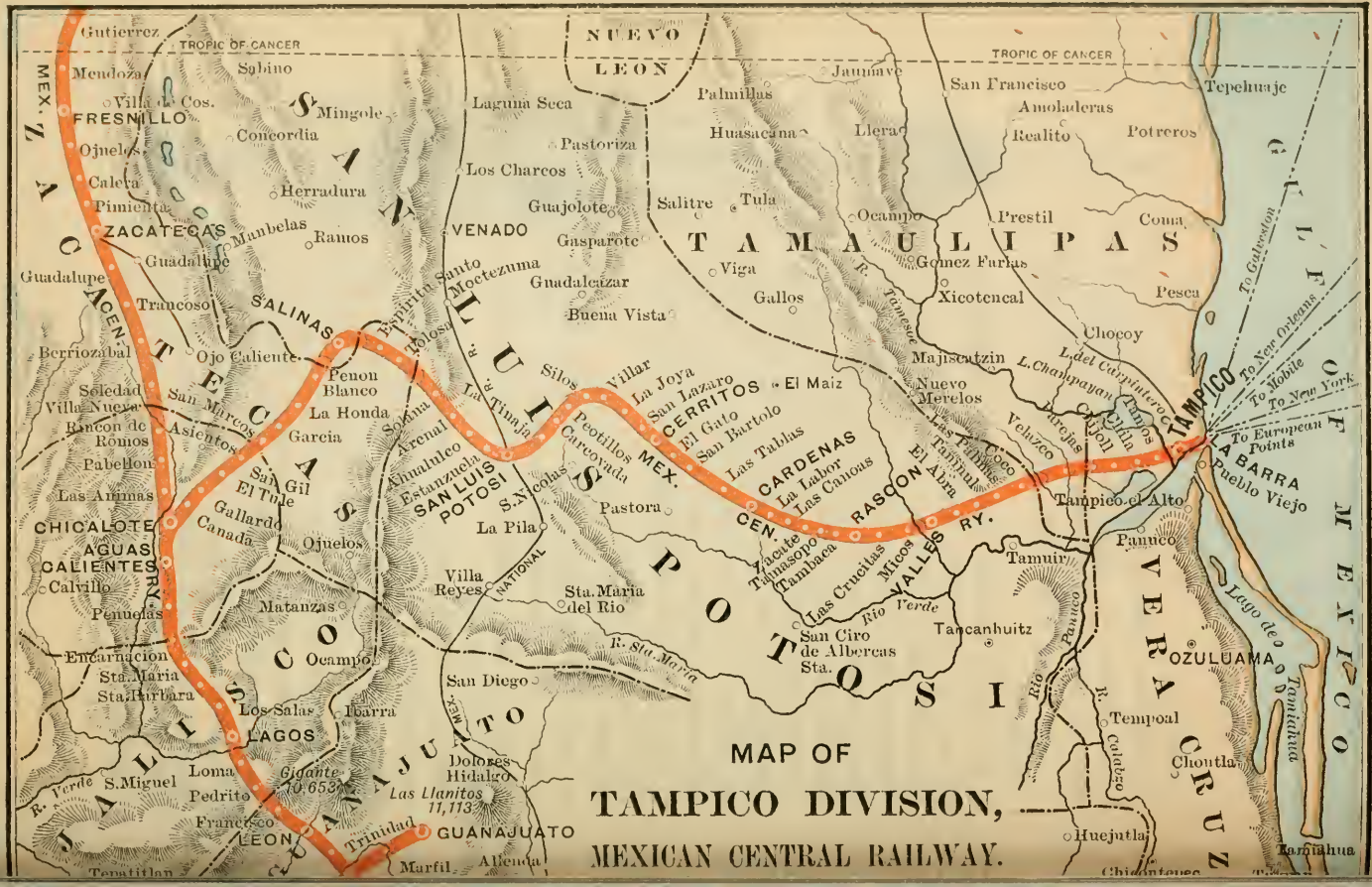
"In lands of palm, of orange blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine."
The Daisy.



"WE are now going to the very spot where the European first set foot on the American continent," said the Major, as the train left Aguas Calientes for Tampico. "Americus Vespucius landed at Tampico in 1497, and made a report of his visit, which is very interesting reading."

"Where can we find it?" asked the Captain.

"In Fiske's history, 'Discovery of America.' Tampico was at that time called Lariab. Americus tells about a big game dinner that he had there, which clearly shows that the region was then, as now, the paradise of the sportsman. This Columbian year is a good one for you young discoverers to devote to a tour of exploration in this ancient region. Having seen where Cortés landed in 1519, it will be interesting to stand where, thirty-two years before him, stood the man whose name the New World bears."


MAP OF
TAMPICO DIVISION,
MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
TROPIC OF CANCER
NUEVO LEON
TAMAULIPAS
ZACATECAS
SAN LUIS POTOSI
GUANAJUATO
VERA CRUZ
GULF OF MEXICO
FRESNILLO
CHICALOTE
AGUAS CALIENTES
LAGOS
LEON
GUANAJUATO
SALINAS
CERRITOS
CARDENAS
TAMPICO
LA BARRA
Pueblo Viejo
Tampico el Alto
Panuco
Tamuin
OZULUAMA
Tempoal
Huejutla
Tancanhuitz
Rascon
Valles
Mexican Central Ry.
Mex. Nat.
Cen. Mex.
Gutierrez
Mendoza
Sobino
Villa Cos.
Mingole
Concordia
Ojuelos
Caleta
Pimienta
Herradura
Mumbelas
Ramos
Guadalupe
Trancoso
Berriozabal
Ojo Caliente
Soledad
Villa Nueva
Rincon de Romos
Pabellon
Las Animas
Calvillo
Penuelas
Encarnacion
Sta. Maria
Sta. Barbara
Los Salas
Ibarra
S. Miguel
Loma
Pedrito
Francisco
Trinidad
Tenatitlan
Marfil
Alfenda
Laguna Seca
Los Charcos
Guajolote
Gasparote
Gualdalcazar
Buena Vista
Pastoriza
Palmillas
Huasacana
Salitre
Tula
Viga
Gallos
Venado
Moctezuma
Esprin Santo
Tolosa
Silos
Villar
La Joya
San Lazaro
El Gato
San Bartolo
El Maiz
Las Tablas
La Labor
Las Canoas
Peotillos
Carcovada
Arenal
Sonora
La Tinaja
Xhuahuleo
Estanzuela
S. Nicolas
La Pila
Pastora
Villa Reyes
Sta. Maria del Rio
Ocampo
San Diego
Las Llanitos 11,113
Gigante 10,653
Dolores Hidalgo
Jaumave
Llera
Ocampo
Prestil
Coma
Gomez Farias
Xicotencal
Pesca
Majuscatzin
Nuevo Merelos
Las Tinajas
Tamuil
El Abra
Las Cruces
Micos
Rio Verde
San Ciro de Albercas Sta.
Choy
Chocoy
L. del Carpintero
L. Champayan
Tamos
Cayon
Tablas
Arroyas
Velazco
Tanchipa
Tamuin
Rio Panuco
Rio Tamesi
Rio Sta. Maria
Rio Calabozo
Lago de Tamiahua
Tamiahua
Chontla
Amoladeras
Realito
Potreros
San Francisco
Tepehuaje
To Galveston
To New Orleans
To Mobile
To New York
To European Points

MAP OF
TAMALPAIS DISTRICT

The Tampico train runs north nine miles on the main line to Chicalote station, where the division branches off to the northeast. For an hour we continue in the same fertile country that surrounds the city of Aguas Calientes, and then begin to rise to a region in which we see no wheat or corn, but ride for miles through fields of maguey. We pass a number of unimportant stations with pretty names (San Gil, San Marcos, La Honda), but with little else to attract attention. The Captain was observing the landscape closely, as his questions clearly showed.

"How is this country, Major, is it poor land? I notice that all this maguey is very small. There are no such large plants as we saw on the way to Pachuca. Does that indicate that the soil isn't able to produce them?"

"No, not exactly that, although this region may not be as rich as that. There are numerous kinds of maguey, you know, just as there are various kinds of the cactus. This is the first time we have come upon this plant, which is the mescal maguey, and not the pulque plant; it is smaller and its product is not secured in the same manner. You remember that I told you mescal was produced by distillation, while pulque was obtained by fermentation of the natural sap of the plant."

"Is that a hacienda over there?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes, a mescal hacienda. Rather pretty name, eh? It sounds better than 'whiskey still,' but that is what it is. There are very extensive establishments about here, — no moonshining in Mexico."

"Is that another?" asked the Captain, pointing to a walled enclosure in the distance.

"No mescal about that," replied the Major. "We are now coming to the Mexican Syracuse. Those are the great salt works of Peñon Blanco or, in Spanish, Las Salinas del Peñon Blanco, and this is Salinas station."

"Great country this," said the Captain; "it has on hand silver mountains, sulphur mines with automatic openings, onyx mines, hot springs, and here a salt mine!"

"Not exactly a mine, though it is worth more to its owners than most mines are. We have here a great salt lake; its extent is unknown."

"Why, that doesn't seem to be a very large lake," said the Captain, pointing to a large pond, near the train.

"Oh, that isn't the salt lake; that is a little fresh-water lake, and overlies the salt one, which is a few feet below. This is a two-story lake country, if you please, and you'll come to a two-story cave between here and Tampico."

"I should think the fresh water would run through the ground into the salt lake," said the Corporal.

"So it would if it weren't for a water-tight roof over the salt lake. You see how green that mud looks in the patio; that is some of the clay. A roof of that material prevents percolation from above. But for a large part of the year there is no fresh-water lake here. The sun licks it up soon after the rainy season is over. We are in a valley here, but we are nearly eight thousand feet high. Just east of us is the highest point on this division, and only two stations on the main line, Zacatecas and Leña, are higher."

"How do they get the salt out of the water?" asked the Corporal.

"They don't," answered the Captain; "they get the water out of the salt."

"That is chemistry for you," said the Major. "The sun does the business. Evaporation is the process chiefly used; but as the sun doesn't work fast enough, steam is made use of. You see one of the steam salt factories yonder."

"Where does all this salt go to?" asked the Corporal.

"It goes all over Mexico. The mines use an enormous quantity; one of the chief materials of the patio process of ore separation is salt, and the consumption for domestic purposes is very great. This subterranean lake, with the sun for a reduction works, is a big bonanza."

"I see mules at work over there; what are they doing?"

"Yes, the mule is a silent partner in almost every business in Mexico; not always silent, for sometimes he sings, but always at work. The mules are pumping the water into the vats. See the big wheels with their great leather buckets. Those revolving buckets dip the salt water and empty it into troughs which carry it to the evaporating vats. The pumping apparatus is called a "noria," and is quite an ingenious affair, almost as primitive as the well sweeps of Irapuato."

"What a great establishment it is!" said the Corporal. "It looks like a fort, a factory, a reduction works, and a residence all in one."

"It is all that, and more too; it is a mint; not quite as fine in appearance as the park-like property at the Hercules mill which we saw at Querétaro, but as a money-maker it can discount that mill. You see the raw material is cheap, the machinery is cheap and cheaply run, and the market is without limit. 'After you've said and done all, there's nothing like salt,' say the men of Salinas."

"What is the use of those walls?" asked the Captain; "and that ditch about them filled with water? Why, look at the towers and the places for guards, and a drawbridge over the moat! What, warder ho, let the portcullis fall."

"Of no use at all now; a fence would answer all present needs of protection, but there was a time when things were different."

"How long has the lake been worked, Major?"

"About fifty years. From a small beginning the establishment has grown to these great dimensions. You can scarcely get an idea of the size of it without making a tour over it. There are miles of railroad track on the property serving the various storehouses, and connecting them with the road and the station. This is one of the great freight stations of the line; salt, salt, everlastingly salt. The whole town of five thousand people lives on salt."

"Who owns this concern?" asked the Corporal.

"It is owned by a family or estate, but it is said that not one of the owners has lived here for years. There is within those

massive walls a building which is finer, in many respects, than the palace in the capital. In its early days it must have been a regal residence, for even in its abandoned state it surprises and charms the visitor. The great patios are parks in which flowers and fountains blend their attractions, and it would seem as if any one might be contented and happy there; but Paris is good enough for these people as long as salt supplies the pesos. The banquet hall of their castle at Salinas is deserted."

There are no other stations of importance until we reach San Luis Potosi, but the country through which we run for the next fifty miles is not without interest to a thoughtful traveller. We come upon new vegetation, or at least upon a profuseness of plants, of which we have seen but scattered specimens. This seems to be the home of the yucca, and certainly the fantastic prickly pear or *nopal*, which forms part of the national coat of arms, finds here its most congenial climate and soil.

After a very comfortable night the party took an ante-breakfast stroll about San Luis Potosi. They went past the Cathedral to the Alameda. The street scenes were novel and characteristic, but the transportation of water seemed to attract the attention of the boys more than anything else did.

"Look at that curious old wheelbarrow!" exclaimed the Corporal. "What is it loaded with?"

"And what kind of a team do you call that?" said the Captain. "Where is the other steer?"

"Not a one-horse team, is it?" said the Major. "But what do you want of another steer? What is that saying of Goldsmith? 'He who can make one animal do what two generally do is a benefactor to his race.' I believe he

spoke of blades of grass, but the principle is the same. No use for two when one will answer, but it looks odd. Both these establishments are water-carts. Styles among water-carriers you know differ in Mexican cities. You saw the style in Guanajuato, and here you see two other styles *on wheels*. Curious traps! Look at the things closely. The wheels have no spokes; they are simply round pieces of plank. It must take some muscle and much push to propel that wheelbarrow."

HIDALGO MONUMENT.

"This is a beautiful promenade," said the Captain, as they reached the Alameda.

"Fine, and a gift of the church; no, not exactly a gift, but a kind of forced loan. It used to be the private garden of the monks, the recreation place for the pious people connected with the church and convent here. But one day the government concluded that what was good for the pious priests was good for the poor people, and said, 'Brethren, give us this,' and they gave it, after a little persuasion."

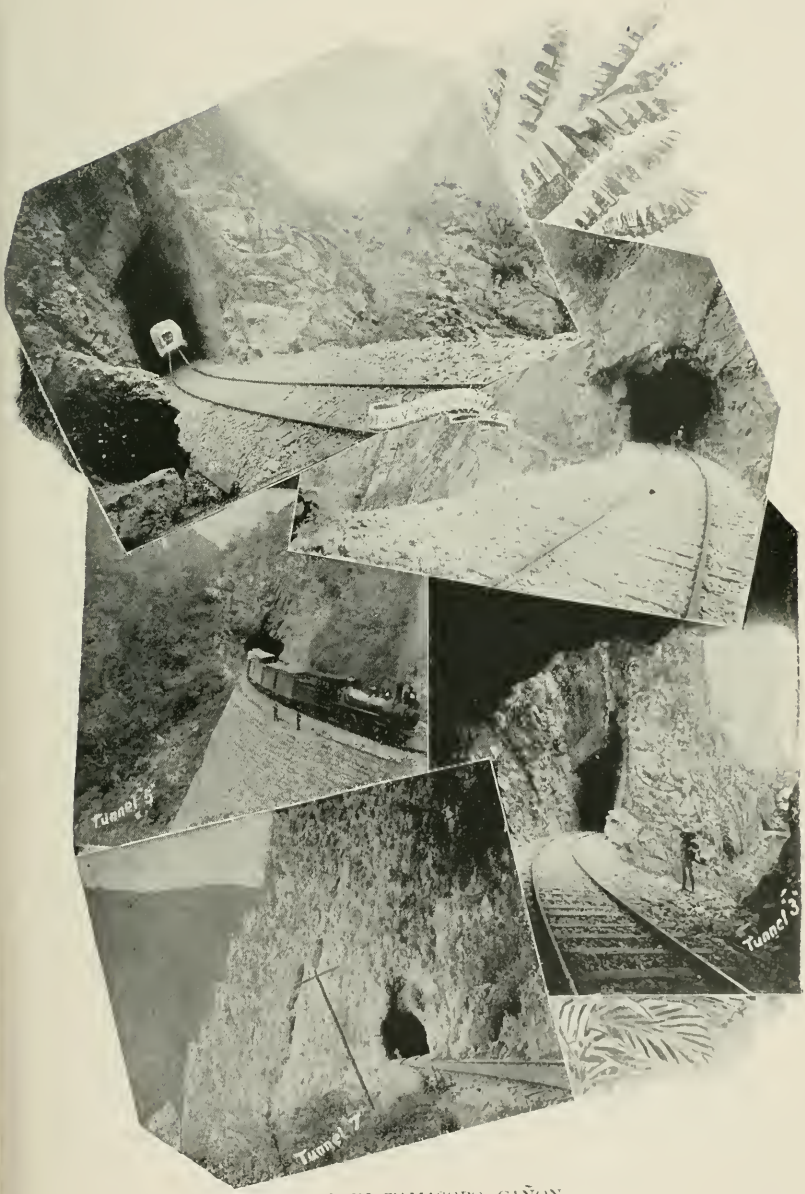
"You mean, after considerable confiscation," said the Captain; "that reformation was quite a revolution, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was, sure enough. It left its marks in every town."

"Do you recognize that handsome building over yonder?"

"Why, that is the Mexican Central station! It is a beauty, and right in the city too, as at Guadalajara. You don't see many finer railroad stations than that anywhere."

"No, you don't. I think such a building must have an educative influence in such a place as this. It teaches the people,



TUNNELS IN TAMASOPO CAÑON.

who never have seen any but these massive adobe and stone walls, that grace can go with strength, and beauty with utility."

Part of the day was spent in a visit to the great works of the Compañia Metalurgica Mexicana, an American enterprise, and the largest smelting plant in the country.

This is an institution of immense importance both to the Republic and the railroads reaching San Luis Potosi. These works and those at Monterey were but recently established, and their great prosperity will perhaps lead to the building of other plants in Mexico, but certainly to the enlargement of these already in operation as occasion requires.

CHURCH OF GUADALUPE.

There are many fine buildings in San Luis Potosi. The government palace is attractive in appearance; the Cathedral shows some fine stone work on its towers. There are characteristic paintings of high quality in the church of El Carmen. Much can be seen in a given time at San Luis by taking a street car or carriage to the church of Guadalupe, as the visitor thus takes in the Paseo, the fountains, the

jail, and the market on the way, and reaches something worth going to see at the end of his ride. The old church has a clock which was given by the king of Spain.

On the entrance to this beautiful sanctuary are these comforting and inspiring words: —

AQUI EL QUE PIDE RECIBE
EL QUE BUSCA HALLA
AL QUE TOCA SE LE ABRE

"Here who asks receives, who seeks finds, to him who knocks it is opened."

San Luis has a population of 63,500, and is the fourth city in the Republic. It has always been a very busy and flourishing place, holding the same relation to eastern that Guadalajara holds to western Mexico. The surrounding country is a very fertile district, and San Luis furnishes a ready market for its produce. The rapid growth of and the display of enterprise in San Luis have given it the right to be called "the Chicago of Mexico."

"Thirty-seven miles from San Luis we come to Peotillos station, which takes its name from a great hacienda about three miles north of the track," said the Major as they resumed the journey. "This hacienda is one of the famous establishments of this region of colossal estates. It is said to have about six thousand dependants."

"Did you ever visit the hacienda, Major?"

"I did, and a gay time I had too."

"Tell us about it please," said the boys.

"With pleasure, but words cannot describe the courtesy and cordiality with which one who is properly introduced is received there. The owners in San Luis had telephoned the administrador to have carriages at the station. We found there the administrador himself with two light coaches and an escort. Our party consisted of only two, a gentleman from Virginia and

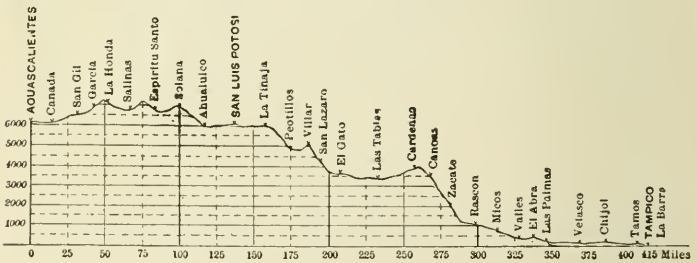
myself. Each of us could have had a coach with driver and outriders, but we preferred to go together; so we rode with our host, and the other carriage went back empty. Half an hour brought us to the main entrance to the enclosure of the hacienda. Grouped together here were a chapel, storehouses, corrals, and lastly, an immense residence which, by its great length and its high veranda, reminded me of the front of Congress Hall in Saratoga Springs. This residence, or course, was the chief object of our visit. Passing through the grand entrance we came into a great patio, in which was a fine stone fountain and a great variety of semi-tropical fruits and flowers. After refreshment of various but delicious kinds in the *salon*, a great room handsomely furnished with French furniture and embellished by fine paintings, we were shown over the premises.

"From the tower above the main entrance we had an extensive view over the whole region. We could see, on the south, our train waiting for us at the station; on the east, the great fields of maguey, from which the main product of the hacienda is obtained; on the west, an Indian village, a curious collection of thatched huts, or *jacales*, as they are called, in which many of the peons lived.

"A curious but pathetic scene was witnessed when we came down from the tower. This was the distribution of rations to the poor dependants of the hacienda. Some two hundred people are fed here daily at the expense of the estate. There have been two bad years in this region; that is, years without sufficient rain, and corn has been imported, much of it from the United States, to feed these people. A procession was formed, and each one passing the distributor received a ladleful of cooked corn and beans, a kind of succotash. The line of applicants included both sexes and all ages. The child hardly as tall as the great earthen jar which steamed with hot rations, was preceded or followed hy the tottering old man or shrivelled old woman, and all were in rags.

"It was an interesting, but a sad and touching sight; one which showed the other side, the shady side, if you please, of the hacienda life. This estate has expended more than $60,000 in the past two years for the support of its dependants. Verily *haciendados* have their 'hard times' as well as their luxurious seasons."

At the next station, Villar, we are thirteen hundred feet below San Luis, and now begin to descend more rapidly through the San Ysidro valley. Past Cerritos and two or three small stations, we rush on to Cardenas, where a good meal will be ready for us. We notice that, below Villar, we are in a verdant belt, spreading at last into a vast plain, where green has taken the place of gray, and brightness has supplanted brown in the landscape. Such a change has occurred as we noticed on our ride into Real del Monte, and for the same reason. The side of the



PROFILE MAP OF TAMPICO DIVISION.

valley which faces the gulf receives moisture, while the other side does not. Hence in all these lateral valleys and on the intervening sloping plains we find the same thing; one side fresh and fruitful, the other side comparatively dry and barren. A reference to your profile of the line will give you the clearest idea of our progress to the sea level. You will see that we are going down stairs, and that each step is one of these sloping plains. These plains or table lands of different levels we reach through passes and cañons.

PUENTE DE DIOS.

The pass through which we are going down to the next step is the San Ysidro. The profile will give you an idea of the grade (some of it is two and one half per cent), but it can convey no conception of the crookedness of the road. The taste of eighteen degree curves which we get on the way down the San José mountains is a good preparation for the feast of them which we shall have farther on; and the scenery too is a vast improvement on any that we have had since we left Aguas Calientes. We are reminded of the "Notch" in New Hampshire.

"Curious names along here," said the Captain, looking on the map; "this one is pretty, La Joya, the jewel."

"How about this one, El Gato, the Tom-cat?" said the Major.

Cerritos is the most important station between San Luis and Cardenas. The country about here is very fertile and the valley very extensive. Large towns are at a little distance both north and south of Cerritos. On the north is El Maiz in the centre of a great grain region, and on the south the city of Rio Verde, on the river of the same name, the business centre of a remarkable fruit country.

"By the way, Corporal, what would you think of a smoked orange?" asked the Major.

"A smoked orange! I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither did I, anywhere else, but they say that the Rio Verde people smoke their oranges as we smoke hams."

"Why?" asked the Captain; "I should think it would spoil their flavor."

"Well, I suppose they know what they are about. They claim that smoking them keeps them fresh."

A run of about fifty miles, passing the unimportant stations San Bartolo and Las Tablas, brings us to Cardenas, the end of the six-hour run from San Luis Potosi, in which we have dropped nearly twenty-two hundred feet.

Cardenas is an important station for the passenger; here he gets a good meal. Quaint little place this Cardenas; most of

it lies "under the hill" below the station. Near the track there is a large storehouse, or hacienda, if you please, belonging to the governor of the state of San Luis Potosi. Corn is the chief product of the region.

There is a rich agricultural district south of this point watered by the Rio Verde, which runs for many miles nearly parallel with the road at a distance of, perhaps, fifteen miles.

BAMBOO.

The station house at Cardenas is a fine substantial building, and one that makes a wonderful contrast with the prevailing architecture of the natives.

Leaving Cardenas we skirt the stream and pass immediately through a great cut which leads us to the green western side of another valley named Canoas.

From Cardenas we must get down four thousand feet, and we must be about it *muy pronto*, no mañana about it. We begin in the cut and down we go into this cup or canoe, as it is named. What fantastic sides the valley has! The soil of the bottom is red and evidently rich, for you see great fields of corn and wheat, and along the little stream great cypress trees which tell you of another change, this time a change of climate as well as of vegetation. But the sides of the cup!

they are high mountains, which do not slope off gradually into a plain as those do which we have seen along our journey. These mountains seem to have been pushed up through the edges of the valley, and their peaked points are directly above us. Here and there are strange formations of rock, some of them projecting into the valley from the sides of the mountains, some of them standing quite alone. Near the Canoas station is one of these formations which will attract special attention. It has the appearance of an immense turreted castle wall.

This valley of Canoas has an elevation of about three thousand six hundred feet, and a most genial climate. It is an ideal spot. Some of the officials of the road say that they had much rather live in this valley than in any other place they know of in Mexico.

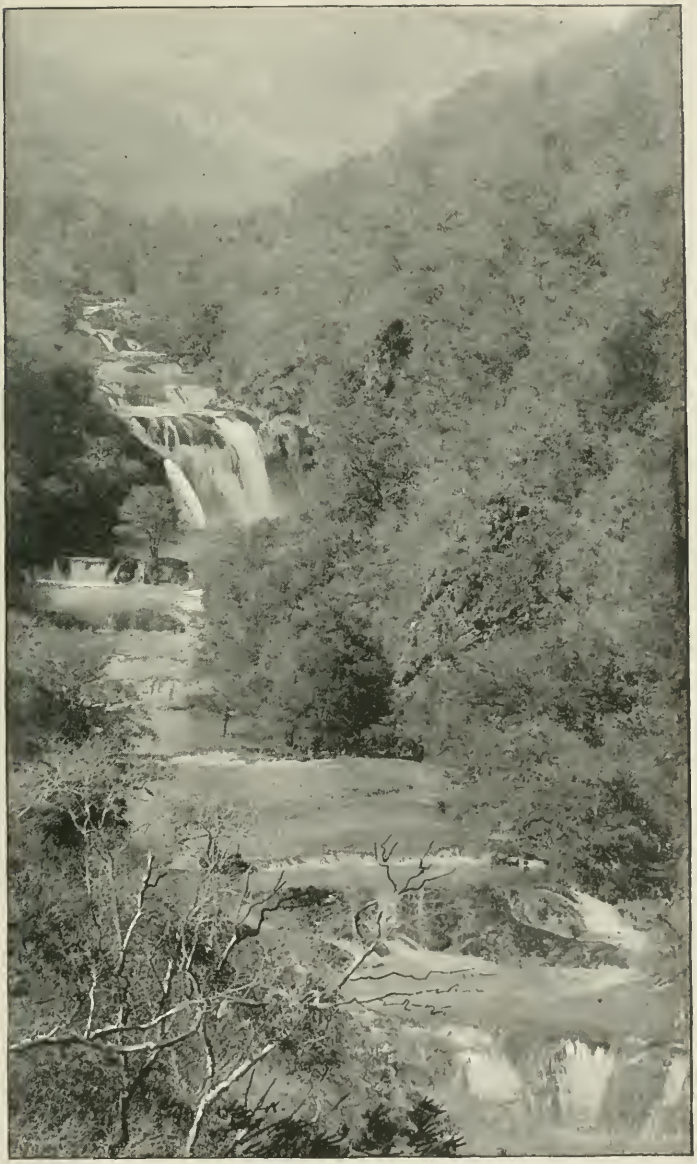
Just as we leave Canoas we begin a long toboggan slide. The steep decline begins at a little bridge near the station; we feel the plunge the moment we pass that point. The slide is twenty-eight miles long, extending from Canoas to Rascon. It takes about two hours and a half to make the trip, but the traveller would forgive the management if it would allow five hours to this section of road. There is no more delightful scenery on any railroad line in the world than that which greets the eye in the few hours spent between Cardenas and Rascon. The charming valley of Canoas is quickly succeeded by the yawning gulf or gorge of Tamasopo — the straight line by the tortuous trail. The plain is succeeded by precipitous mountains sloping a thousand feet below us to the stream, and a thousand feet above us toward the sky. Clinging to the sides of these mountains the road parallels the river, piercing numerous sharp points with tunnels. It is supported in many places by enormous retaining walls. Across the little stream, which far below glistens like a thread of silver, rise the mountains which are the counterparts of these on whose sides we are smoothly sliding. We can get a somewhat adequate idea of what man has achieved

here over nature by imagining how great a work would be necessary to render it as easy and as safe for us to ride along those mountain-sides as we find it to ride along these. Had we not ocular demonstration to contradict us, we should say at once that it could not be done.

The peculiar charm of this grand cañon of the Tamasopo is the verdure of the mountains from base to summit. In the Toltec gorge and in the grand cañon of the Arkansas in Colorado we are awed by the masses of bare rock which tower above us or yawn below us, but here we seem to be floating along on the tree-tops. The moisture which comes from the sea supplies the vegetation of the cañon with ample and constant means of

HIS BUSY DAY.

growth, and the mountains are arrayed in green, even though the plains above may enjoy no rain for months at a time. The sense of grandeur is not wanting, but the sense of beauty surpasses it in the mind of the observer. When one comes at last to stand on the height above the mouth of the cañon, and to look down upon the great valley spread out at his feet, shining in its gorgeous mantle of tropical hues and stretching away to



EL SALTO DEL ABRA DE CABALLEROS.

other mountains beyond, he feels, "even nature could no further go," and that he is beholding one of the great finished views of the world. Edward Everett said it was worth a trip across the ocean to see where the Potomac breaks through the mountains at Harper's Ferry; he certainly would have thought it worth a journey from Boston or from Pekin to stand on Monument Rock at Prospect Point and feast his eyes on this picture of the Tamasopo.

From Prospect Point we see just below us the mouth of the great cañon along the southern wall of which we have been winding for the past hour, and down which we have to creep yet another hour. On the left is the lofty mountain range that forms the northern wall of the cañon, and before you the carpet-like plain, bordered by palms and other tropical trees, and checkered by plantations of sugar-cane. Over all the landscape is that charm which Wordsworth saw in a picture, "The light that never was on sea or land." This magnificent view remains some time in sight as we ride along the mountain-side, for the track turns, at the Point, sharply to the south. We trace our road down to the plain by the line of clearing, forward, and back, and around, and then straight away through the forest. The track is seen at four different points, each on a different level below us. And what is that in the dim distance beyond the trees? A train waiting for us to pass and give it the right of way up the mountain.

"Well, this beats all the railroading of my life," exclaimed the Corporal, as the train turned the Point.

"Nothing so grand as this have I ever seen," said the Captain. "Look where we shall soon be — there — and there — and there!"

"Yes, indeed, 'and there' once more," said the Major, pointing to a gap in the eastern range beyond the valley; "through that we pass to yet another plain, and that plain is even more extensive than this now before us."

Wonders of engineering seemed to increase as they looked from the left side of the train in the descent. There is, not far from the Point, a remarkable slump in the mountain. There has been a "subsidence"; in other words, the bottom or floor has dropped out, and the roof has dropped in, leaving an enormous funnel-like depression. It is called by the natives El Hoyo de San José (St. Joseph's Pit). Around this crater the road must run, and, in finding its way down, the train goes, within fifteen minutes, south, east, north, east again, then southeast, and at last northeast to the station at the foot of the mountain.

RAILROAD TOBOGGAN.

"Look up there! See where we have come from!" exclaimed the Corporal, pointing to the mountain.

"If you could look ahead, my boy, you would exclaim, 'See what we are coming to!' you are in wonderland, and although you don't seem to know it, you are right now in a coffee grove! See the shiny green leaves and the tiny red berries!"

"Sure enough, but I thought we were in a forest."

"And so we are. The coffee plant must have shade, and so is planted under other trees when possible. This is the only *cafetal*, or coffee grove, that we pass directly through. But here we are close by one of the great curiosities of this wonderful region — a natural bridge. The natives call it Puente de Dios (the bridge of God).

"On our left, a half-mile from the track down in the stream that we saw in the bottom of the great cañon as we came along,

is this bridge of stone. It is just below one of the prettiest pools in the world, one that might be properly named 'Montezuma's Bath.' It is worthy of a royal name and a princely patron; and when an easy way of reaching it is provided, as it will be some day, everybody who goes over the road will take a side trip down to this wonderful grotto.

"The water in the pool is blue. The 'Blue Juniata' is gray compared with this Tamasopo, hitherto unknown to fame. The main body of the stream comes down in a cataract and reaches the pool by a fall of twenty or thirty feet; but a part is separated above, and finds its way into the pool in a dozen little streams, over the mossy rim of the basin. These rills, rushing out from beneath the overhanging foliage of palms and ferns and vines, present a charming picture. To get a good view of the arch it is necessary to go in swimming."

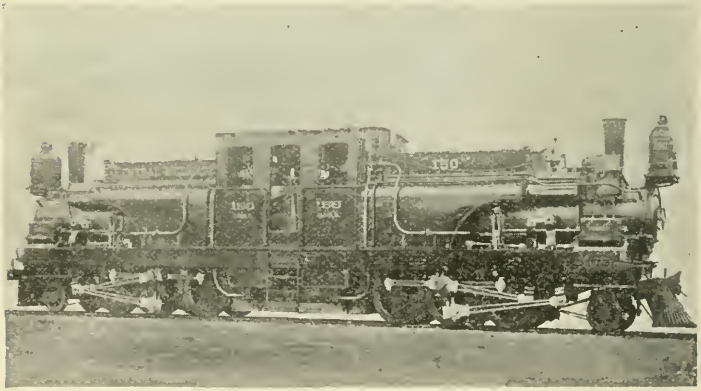
"That would suit me," interrupted the Captain.

The whole stream does not run under the arch, there isn't room for it; but the water has chiselled a cavern of several rooms from the rock, as well as made this arched bridge. It may be possible that the lime from the spray of the water has *built up* the whole promontory which faces the cataract and forms the lower side of the pool. This formation of stone is constantly going on there; limbs of trees are found encrusted with lime an inch and even two inches thick. The limbs have rotted away and left the rock looking like a tube. Many beautiful specimens of such formation have been taken from there.

On now through a new world of trees and flowers and ferns, a perfect tangle of tropical luxuriance. Moss sways from the limbs, and thousands of bright orchids make us think we are in some great orchard of strange trees loaded with a stranger fruit. If this isn't fairyland, we shall not see it on this trip, or on any other.

Passing the station Tamasopo, where the waiting train is on the siding, and another small stopping place, we come, after a

short run across the plain to Rascon, a small but important place; important to us as a place of refreshment, and to the railroad company as headquarters of the operating department for the mountain service. The company has considerable property at Rascon. The station building is handsome and commodious. The shops are large and fully equipped, as they must be, to meet the requirements of a mountain division. Here is the home of the largest locomotives in the world. The company has just placed three of these monster machines on this mountain section. They are double-truck, compound engines peculiarly



MOUNTAIN ENGINE.

adapted to freight service on heavy grades and sharp curves. They have two boilers with fire boxes placed back to back, and the driving wheels are carried by two swivelling truck frames, one under each boiler. Look at the picture and you will understand all about them, perhaps. The weight of each engine is two hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

This is the region of the palm and bamboo: it is also one of the sugar sections of Mexico. The home of the parrot and of the monkey is not far away. Great haciendas are near by, and

although the country is sparsely settled, its production is small only in comparison with what it might be, and doubtless will be before long. The railroad makes as well as takes business.

"What a day we have had!" said the Captain.

"Yes," said the Corporal, "and it's only half a day at that."

"Think of it," said the Major, "only forty-two miles from Cardenas! in a few hours, between breakfast and dinner, we have dropped three thousand feet, and come into what is a new world to you, where we are not one thousand feet above the sea. And how much we have seen that is grand and strange! Climate has changed, vegetation is different, a new style of architecture appears. Where in the world outside of Mexico can you find such contrasts and changes in so short a time?"

At the station of Micos (the monkeys), fifteen miles from Rascon, we enter upon another cañon, which is called El Abra de Caballeros. The Caballeros (Cavaliers) are the two bold mountains rising, one on either side, above the river along which the track runs through the cañon. In this short cañon is some of the finest scenery on the line. The river is a constant delight, and at the mouth of the cañon it surprises us by a series of cascades called El Salto del Abra de Caballeros. The waters here make a descent of three hundred feet. Immediately above the cascades, across the river from the track, rises an immense cone-shaped mountain fully two thousand feet high. Its side towards us is a precipitous cliff, which is largely covered by vegetation of the brightest green,

and looks like a great rug hung out for an airing. The waters seem to catch the hue, for they are green also, but their appearance is accounted for by the moss on the rocks over which they pass. The view, looking up the river here from the rear of the train, is indescribably beautiful.

But looking forward also we have a view which reaches the limits of the power of sight. Here, as at Prospect Point, we are high above a vast plain which stretches away almost to the sea.

To get down to the level of this plain we turn to the right just below the falls, and run along the mountain-side, having in sight the valley and the almost boundless plain. We pass through Valles, a station of some importance, and arrive at El Abra, which, for a while at least, was the "heaviest" station on the Mexican Central line. We mean that here the heaviest loads were taken, and the greatest number of them. As they approached the station the Major said, "Here we come to something interesting, boys."

"Why, it looks like a railroad camp," said the Captain.

"That's what it is. Let's look round; there's lots to see that you won't see elsewhere, and that won't be here long."

"What curious huts and what odd-looking clothes!" said the Corporal. "And what a box in the rocks this place is!"

"Not much clothes, anyhow," said the Captain. "See that procession of water-carriers! The whole village seems to be out for water."

"Yes; there is no supply here, and water is brought in tanks on flat cars. When a car arrives the chief business is toting jars and cans till the tanks are empty. Round here there is nothing like stone," said the Major.

"I should say nothing but stone," added the Corporal. "That quarry looks like it sure. See the men up yonder drilling. They are blasting away a whole mountain."

"What for?" asked the Captain; "for the railroad?"

"Not exactly, but indirectly. The stone is taken to Tampico and thrown into the sea to make a wall. You know they are building jetties there. Well, here you see the beginning of the downward career of this mountain, and there you will see the end of it."

"This is robbing Peter to pay Paul."

"No; not quite so bad as that," replied the Major. "Paul has to pay Peter something on account. Peter gives rock, and Paul pays for it in part by sending back sand for road ballast. This is a kind of 'balance of trade' affair. At present the balance is against the sea, but it is expected that when the work is done, the sea will refund all the outlay. Tampico is to be the chief seaport of Mexico on the Atlantic, and this division will be the greatest business piece of railroad in the Republic. You see what it has to attract the sight-seer, but it wasn't built for scenery, it was built for business and is bound to have it. This outlay of millions at Tampico is only a loan which the gulf must pay back with perpetual interest."

"How much rock have they taken from here?"

"I was told about thirty-seven thousand car-loads. Corporal, how many tons in that, say at fifteen tons to a car?"

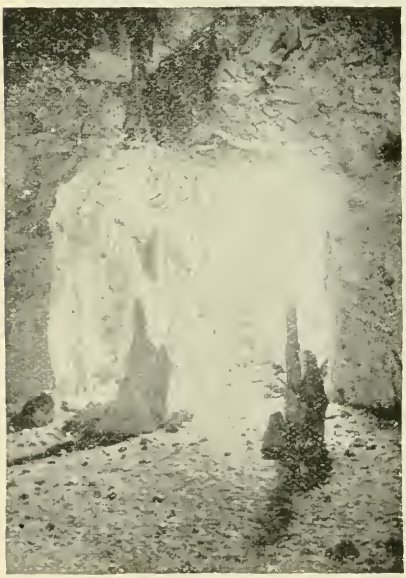
"Something over half a million."

"Heavy business at this station, I should say."

"Yes, but it won't last long, as the work is nearly done. As you say, there is nothing here but stone, and soon these Indians will have to move on to some other work. They are like poor Joe. Let us hope they will find some paying work to do elsewhere; when here

They fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.'

We are now in the last 'pass' of our journey. Through this 'Boca del Abra' we come to the last plain, but we have much to see in the next ten miles," continued the Major; "and first the *Cathedral*."



"What, a church here!" exclaimed the Corporal.

"Not exactly, but a cave which I call the Cathedral, on account of its resemblance to one. I'll tell you about it, and you can see for yourself whether I tell you the truth about it. It is a short distance up the mountain above the track. The ascent to this place is accomplished by means of cut-stone steps! Think of that! Passing through a large vestibule, you find yourself in a cross-shaped room of magnificent proportions, with arch and dome. On either side are smaller rooms, chapels if you please, just as you see them in the churches. The whole

EL ABRA DE CABALLEROS.

CLOUD VIEW FROM PROSPECT POINT.

edifice is lighted through skylights. The walls, being colored light gray, reflect the light enough to make it easy to see everything in the cave."

"Who could have put in those cut-stone steps and those skylights?" asked the Corporal. "Are you telling us a fairy tale, Major?"

"Not at all, you'll see for yourself in a little while. Nature made the windows when she built the Cathedral. The sun furnishes the light, and the railroad people made the steps for the convenience of pilgrims. Strange, but true, there is a garden in one of the chapels, and in every window there are plants, and flowers, and vines, and even trees. Such 'window gardening' you never saw in your life. Then there are statues, as white and nearly as life-like as some you have seen in the old churches in Mexico. One of these looks like St. Peter, and is named for him; others are smaller, and some are broken. You may be sure that

> 'Tis like some Bedlam statuary dream,
> The crazed creation of misguided whim,
> That, like a giant wroth,
> Rushed down impetuously, as seized at once,
> By sudden frost, with all his hoary locks,
> Stood still.'

I don't think frost had much to do with this St. Peter, but he's there and he stands still."

"And the train is stopping!" exclaimed the Captain. "Now we'll see this Cathedral for ourselves."

As they climbed the mountain the Corporal said, "Sure as you live, here are cut-stone steps."

"Well, only a few," said the Captain.

"A few is eight, according to good authority," said the Major, defending his statement. "All the steps are stone, and some of them are cut stone; that's true, isn't it? And now for the skylights and the window gardening."

"Literally true," said the Captain, as he looked with astonishment at the entrance, the vestibule, the statuary, and plants on the floor and on the roof of the cave. "Wonderful! and just like a cathedral! And the walls are frescoed too."

"It does look so! That is color from some mineral. The skylights are here, you see, Captain."

"Yes, there is a great deal here that you didn't mention."

"See, here is a tree growing up straight through the skylight from the floor of the church," said the Corporal. "It is as large and as straight as a telegraph pole."

"Yes, my boy, but it grew *down* first from the dome to the floor, and then grew up again. See these little hair-like tendrils reaching down; they will keep on till they find the soil, and taking root they will grow and grow till they are as large as this one. You see hundreds of them."

"What made these statues?" asked the Corporal.

"Drippings from the lime rock above. You see those stalactites hanging from the ceiling, like icicles. In time they may reach the floor, and in time they will become columns or assume the shape of statues or take some fantastic form. It has taken much longer probably to build this Cathedral than any one you ever saw."

"Well, it is a beauty anyhow. I didn't know we could see anything like this on our trip," said the Corporal.

"This is fine, but is not as large as another cave not very far from here, more difficult to reach. The entrance to that one, being very large, can be seen in the mountain-side a long distance off, and the name of it is La Ventana (the Window). It is said that the great hall in that cave is seven hundred feet high, and that it is lighted, as this one is, through openings in the roof."

"That is a stunner!" exclaimed the Corporal; "but the Cathedral is cave enough for me."

As they came out they were greeted with a scolding kind of chatter by a flock of little parrots who hovered over them, sometimes coming quite near.

"A short ride along the mountain-side," said the Major, "will bring us to another cave, in which a great pool can be seen. That one is below the railroad; in fact, the track goes exactly over the skylight, and you can see the pool from the track."

The boys had learned by this time that the Major's statements could be entirely trusted, and so expressed no doubt. In a few minutes they had an opportunity to see for themselves again. As the train came upon an iron bridge, the Major said, "Here we are

at Choy Cave. Look over the rail now as the car passes this bridge."

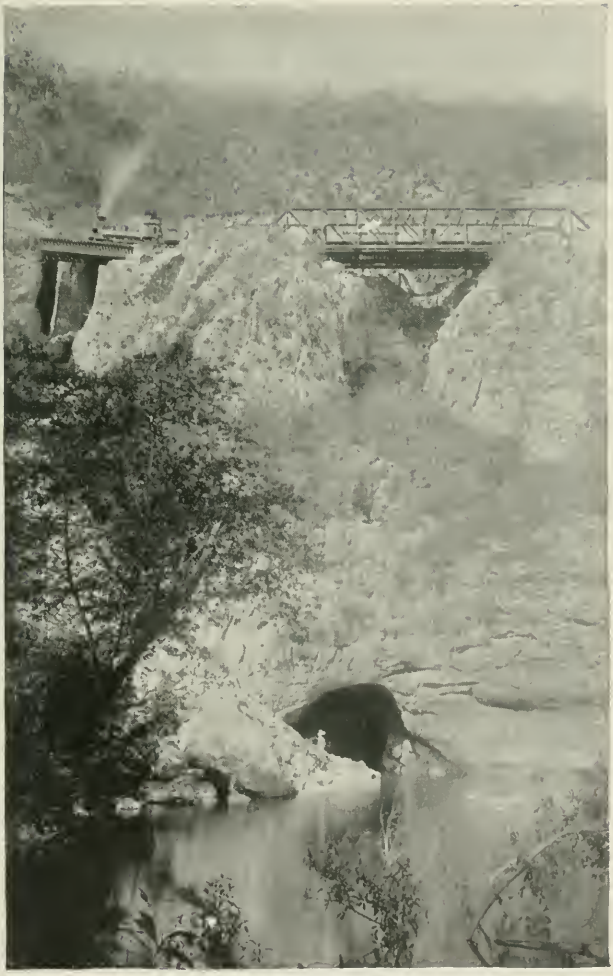
The boys looked as directed, and sure enough there was the stream two hundred and five feet beneath them.

"Now," continued the Major, "as you have seen the water from the bridge, it is only right that you should see the bridge from the water. Let us go down and verify my story."

Down the sidehill on cut-stone steps (a few again) and into the first opening of the cave the party found themselves on a steep incline of broken stone. Had they gone a little farther

LOOKING OUT OF CHOY CAVE.

down on the outside they would have had an easier time inside, but they did not know this fact until the return trip out of the cave. There are two parts to this lofty cave, each having a skylight as in the Cathedral. At the bottom is a pool which is a wonder in extent and in weird attractiveness. No bath, natural or artificial, of which they had knowledge by sight or by story, had even suggested to the boys such a scene as was now before



CHOV CAVE.

them. The west wall of the cave rises in a curve to the dome, two hundred and five feet above. Through the opening at the top, directly overhead, could be seen the bridge from which they had looked down upon the pool a little while before. The cave runs into the mountain two or three hundred yards, but loses its great height as it recedes. The pool is a "still place" in the swift stream which resumes its rapid pace at the mouth of the cave. It is said that this is a lost river which comes to the surface here; certainly there is no sign of a stream on the mountain above the cave. The pool is about fifty feet wide, three hundred feet long, and very deep. Near the lower end the bottom can be seen twenty or thirty feet down, and so clear is the water that a stone sinking in it can be seen till it reaches that depth, but farther up the stream is much deeper.

"This is immense!" said the Captain.

"Perfectly tremendous!" said the Corporal.

"Big words, boys, but this is a great natural curiosity and no mistake; the oftener one sees it, the more wonderful it seems. Four hours now to Tampico," said the Major, as they resumed the journey, "through a country, tame, of course, compared with that we have passed, but not without interest to the traveller. We can look and at the same time talk about some of the things we have seen and some that we shall see. While the ride from Canoas to Tamasopo is fresh in your mind, I want to ask you how you would like to take that ride on a hand-car?"

"It would be glorious," replied the Captain; "a regular toboggan slide.

"And think of a seventeen-mile toboggan slide," said the Corporal. "That rather beats Corey Hill, doesn't it?"

"I thought so when I took it," said the Major. "It beats all the rides I ever took. Last August a party of two came over the road with the division superintendent, and he treated us to the luxury of a ride through the cañon on what they call a trolley, which is a large hand-car provided with seats. I needn't under-

take to tell you how I enjoyed it, you can better imagine that. We stopped at that camp where we saw the men making wall, and there we saw some pheasants. The road master, who joined us there, shot one, and we had a game dinner."

"Is there much game about here?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, all along the line from Cardenas to Tampico. There are in this section many small and a few large beasts; among the latter the deer, the mountain lion, the tiger, the jaguar, the wolf, and the bear, among the former the fox, the wildcat, the rabbit and squirrel. Birds are plenty; along the rivers and lagoons below here are thousands of wild ducks and wild geese and other water fowl; quail and partridge abound in the interior, and in the mountains pheasants are plentier than blackberries. I have no fancy for hunting, but from all I can learn, after careful inquiry, I think that the country between Cardenas and Tampico offers as much to the sportsman as any equal area on the continent."

"Pheasants!" exclaimed the Corporal. "I think it is wicked to shoot pheasants, they are so confiding and innocent."

"I think so too," said the Captain; "and I should think it would be almost wicked to kill anything that is harmless in this sunny, beautiful climate, where everything that walks or flies seems to enjoy life so much. In a cold country there may be an excuse for the cruelty of killing, but here there is none whatever."

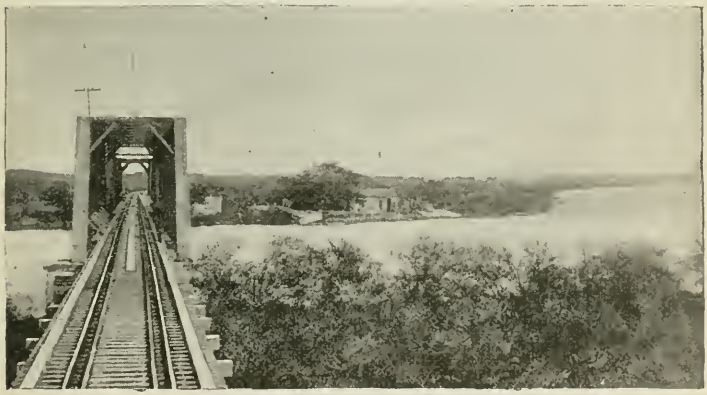
"That is about my own idea, boys," said the Major; "but if men will hunt, this is a good place for them. It is probable that there was much more large game in this region in ancient times, for this coast country was once more thickly populated than now. This we know by the statements of explorers, and by the ruins and remains which have been discovered in this state of Tamaulipas, into which we have just come since we left Choy Cave."

"What! in this section?" asked the Captain; "ruins!"

"Yes, we are not far, at this moment, from the ruins of an ancient city."

"Anything like Tula?" asked the Corporal; "let's go to it."

"No, not much like Tula. There are no such remains as are found there. These people did not build of stone, but rather of wood and reeds, so their houses perished with them, while those at Tula could neither be removed nor destroyed. Probably it is not Toltec, but almost certainly these are not Aztec ruins. Nothing Aztec is found near the coast. It is more probable that the people who lived here were a part of the Maya race, which left such remarkable evidences of their superior civilization in Yucatan. But really nothing is known about the matter. Here are



some curious remains of a strange race, and that is all we know. Here is a moated platform which was, perhaps, the site of a temple and a sculptured column of stone. Beyond are scores and perhaps hundreds of flat-topped hillocks with embankments protected by slabs. From one of these mounds small figures and articles of pottery have been obtained."

A little farther on we come to Tamos, which is only eight miles from Tampico; here are the shops and other buildings of

the operating department. They were established here because of the convenience of the place, it being on the river, and accessible by steamer. Here you see the Pánuco, one of the largest rivers of Mexico, and a little way beyond this station we cross another large river, the Tamesi, which empties into the Pánuco just below the bridge.

"How agreeable to the eye these rivers appear in a country which is so largely without water!" said the Captain.

"There are many more streams in Mexico than are seen by the traveller by rail. Here, for instance, we see these streams for the first time, but we have been near one of them or its tributaries almost all the way from San Luis Potosi. You will doubtless be surprised to hear that this river Pánuco rises in the foot-hills lying west of the city of Mexico. A chip thrown into the little brook called Agua Nueva, flowing down the western rim of the Valley of Mexico, would, if it did not get stranded on the way, float through the great cut of Nochistongo, under the bridge at Tula, and past Tamos and Tampico into the Gulf of Mexico. Passing through six states, that little bark would have a voyage of over four hundred miles, and find itself here eight thousand feet lower than when it started. You will see by this statement that this river Pánuco drains an immense area of territory. It is the outlet of a watershed forty-five thousand square miles in extent. Boats drawing only eight or nine feet of water can ascend the Pánuco eighty miles, and smaller craft can go up another eighty or one hundred miles."

"And at high tide I suppose much larger boats could go up," said the Captain.

"No; there isn't tide enough to be of much service in that way. If a boat were aground and only needed a little more water to float her, the tide would help her of course; but there is an average tide here of only fourteen inches, and there is only one high tide in twenty-four hours."

RIVER FRONT, TAMPICO.

"Why! how is that; I never heard of such a thing. Every place I know of on the seashore has two tides a day," said the Captain.

"It is different here. This gulf is something of a little sea by itself, and seems to do business largely on its own account. It has little connection with any other house, as the advertisers say. Look on a map and you will see that Cuba almost shuts off the gulf from the Atlantic at Florida, and from the Caribbean Sea at Yucatan. By reason of this peculiar relation to the ocean, the gulf has rather odd tidal habits. If it weren't different from the rest of creation in its habits, it wouldn't be the Gulf of Mexico, hence only one tide a day, and hence also the numerous bars at the mouths of the rivers which empty into the gulf."

"This river seems to be a large one," said the Captain.

"It is large for Mexico. At Tampico it is one thousand and eight hundred feet wide, and for several miles above here it has a channel eight hundred feet wide and twenty-five to thirty feet deep. The Tamesi, which enters the Pánuco here, is a large river too; it seems as if such streams ought to be made of use to the country."

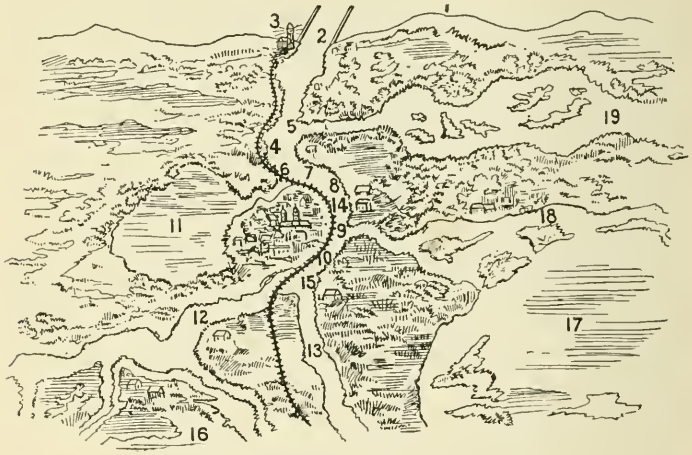
"Well, aren't they of use?" asked the Corporal.

"They haven't been worth much yet, but it is proposed to give them a chance to see what they can do. That bar at the mouth of the Pánuco has hindered commerce here, but when it is opened so that large ships can come to the wharves, things will be different."

Tampico is situated on the river Pánuco, six or seven miles from the gulf. Part of the town lies but little above the lagoons which seem to surround it; but the better part occupies higher ground, from thirty to sixty feet above the river. It is a pretty city; it may be said to be composite in its architecture and cosmopolitan in its population.

Of course it is Mexican, but only partly so. Here you see pitched roofs, and verandas *outside*, or on the street side, of the

houses. The everlasting adobe is not the only material used in construction; wood, stone, or iron takes its place in many buildings. It is said to be against the law to paint any wall white in Tampico, and one would think that the city fathers required every householder to keep his place neat and bright, as they compel landlords to do in San Luis Potosi.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TAMPICO AND VICINITY.

1.—Coast Range of Hills.
2.—Jetties.
3.—Lighthouse and Jetty Buildings at La Barra.
4.—Mexican Central Railway Docks at Doña Cecilia.
5.—Entrance to Lagoons at Tuxpan.
6.—Monterey and Mexican Gulf Railroad Wharves.
7.—Shipyard.
8. 9, 10.—River Front of Tampico.
11.—Laguna del Carpintero.
12.—Bayou from Tamesi River.
13.—Pánuco River.
14.—Mexican Central Railway Docks at Tampico.
15.—Mouth of the Bayou leading into the Pánuco River.
16.—Tamesi River.
17.—Lagunas.
18.—Pueblo Viejo.
19.—Chain of Lakes and Rivers leading to Tuxpan.

Tampico is a tinted town, barring the white; the people color their houses pink or green or blue or cream or other color as they please. The combination of hues suits the visitor also, generally speaking, although there be spots that amuse some and

torture others. The population numbers about six thousand, but there does not appear to be among them the usual proportion of the very poor. No one need starve in Tampico; if he can't find work, he can go and catch fish. He is sure of something to eat. Moreover, wages are higher in Tampico than in most places in Mexico, for many of the men had rather fish than work, and will not work unless they can get fair wages for their labor; but there seems to be plenty of work to do.

"What a charming plaza they have here!" said the Corporal.

"Yes, its charm is in its shade. I suppose this is the shadiest public park in Mexico; but you see you can't have flowers too. We can get flower views from the street, however. Look at the verandas; see the plants, and flowers, and vines, almost as rich a display as we had at the Cathedral cave, and more color than we had there. It seems as if the city fathers must require every lady to decorate her house front. What charming pictures these veranda gardens make!"

The authorities look after the health as well as the beauty of the city. They employ a great number of scavengers, who work for nothing. These not only receive no pay, but "find" themselves. They are the flocks of ravens which, in consideration of service, are accorded "a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" anywhere and everywhere in the city.

"Well, boys, now we shall have a trip down to the gulf, for the commodore of the Mexican Central Navy has invited us to go with him on the 'Orinda' down to the bar. We shall have a fine chance to see the jetties, and to get acquainted with His Majesty the Gulf. You'll find the Commodore to be the best fellow you ever sailed the sea with. He will make you feel that you are conferring a favor on him by making a trip with him."

The sail down the river is delightful. It gives one a fine view of the city and a good idea of the surrounding country. The town appears to have a considerable elevation, and with its straight streets, its variegated houses, its sloping roofs and

church towers, presents a pretty view from the river. The breeze which one encounters, although slight, makes a welcome contrast to the close, stifling air of the town in summer. The water front is a notable feature of the "view of Tampico." Here are wharves, and not moles as at Vera Cruz. Here vessels, ranging from schooners to ocean steamers, are discharging and receiving cargo without the intervention of lighters. Ship and rail come together at Tampico, which is now a *port*, a veritable harbor. It can no longer be said truthfully that "on the whole gulf coast there is no good harbor easy of access, or any sheltered anchorage." The jetty work has already changed all that; a fact of immense importance, not only to the whole Republic of Mexico, but also to every nation in the world engaged in foreign commerce. On the northern bank of the river, in and below the city, one sees the railroad stations, their warehouses and wharves; farther down, at La Barra, the administration and other houses pertaining to the jetty company, and last of all, on the sandy shore of the gulf, the government lighthouse.

On the other side of the river, in the state of Vera Cruz, directly opposite Tampico and facing a large laguna, is Pueblo Viejo, or Old Town, a neighbor now, but perhaps the ancestor of the new city. It may some day catch the spirit of the century and become an important feature in the work of development. Below this is a shipyard, but the Pánuco does not yet rival the Kennebec or the Clyde in the matter of shipbuilding. The shore on the Vera Cruz side is generally low and marshy. Four miles below Tampico we come to the entrance of the canal by which small vessels may pass to lagunas and streams extending down the coast to Tuxpan. Below this canal the shore becomes bolder, and on the elevated ground in this vicinity we may behold "Tampico Highlands," or a seaside residence place under some other attractive name.

"Here is the gulf," exclaimed the Corporal, as the boat began to heave. "Don't you feel it?"

"Yes, here it is," said the Commodore, "and it is a little rough to-day, but we'll go out over the bar just the same."

"And these are the jetties," remarked the Captain in a tone that indicated disappointment; "they don't seem very impressive."

"They are nothing but walls," added the Corporal. "That isn't much of a show, I'm sure."

"True," said the Commodore, "they don't show very much, but they are for business, and not for show. They are not intended to impress visitors; their purpose is to repress the Gulf of Mexico, or at least the rushing, pushing part of it called the Gulf Stream, and its rampageous partner called the 'Norther.'"

"Well, Major, what is a jetty?" asked the Captain; "is it only a wall?"

"No, it is not '*only* a wall'; not every wall is a jetty, is it? Suppose we say it is a projected wall; literally the word means a projection, something thrown forward."

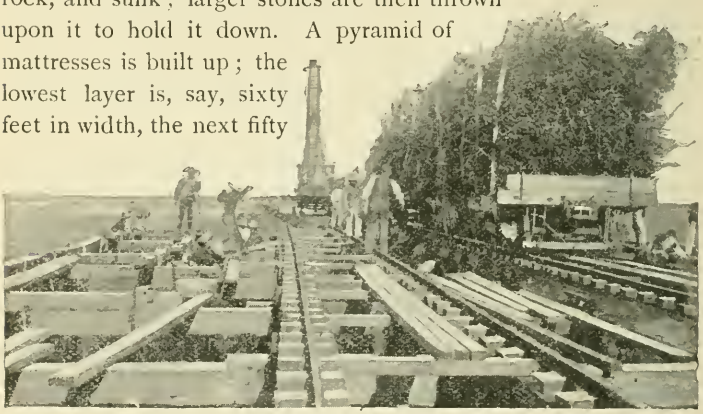
"I see; we say 'projectile' in speaking of things thrown out by a gun or a cannon, and we speak of a jet of water or of steam."

"Exactly, and jetties are structures thrown out into the sea to arrest the action of the ocean current which prevents a free discharge of the river into deep water; they do not stop the current, of course, but they compel it to keep off farther from the shore line, and thus give the river current a chance to reach deep water."

"Has the work here been a success?" asked the Captain.

"I should say it has been a big success," answered the Commodore; "we had only six to eight feet of water on the bar when the work was begun; now we have eighteen feet, and soon we shall have twenty-four feet, and that is all we want for the largest steamers. There is no doubt about our success. Notice now how jetties are constructed. Piles are driven; a trestle and track are laid on them about twelve feet above the water; material is

brought on cars just over the spot where it is required, and then dropped. On a timber framework bundles of brush are fastened in layers lengthwise and crosswise, making a mattress about ten feet wide and six feet thick. This mattress is loaded with rock, and sunk; larger stones are then thrown upon it to hold it down. A pyramid of mattresses is built up; the lowest layer is, say, sixty feet in width, the next fifty



feet, and so on, to the top. Small stones are dumped upon the slope, and these, together with the drifting sand, which the sea kindly contributes, make a smooth-faced solid wall which the waves may slide up, but cannot lift or move."

"How many tons of rock did we estimate had been brought to the sea?" asked the Major.

"Something more than half a million tons," answered the Captain. "And here we can see only the tops of two walls made by that enormous quantity of rock! How little shows! but weight and work have made a safe harbor."

"How long are these walls?" asked the Corporal.

"Seven thousand feet each, and one thousand feet apart," answered the Commodore.

"Are the jetties completed?" asked the Captain.

"Nearly; the work of 'crowning' is not done yet, but the walls will not be extended farther unless we find that the river

needs still more assistance to reach deep water with its load. This bar must go, and work will be continued until it does go. The jetties now reach into twenty-two feet of water, but if necessary they will be pushed out another thousand feet."

"What is the bar made of, Commodore?" asked one of the boys.

"A little of everything, — sand and shells, old schooners and steamers."

"Steamers! what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. We've fished up parts of two or three vessels. You can see the old iron and brass at the dock in Tampico. I suppose they got aground here, and a norther came along and knocked them to pieces. This Gulf makes nasty navigation when he is mad, but let him rage all he wants to, ships can get out of his clutches and find safe shelter in the Pánuco; the river will beat the gulf after this year."

"They have had a long fight of it," said the Major.

"The Gulf is an old salt, and didn't like having fresh water poured into him, I think; but he's taking kindly to it now, and I guess the old chap will behave himself for the good of his country."

"Shake hands, Commodore; I am glad to hear you say 'guess,'" said the Major; "that's downright Yankee; it makes me feel at home."

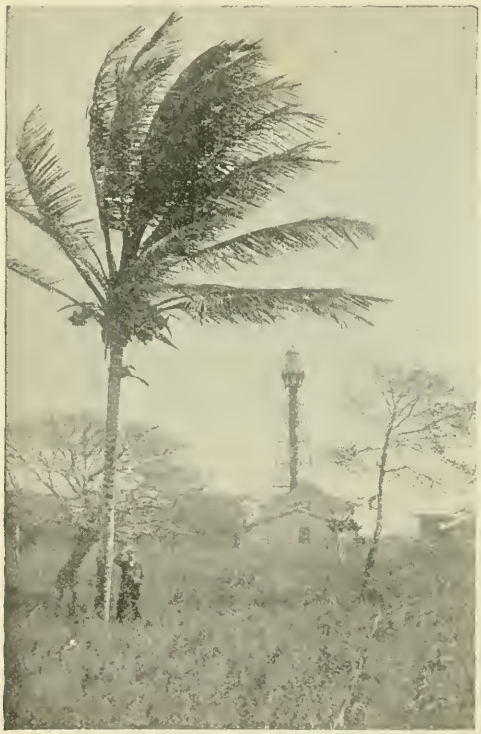
"Guess is good enough for me," said the man of Cape Cod. "I don't have any 'fawncy' or 'reckon' or 'allow' in my dictionary. Well, I guess we'd better go ashore; we want a dip in the gulf, don't we?"

"A dip," exclaimed the boys, "we want a swim."

"All right, but don't swim out too far; there are sharks in these waters, and they like white boys."

Landing at La Barra, the party hastened to the beach, and soon in the surf they forgot for half an hour all about sharks, jetties, cañons, cities, caves, and ruins; they remembered only

the sea. On the way back to the "Orinda," they stopped at the company's administration building, where, on the broad veranda, they enjoyed the sea breeze for a while, and in the rooms of the engineers looked over some of the maps and drawings of the jetty work.



TAMPICO LIGHTHOUSE.

"I hope we shall have a model of the jetties at the Columbian Fair," said the Commodore; "few people know anything about jetties."

"Without doubt a model of this work would be an interesting thing," said the Major; "I saw a model of the Eads Mississippi jetties at the exposition in New Orleans; it was very attractive because of its novelty, and of course it was an educator on the whole subject of harbor improvement. The importance of this enterprise to Mexico, as you say, cannot be over-estimated."

Returning to the "Orinda," a quick trip was made to the city. On the way up the river the Commodore told the party all about the difficulties which had to be overcome in the progress of the construction of the jetties and in the opening of the channel; he

VIEW OF THE JETTIES FROM TAMPICO LIGHTHOUSE.

enlarged on the beauties of the "back country" about Tampico, and on the general features of the region which are attracting the attention of both Mexican and American capitalists. He said that there is a large section of the Republic easily accessible now from Tampico which offers the greatest opportunities for development and rich results, including coffee lands, sugar lands, tobacco lands, and territory peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of the valuable products of a tropical climate. The Huesteca country (mentioned in the records of Americus Vespucius) was described, and the party came near being persuaded into taking a trip through that remarkable region by way of boat to the head of navigation on the Pánuco, and then by burro to the El Dorado. They also wished to go up the Tamesi and investigate the wonderful deposits of asphaltum said to be found there; but when it was stated that a syndicate had obtained control of them, our sentimental travellers gave up all thoughts of trying to pre-empt land of any kind in Mexico.

"Glad to hear that there is so much wealth in store here for enterprising Americans," said the Major; "the railroad will no doubt develop all this region, which has so long lain dormant, into a productive country."

"It is bound to do it," replied the Commodore. "Capital is already coming in, and considerable land has been taken up. Well, here we are at the wharf. Had a good time, boys?"

"Splendid," replied both, "and we are indebted to you for it. We shall never forget this trip."

The evening was spent on the plaza chiefly in emptying schooners of lemonade, and talking about the new era that has dawned upon Mexico. To the delight of the boys, a fishing excursion was arranged for next day.

"The red snapper is a mighty fine fish," said the Commodore; "and then there is the tarpon, he's big game."

"Tarpon!" exclaimed the boys. "Are there tarpon here? Out in the gulf?"

"Right here in the Pánuco. You are in a gamy country when you are in Tampico. Really you oughtn't to go away till you've caught a tarpon."

"Oh, we can't leave, Major, till we've caught a tarpon or have seen you or the Commodore catch one. We can stay over, can't we?"

"We can stay a day or two if you wish to, but I am not sure we can stay till we catch a silver king. Tarpon are like deer; you hear a good deal about them, but seldom see them."

"Go with me, however, and I'll show you some good snapper fishing, or I'm no fisherman."

"Of course I can't resist such a temptation, Commodore. I surrender to overpowering numbers," said the Major.

Great expectations were realized in the visit to the fishing banks just south of the jetties. There was plenty of fish and plenty of fun, and besides there was anticipation. Snappers! the bite, the fight, the fish — the big beauties. Each boy was catching snappers all the way back to Tampico and saying nothing about it. Anticipation was all they had with regard to tarpon; for when the Commodore went to see about his boat, he found that some one had borrowed the sail without his permission, and no other suitable craft could be procured for the occasion.

The afternoon was filled with delightful episodes, under the guidance of the Commodore. The party took a ride to some interesting places, and were surprised to find such pleasant nooks in a region which appeared from the river to be so uninviting. Another evening on the plaza, enlivened by music, closed the visit to Tampico. The party, being under necessity of rising early to take the train back to Aguas Calientes, sought the shelter of the mosquito netting correspondingly early.

The return trip to the main line is, if possible, more charming than that to the coast; as nearly all the fine scenery of the division is encountered between Tampico and Cardenas. On the trip eastward the passenger has a view of the valley of Canoas

and of the cañon of Tamasopo by the morning light; returning he sees them by the afternoon light. He gets a better idea of the marvellous engineering on the mountain as he ascends it seated on the rear platform of the Pullman, and sees himself soaring higher and higher above the plain and valley below. If I could take a trip but one way over this or any other famous mountain line, I would choose to make the ascent rather than the descent; one has thus a constant series of dissolving views before him and an endless panorama of magnificent proportions.

Rascon is reached at dinner-time. Soon after the train is at the foot of the mountain, and, from two o'clock until five, we are passing through the magnificent scenery of Tamasopo cañon. The great plain, with its occasional palms and frequent fields of cane, is before us for an hour or more as we rise, and vanishes only as we turn round Prospect Point to skirt the mountain above the gorge. In another hour we come to the home of the cypress and the pine, and stop for a moment at cozy Canoas. Running round the rim of the beautiful valley of La Labor for anotner half-hour, we pass out of it through a cut, and at supper-

time reach Cardenas. We have seen enough for one day; we are glad to have night come and shut out the common world, while we are under the enchantment of beauty. At noon of the next day we arrive at Aguas Calientes, having passed once over the whole Mexican Central Railway line, and twice over a part of it. We complete the circuit now by our journey northward and homeward.

The journey to the border was even more entertaining to the boys, in some ways, than their trip southward, and, although not so novel, was never uninteresting; everything in Mexico is picturesque, and a constant delight to the intelligent traveller.

"Have you thought," asked the Major as they were approaching the Rio Grande, "what a large part of this country you have seen on this trip? You have seen nearly all the large towns, and have passed through eighteen of the twenty-nine political divisions of the Republic. You have sailed round Mexico's largest lake, you have seen its longest river, its greatest cataract, and its loftiest mountains. You have visited the gulf, and have been within two hundred miles of the Pacific. All this and much more you have reached by the Mexican Central Railway."

"Réally I hadn't thought we had seen such a large part of the whole country."

"Mexico is only about one thousand seven hundred miles long, and about seven hundred miles wide. This road is one thousand two hundred and twenty-five miles in length north and south, and about six hundred miles in length east and west. So you see, it practically serves the whole of Mexico."

"Father will be a little surprised, I think, when we report how much we have explored the country," said the Captain.

"And more surprised," added the Corporal, "when we tell him that we have had a much cooler summer vacation in Mexico than he has had at Manchester-by-the-Sea."

"And still more surprised," added the Major, "when I show him what your excursion has cost."

"A large bill I am afraid, for we have been everywhere and have had everything that we needed, and a great deal that we didn't need," said the Captain.

"No, not a large bill; he will be surprised at its small amount. Mexico is the cheapest country in the world to travel in, if the traveller is content to accept such entertainment as the best hotels in the country afford."

"But railroad fares are high, aren't they?"

"No, the fare from El Paso to the city of Mexico and return is only fifty dollars; where can you travel in the United States two thousand four hundred and fifty miles for that sum? The fare from Chicago to the city of Mexico and return, fifty-seven hundred miles, is eighty-eight dollars and sixty cents. Nowhere else in the world can you make so long a journey in first-class style for that amount of money. To the city of Mexico and return from New York or Boston, seventy-eight hundred miles, costs only about one hundred and thirty-five dollars."

"Those figures are certainly small ones for so long a journey," said the Captain; "but people generally think of Mexico as a far-away country, and of the trip as very expensive. But really, San Francisco is farther from Boston than the city of Mexico is."

"Not only is the railroad fare low," added the Major, "but the cost of living in Mexico is small, very small indeed, to a tourist, as his bills are payable in Mexican money, and exchange is largely in his favor."

"Oh, yes, taking that into account," said the Captain, "travel in Mexico costs less than in any other country in the world."

"This is an interesting and an important fact. Americans, who are great travellers, will doubtless be glad to hear it, and if they make the excursion they will find our statements correct."

Information as to rates, and a great deal of other valuable information concerning a trip to Mexico, may be obtained by

addressing any of these officials of the Mexican Central Railway:

E. A. White, Gen. Pass. Agt., City of Mexico, Mexico.

M. H. King, Asst. Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt., 236 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

J. J. Allen, Eastern Agt., 261 Broadway, New York.

C. E. Miner, Gen. Trav. Agt., 105 No. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

T. R. Ryan, Commercial Agt., 105 No. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Whoever follows the directions which these gentlemen will cheerfully give, on request, will see all that is mentioned or hinted at in the foregoing pages, and much more besides. As we stated in our cautionary preface, our purpose has been to outline and to briefly sketch an itinerary which cannot fail to interest and entertain any intelligent man, woman, or child. We close our pleasant task with the hope that many who have given their time to the reading of these imperfect notes of travel will give themselves the pleasure of a trip to Mexico. *Si, Señor.*

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